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GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY A. B. WATTS.—(See Page 267.)

From Harper's Weekly, April 15, 1865.

GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT

WITH LINCOLN FROM WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND IN 1865

By JOHN S. BARNES

Late United States Navy

ILLUSTRATED BY WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A NOTABLE COLLECTION RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

I. THE PRESIDENT SEES A FIGHT AND A REVIEW



WHILE in command of the United States Ship *Bat* in the month of March, 1865, attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, Rear Admiral Porter commanding, I received orders to proceed without delay to Washington, and report in person to the Secretary of the Navy.

Fort Fisher had fallen and all accessible ports of the South were in our possession;

blockade running had ceased, and the *Bat* had been employed as a dispatch boat, and had made many trips to Washington and Baltimore on dispatch service, also to points South embraced by Admiral Porter's command.

On the arrival of the *Bat* at Washington on the 20th day of March, 1865, I reported to the Navy Department, and was received by Mr. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, immediately upon my arrival. Mr. Fox, who had previously been my guest,

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CITY POINT IN 1865

The landing, showing terminus of the military railway by which President Lincoln reached the front and over which army supplies were transported.

and had made a trip to City Point in the *Bat*, discussed with me her interior arrangements, the unoccupied space below decks, and then informed me that the President desired to visit General Grant at City Point, and had applied to the Navy Department

for transportation, and that he thought the *Bat* was, or might be made, a suitable ship for him to go and return in, or perhaps to live on board of during his visit to General Grant's headquarters. I replied to Mr. Fox that if he would place the resources of the



VIEW FROM GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS

Showing transports and gunboats at anchor in the James River off City Point.

Washington Navy Yard at my disposal, I could in a few days make such arrangements as to insure the personal comfort of the President as long as he desired to make the *Bat* his home. Mr. Fox then took me over to the White House, and we were at once admitted to the President. After introducing me as the captain of the vessel detailed by the department to take him to City Point, Mr. Fox left us with the remark, "Now, Mr. President, you have only to give him your orders as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and

several other like vessels by Messrs. Jones, Quiggan & Co., of Liverpool. She was a sidewheel steamer, long and narrow, drawing about nine feet when loaded, and driven by four oscillating engines, turning huge-feathering paddle wheels; her hull was of steel plates three sixteenths of an inch in thickness; under full steam she had a speed of eighteen knots. On her maiden trip from Bermuda to Wilmington, in command of a captain in the English Naval Reserve, laden with army medicines and contraband goods, she was



LOOKING UP THE JAMES FROM CITY POINT

Showing train of army wagons returning from the front. Headquarters steamer lying at the pier.

Navy of the United States." Mr. Lincoln replied, "I'm only a fresh-water sailor and I guess I have to trust to you salt-water folks when afloat." After a few minutes' talk, mainly as to the size and accommodations of the *Bat*, during which the President said he wanted no luxuries but only plain, simple food and ordinary comfort—that what was good enough for me would be good enough for him—I left him, returned to the Navy Department, and secured orders to Captain Montgomery, commanding the Washington Navy Yard, to do all things needed to make the vessel ready to receive Mr. Lincoln and to finish the work as soon as possible. The *Bat* was the highly developed type of "blockade runner" built for the special purpose with

captured in attempting to run the blockade off Cape Fear River. Condemned as a prize, she was hastily converted into a gunboat for blockading duty.

The next morning early I received orders to report at the White House, and on my arrival there I was at once shown to the President's private room—not his office. Mr. Lincoln was there and received me with great cordiality, but with a certain kind of embarrassment and a look of sadness which struck me forcibly and rather embarrassed me. He appeared tired and worried, and after a few casual remarks said that Mrs. Lincoln had decided that she would accompany him to City Point, and could the *Bat* accommodate her and her maid servant. I was, in sailor's

phrase, taken "all aback." The *Bat* was in no respect adapted to the private life of womankind, nor could she be made so. I ventured to state some of the difficulties—as delicately as I could. "Well," said the President, "I understand, but you will have to see mother," and I was soon ushered into the presence of Mrs. Lincoln.

She received me very graciously, standing with arms folded, and at once opened the

to meet her wishes. In great consternation I went to the Navy Department, and explained to Mr. Fox the situation; how utterly impossible it was to make the *Bat* at all suitable for the reasonable requirements of the wife of the President. Mr. Fox at once recognized the impossibility, and again we went to the White House, where at once received by Mr. Lincoln, when in very funny terms the President translated our difficulties, and



LONG BRIDGE WHERE SHERIDAN'S ARMY CROSSED THE JAMES

The bridge is part pontoon and part piling. A boatload of Federal engineers employed on construction work.

conversation by saying that she had learned from one of her friends, Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, of New York, that I was an old acquaintance and relative. I expressed my great satisfaction at the recognition and remarked that Miss Clara Harris was one of my best friends also.

Mrs. Lincoln then said, "I am going with the President to City Point, and I want you to arrange your ship to take me, my maid, and my officer, as well as the President." There was some other desultory talk, the general result of which was that I would confer with Mr. Lincoln and see what I could do

Mr. Fox promised the President that he would provide another and more appropriate craft for the transportation of his family.

The alterations to the *Bat* were stopped and the steamer *River Queen* was chartered for Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln's accommodation. She was a river passenger side-wheel boat, with the ordinary civilian officers and crew, without armament.

By the orders of the Department, I was directed to accompany her, and keep her in convoy, and was placed under the immediate direction of the President and charged with his safe conduct to City Point and return.



PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE JAMES AT TURKEY BEND

Showing drawbridge open and flooded area on the opposite shore.

During the term of Mr. Lincoln he was constantly threatened with assassination. From the moment of his election before he left Springfield, during the journey to Washington, after his inauguration, and up to the time of the great disaster, threatening or warning letters were constantly received.

He was in constant danger of assault or abduction. This danger was very seriously impressed upon me both by Mr. Fox and Mr. Welles. Mr. Fox particularly felt that the President was incurring great risk in making the journey and living on board an unarmed, fragile river-boat, so easily assailed



NEAR AITKEN'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER

Where the exchange of prisoners between the Federal and Confederate lines was usually effected.

and so vulnerable. Plots and conspiracies were then known or believed to exist against the person of the President. The steamboat *Greyhound*, almost a sister vessel to the *River Queen*, employed by General Butler as his headquarters boat, had lately been destroyed by the explosion of an "infernal machine" while passing from Fortress Monroe to City Point, and General Butler and Admiral Porter, passengers, very narrowly escaped with their lives from the burning ship. The machine in this case—and there were several similar explosions on army transports—consisted of what was an innocent-appearing lump of coal, but was in reality a block of cast iron with a core containing ten or fifteen pounds of powder, or high explosive. Covered with a mixture of tar and coal dust, it was difficult to detect its character. The Confederates had an organized body of men who were charged with the placing of these machines in coal piles, or coal barges, from which our vessels took their supplies.

Mr. Fox laid great stress upon the care to be taken in coaling, and the protection against bombs and infernal machines, poisons, and treachery. It was plain that he was apprehensive, and expressed great regret that the determination of Mrs. Lincoln to accompany the President had made the *Bat* an impossible home for him and his family party. On board of the *Bat* he would have been comparatively secure, and I was confident that he could be surrounded by every possible protective care.

While probably not oblivious to the danger

of his position, President Lincoln was much less disturbed by it than many others. During the journey and upon several occasions after its accomplishment this was a matter of conversation between officers at headquarters, and among naval men. A tremendous and most destructive explosion of a mechanical bomb had just occurred at City Point, upon the dock, wrecking some of the shipping and ruining vast quantities of army stores.

The President expressed great contempt for cowardly assaults of such nature, and lived and moved about in utter disregard of them. Unlike the high officers of all governments to-day, there were no private detectives guarding his person. From time to time, so-called despots on foreign thrones had been threatened or attacked by anarchists and socialistic madmen, but such political crimes were not greatly or publicly apprehended in this country. But of course, owing to the condition of affairs, precautions were to be taken in Mr. Lincoln's journeyings and were



LAST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN BEFORE HIS
ASSASSINATION

Taken March 6, 1865, on the balcony of the White House.

provided by the escort of the *Bat*, and by his military surroundings at General Grant's headquarters at City Point. Whatever uneasiness existed in the minds of the Navy Department officials, however, found no reflection in Mr. Lincoln's mind, and I can assert most positively that during the period of my service in the character of guardian he never exhibited the slightest concern for his personal safety. He lived and moved about as freely and unconcernedly as the least conspicuous citizen, and as I reported to him for orders,

with the usual salute and compliments of the morning and evening, he would lay out his plans for daily excursions to scenes or places of interest with Mrs. Lincoln, his sons, and some invited guests or acquaintances, and waive with great gentleness but firmness all suggestions of escort which had even the appearance of personal protection.

The *River Queen*, closely followed by the *Bat*, left Washington on March 23, 1865, Mr. Lincoln embarking at the Sixth Street wharf at 1 P.M., and anchored off City Point very late on the evening of March 24. Communication was had with General Grant, and it was proposed to hold a general review of the troops before Petersburg the next day at about noon. I reported to Mr. Lincoln early in the morning on the 25th, was invited to breakfast with the family, and escorted Mrs. Lincoln to the breakfast room on the lower or main deck of the *Queen*. Mr. Lincoln, who was not looking well, had been indisposed the day before, and attributed it to the drinking water furnished the *Queen* at Washington; indeed we had stopped at Fortress Monroe the day before and taken on a supply of fresh water in demijohns, for Mr. Lincoln's special use. The only persons present at the breakfast were "Thad," the youngest son, and Captain Penrose, of the Commissary Department. Mr. Lincoln ate very little, but was very jolly and pleasant. While at breakfast, Captain Robert Lincoln came in from General Grant and said that there had been a fight that morning at the front and the action was then going on; that the reports at General Grant's headquarters were meager, but that our troops were successful in repelling an assault upon our lines, and that the proposed review would have to be postponed. Mr. Lincoln sent a dispatch to Mr. Stanton, which he wrote at the table and gave to Captain Lincoln to have sent. He spoke of the fight, made light of it, calling it a "rumpus at the front." After breakfast several officers, including Admiral Porter, called to pay their respects; there was a general conversation, and we all walked up to General Grant's headquarters. There it was learned that the fight at the front had been quite serious, but at that time was practically over, resulting in a decided victory for our men. After some discussion, Mr. Lincoln expressed a great desire to visit the scene of the action, the particulars of which were still wanting, nothing being known except the general result.

General Grant was rather opposed to such a trip for the President, as possibly being an exposure, but the reports from the front, coming in constantly, being reassuring, a special train was made up at about noontime, and with a large party we slowly proceeded over the Military Railroad, roughly constructed between City Point and the front, to General Meade's headquarters. On our arrival there, and indeed before we reached the scene, while we were passing through a portion of the field of battle, the very serious nature of the conflict of that morning was apparent. The Confederates under General Gordon, at early daylight, had made a swift and sudden assault upon our lines of investment of Petersburg, had captured Fort Stedman and several other batteries, with many persons, including a general officer, and driven our men back close to and over the railroad embankment upon which our train was then halted. The ground immediately about us was still strewn with dead and wounded men, Federal and Confederate. The whole army was under arms and moving to the left, where the fight was still going on, and a desultory firing of both musketry and artillery was seen and heard.

Mr. Lincoln was taken in charge by General Meade, and mounted on horseback rode to an eminence near by, from which a good view of the scene could be secured. Horses had been sent out on the train, and I was fortunate in securing one. We passed through the spot where the fight had been most severe, and where great numbers of dead were lying, with burial parties at their dreadful work. Many Confederate wounded were still lying on the ground, being attended to by surgeons and men of the Sanitary Commission, distributing water and bread. We passed by two thousand rebel prisoners of war, herded together, who had been captured within our lines only a few hours before. Mr. Lincoln remarked upon their sad and unhappy condition, and indeed they were as sorry and dirty a lot of humanity as can be imagined, but they had fought desperately, and no doubt were glad to be at rest. Mr. Lincoln was quiet and observant, making few comments, and listened to explanations in a cool, collected manner, betraying no excitement, but his whole face showing sympathetic feeling for the suffering about him. Before returning to the train a flag of truce was flying between the opposing lines, now each re-occupied, and ambulances were moving and

burial parties from the Confederate lines occupied in taking off the wounded and burying the dead lying between the lines where the slaughter of Confederates had been greatest. Once again on the train, to which cars filled with our wounded men had been attached, Mr. Lincoln looked worn and haggard. He remarked that he had seen enough of the horrors of war, that he hoped this was the beginning of the end, and that there would be no more bloodshed or ruin of homes. Indeed, then and many times after did he reiterate the same hope with grave earnestness.

I related to him an incident of that day when, having received a haversack of crackers and a canteen of water, I employed a half hour in going among the wounded lying on the ground, and came across a little red-headed boy in butternut clothes, moaning, and muttering over and over, "Mother! Mother!" I asked him where he was hurt, when he looked up at me and turned toward me the back of his head, where a bullet had plowed a ghastly furrow, and then with the effort expired. Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears and his voice was choked with emotion, and he repeated the well-known expression about "robbing the cradle and the grave."

We returned slowly by train to City Point. Mr. Lincoln, overcome by the excitement and events of the day, desired to rest on the *Queen* with his family, and, declining the invitation to take supper at General Grant's headquarters, saw no one again that evening. Briefly, what he had that morning telegraphed to Mr. Stanton and described as a "rumpus at the front" was a most sanguinary battle and almost the last of the war. The losses on the Confederate side were as reported the next day, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly five thousand men, and on the Federal side over two thousand. On the following day, the 26th, many dead and some wounded still lay unburied and unattended between the lines of intrenchment only a few yards apart. On the 26th, on reporting to Mr. Lincoln, I found him quite recovered from the fatigue and excitement of the day before; reports from the front were wholly reassuring, our troops back in their original positions, with some material advantages gained along the lines. The President, while lamenting the great loss of life and the sufferings of the wounded, expressed the greatest confidence that the war was drawing to

an end. He read me several dispatches from Mr. Stanton, expressing anxiety as to his exposing himself, and drawing contrasts between the duty of a "general" and a "president"; also several dispatches from the front sent him by General Grant. He was greatly pleased to hear that General Sheridan had reached the bank of the river at Harrison's Landing, and that his cavalry would that day cross and join General Grant's army. After breakfast Mr. Lincoln went to Grant's headquarters and sent some dispatches to Mr. Stanton, saying that he would take care of himself.

General Sheridan and General Ord were there, also several other generals and Admiral Porter. It was suggested that, as the President had seen a "fight instead of a review" the day before, he should employ the day in an excursion to see Sheridan's troops crossing the river at Harrison's Landing, review the naval flotilla, and then review General Ord's division then encamped on the left bank of the James, near Malvern Hill, the scene of the bloody battle between Magruder's and General McClellan's armies.

Horses and ambulances for the ladies were placed on the *River Queen*, as Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were to attend these ceremonies, and soon we were passing down the river to the point of the crossing of Sheridan's troops. General Sheridan was of the party, and the President very kindly insisted that I should "come along," as he expressed it.

The scene was a lively one, and the President enjoyed it hugely. A pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river, over which were passing, in a stream, Sheridan's cavalry, while the bank of the river was lined with them, some bathing and watering their horses, laughing and shouting to each other and having a fine time. They soon found out that the President was watching them and cheered vociferously. A few moments were given to this, and then the *River Queen* turned and passed through the naval flotilla, ranged in double line, dressed with flags, the crews on deck cheering as the *River Queen* passed by. Admiral Porter had sent his orders ahead before starting, and the ships made a brave show and the President was apparently delighted and the Admiral naturally very proud of his command. Mr. Lincoln as he passed each vessel waved his high hat as if saluting old friends in his native town, and

seemed as happy as a schoolboy. . On reaching the *Malvern*, Admiral Porter's flagship, the *Queen* went alongside, and we found there spread out in her spacious cabin a grand luncheon. How the Admiral could have gotten up such a repast on so short a notice was a source of wonder and surprise to Mr. Lincoln, as it was to everyone who enjoyed it. It was the cause of funny comments and remarks by the President, contrasting army and naval life, as was witnessed by the laughter among the group immediately about him, of which he was the moving spirit. Luncheon over, we all reëmbarked on the *Queen*, and she proceeded to Aitken's Landing, where the horses and ambulances were put ashore. Many officers of General Ord's division were in waiting to accompany and escort the President to the field review, which was to be reached over a rough corduroy road leading to the pontoon bridge close by, connecting the right and left wings of the army.

The arrangements were that Mr. Lincoln should go on horseback, accompanied by General Grant and General Ord with their respective staffs (I am not certain that General Sheridan also was with the President), then Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were to be conducted to the ground in an ambulance, under the special escort of Gen. Horace Porter and Colonel Badeau. General Porter very kindly but reluctantly, and with some misgivings as to my horsemanship, and jocular remarks about sailors on horseback, lent me his own favorite steed. There was some delay in starting, owing, it was said, to the unreadiness of the ladies, but at last the cavalcade got off, General Grant and General Ord, riding on each side of the President, leading. The ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant was to follow. Just as we left, General Ord introduced me to his wife, who was also on horseback, saying, "Captain, I put Mrs. Ord in charge of the navy"; so Mrs. Ord and I closed up the rear. She was a remarkably handsome woman, and a most accomplished equestrienne, riding with extreme grace a spirited bay horse. General Ord also referred to the horsemanship of sailors, but added that Mrs. Ord would look out for me.

There were probably twenty or thirty officers and a few orderlies in the party, all in their best uniforms, and as brilliant a squadron as could be expected from an army in the field. The President was in high spirits,

laughing and chatting first to General Grant and then to General Ord as they rode forward through the woods and over the swamps on the rather intricate and tortuous approach to the pontoon bridge. The distance to General Ord's encampment was about three or four miles. The President was dressed in a long-tailed black frock coat, not buttoned, black vest, low cut, with a considerable expanse of a rather rumpled shirt front, a black carelessly tied necktie, black trousers without straps, which, as he ambled along, gradually worked up uncomfortably and displayed some inches of white socks. Upon his head he wore a high silk hat, rather out of fashion, and innocent of a brush for many days, if ever it had been smoothed by one. He rode with some ease, however, with very long stirrup leathers, lengthened to their extreme to suit his extraordinarily long limbs. His horse was gentle with an easy pacing, or single-foot, gait, and our progress was rapid; but owing to the luncheon and delay in starting we reached the parade ground at a late hour.

The division was under arms drawn up in a wide field at parade rest, and had been so for several hours. After hurried conferences with the commanding officer, General Ord reported to General Grant, who referred to the President, with the statement that the soldiers' mealtime was long past, and asked should the review be delayed to await the coming of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant, not yet arrived—in fact, as it turned out, the ambulance under charge of Porter and Badeau had either missed the route or was entangled in the maze of the rough approaches to the pontoon. Mr. Lincoln exclaimed against any further postponement, and in a few minutes the review commenced; the President, with General Grant and General Ord leading, proceeded to the right of the line and passed in front, the bands playing, colors dipping, and the soldiers at present arms. Mrs. Ord asked me whether it was proper for her to accompany the cavalcade, now very numerous. I replied that I was ignorant of army usages and ceremonies, but a staff officer, to whom I referred the matter, said, "Of course! Come along!" and gladly enough we fell in the rear and followed the reviewing column. Halfway down the line the ambulance with the ladies drove in upon the field. Seeing it, Mrs. Ord exclaimed, "There come Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant. I think I had better join them." Reining out of the crowd, we galloped across the field and

drew up by the side of the wagon. Our reception was not cordial; it was evident that some unpleasantness had occurred. Porter and Badeau looked unhappy, and Mrs. Grant silent and embarrassed. It was a painful situation from which the only escape was to retire. The review was over, and Mrs. Ord and myself with a few officers rode back to headquarters at City Point.

After visiting the *River Queen* I retired early, rather tired with my unwonted horseback exercise; but about eleven o'clock I was awakened by the orderly, with a message from the President saying that he would like to see me on the *River Queen*. I dressed as quickly as possible, repaired on board, and found Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln awaiting me in the upper saloon. The President seemed weary and greatly distressed, with an expression of sadness that seemed the accentuation of the shadow of melancholy which at times so marked his features. He took little part in the conversation which ensued, which evidently followed some previous discussion with Mrs. Lincoln, who had objected very strenuously to the presence of other ladies at the review that day, and had thought that Mrs. Ord had been too prominent in it, that the troops were led to think that she was the wife of the President, who had distinguished her with too much attention. Mr. Lincoln very gently suggested that he had hardly remarked the presence of the lady, but Mrs. Lincoln was hardly to be pacified and appealed to me to support her views. Of course I could not umpire such a question, and could only state why Mrs. Ord and myself found ourselves in the reviewing column, and how immediately we withdrew from it upon the appearance of the ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant.

It was a very unhappy experience, the particulars of which need not be gone into, nor would I here refer to it, but that it has been referred to by others in various publications and bears upon the cause of the vein of sadness which ran through the naturally cheerful disposition of the greatest and noblest man this country has produced. I extricated myself as well as I could, but with difficulty, and asked permission to retire, the President bidding me good night sadly and gently.

The following morning I reported as usual to the President, who received me with marked kindness, read to me, in the small stateroom converted into an office, his dispatches from Mr. Stanton and the news from the front, particularly the reports of the casualties of the battle on the 25th, which greatly increased the numbers previously reported on both sides. Thad was about, demonstrative as usual, clinging to his father and caressed affectionately by him. I inquired for Mrs. Lincoln, hoping that she had recovered from the fatigue of the previous day. Mr. Lincoln said that she was not at all well, and expressed the fear that the excitements of the surroundings were too great for her, or for any woman. After a few minutes thus passed, Mr. Lincoln said he was going to General Grant's headquarters and asked me to go there with him, which we proceeded to do afoot.

City Point was a busy place; the river crowded with gunboats, monitors, transports, and colliers; the quartermaster's docks lined with vessels of every description unloading stores and munitions for the Grand Army; large storehouses filled to repletion covered the docks and approaches; innumerable teams were going and coming to and from the front every hour of the day and night. For convenience in landing and returning, the *River Queen* had been placed alongside the dock and a gangplank connected her with the wharf. The *Martin*, a similar steamboat to the *Queen*, was also fastened to the dock. She was General Grant's headquarters boat, and upon her Mrs. Grant and her family were living. It was sometimes a question as to precedence as to which boat should lie inside—a question not raised by Mr. Lincoln. But Mrs. Lincoln thought that the President's boat should have place, and declined to go ashore if she had to do so over Mrs. Grant's boat, and several times the *Martin* was pushed out and the *Queen* in, requiring some work and creating confusion, despite Mr. Lincoln's expostulations. The boats came to be called "Mrs. Lincoln's boat" and "Mrs. Grant's boat" and the open discussions between their respective skippers were sometimes warm. Of course, neither Mr. Lincoln nor General Grant took any notice of such trivialities.

(To be continued.)

BY INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



WIDE-SPACED, star-flanked line of brass letters spanned the *Resolution's* quarter-deck and bade the ship's company *STAND FAST.*

In the silence of sanded decks and a waiting crew or in dire stress of weather, these two words summed up everything expected of man and ship; now they seemed merely a succinct version of the Commodore's orders and an admonition in particular to the weedy buoy at which the sloop of war rode in Kai Fong harbor. For the flagship had run in that morning and the *Resolution's* wardroom mess had regretfully seen an end to dinners, teas, garden parties, and the allied pursuits, and resigned itself to the coming sailing orders. But the Commodore, far from dragging the *Resolution* from the peace and plenty of Kai Fong, instructed her to remain at her mooring until relieved by the *Suwanee*, then at Yokohama. This official business ended, and certain formalities attended to ashore and aboard, the flagship sailed for Nagasaki, having a diplomatic dignity to set down there. As she towered down the roadstead the relief of the *Resolution's* wardroom mess was immeasurable, for the engagements of the day are as much a part of the affairs of ships in Kai Fong harbor as the squaring of yards.

The hospitality of Kai Fong, which is proverbial, was not the sole basis of a wardroom prayer that the *Suwanee* might be long in coming; it arose also from the knowledge that the Fourth of July of the Year of the Independence of the United States the One Hundredth would arrive in three days and present to the *Resolution*, if she were alone in the harbor, the opportunity of a lifetime. The im-

portance of the opportunity had been discussed in the wardroom for several evenings, and, with the approval of Captain Waring, it was decided that on the Fourth the entire British colony should be entertained aboard at a luncheon and dance. Kai Fong should have a doughty rival in hospitality.

At the time this agreement was reached it possessed no very formidable elements, but on the afternoon of July 2d, into the harbor of Kai Fong came the British Flying Squadron, and, in its wake, two Frenchmen, an iron-clad cruiser and a gunboat; a Russian sloop of war, and a German corvette. They cast anchor, banged out their salutes, and an international complication glimmered on the horizon.

"Nice outlook for our little party, isn't it?" Kellott, the navigator, asked, unbuckling his sword belt, the visiting formalities ended.

"Couldn't be better," Cains replied. "They'll help fill up the corners."

"Who?" Kellott had, for the moment, forgotten the exhortation at the break of the poop.

"Why, those people," Cains said conclusively, indicating the assembled war ships. "We've got to have every mother's son aboard if we sink at our mooring. There's nothing else for it. Now, my advice to you is to go and brush up your languages."

After dinner that evening Cains spent at least an hour convincing the mess what a simple thing it was to entertain a few hundred persons at luncheon.

"All we have to do," he explained, "is to invite them. They'll come; they know what the Fourth of July is. And once we get them here I'll warrant you we send them off rejoicing. My, my, what an opportunity this is!"

Cains stopped at the sideboard on his way out of the wardroom and drummed a ringing note on the *Resolution's* historic punch bowl. "It will give me great pleasure," he said, "to undertake the responsibility of this feature of the entertainment."

Under the guidance of Clayton, two large batches of invitations were prepared, one for the ships, the other for the colony, and dispatched without delay. Five minutes after the launch had put off with them, a messenger brought to the ship a large, square card, whereon, beneath an elaborate cipher in gilt, it was set forth that the Kai Fong Club requested the honor of the presence of Captain Waring and the officers of the United States Ship *Resolution* at a naval ball in the City Hall on the evening of July 4th. Dancing at nine o'clock.

"I wonder what will come next," Clayton said when the news reached him.

"Perhaps an invitation to tea and fire-crackers from the Emperor," Cains suggested.

"Or the coroner to take ante-mortem statements." This from Wilbourne, with a side-long look at Cains, who, during the greater part of the afternoon, had appropriated the services of Tchisai, the Japanese wardroom boy, and been overheard drilling fundamental facts into him.

"Well, they say drowning is not altogether an unpleasant death," was Cains's only comment.

The Fourth fell on a fine day with not so much as a hint of the *Suwanee* on the horizon. Long before the sun was over the foreyard, the *Resolution* was bunting from truck to fife rail. To Clayton, who had the artistic eye, was intrusted the decoration of the quarter-deck. He covered everything with flags, had the bright work rubbed golden and the awnings stretched tight as drumheads. When the regulations had been complied with and the smoke had blown out of the harbor, the wardroom mess, with the exception of Cains, rested and waited. Cains and Tchisai were busy to the last.

Soon after two o'clock the boarding began, and it would have done credit to Malay pirates. The women bustled fluffily aboard, swept the ship with a smile, and took possession. The foreigners trooped over the side, clicked their heels together as they stepped from the gangway, and launched into the weather. Wilbourne and Clayton were the pilot detail, charged with the duty of steering the visitors into congenial havens. Kellott

and Blairham, who were mature of thought, had been told off to aid Pelham, the sky pilot, in making things pleasant for the elderly colonials. Cains took up a strategic position on the starboard beam of the bowl, which was enthroned under the star-flanked watchword, with Tchisai maneuvering in the middle distance. At the forward limit of the quarter-deck the luncheon table was set out with a tempting array of delicacies and a large receptacle containing a pinkish, undecided-looking liquid which had been conceived by Blairham, approved by Pelham, and was highly recommended by both. Cains said afterwards that from where he had stood it looked very nice indeed.

The pilot detail rendered distinguished service, and Cains was kept busy in five languages attending to the duties of his office. It was as much as he, aided by the ever-faithful Tchisai, could do to sustain the tradition of the bowl and keep the upper blue ring and the anchor submerged. He had been so mysterious about the brew that the wardroom regarded it with something of suspicion. To this day it is known as "That *Resolution* Fourth-of-July Mixture."

"It's after a very old recipe," Cains said confidently to Chevikoff of the *Vladimir Donskoi*. The Russian viewed his second glass critically for a moment and said:

"We have the son of this aboard the *Vladimir*. I make him of a hundred things, all different. Yes, the *son* to this—not the father."

One of the Englishmen at Cains's elbow declared it reminded him of a night he had spent with the officers of a Highland regiment at Gibraltar.

"Ah! I have heard," Chevikoff exclaimed. "One is entertained—in the morning he is—so, yes?" He laid his limp gloves across his palm. The Englishman nodded, and Chevikoff, raising his glass head-high with an impressive flourish, cried, "For the honor of the flag!" and drained it.

"You shall most certainly be mentioned in dispatches," Cains said, inclining his head gravely. Chevikoff brought his heels together sharply and flung his hand to the salute. After that he was appointed first assistant pilot.

Once, when the pilots were well away, Clayton edged up to Cains and asked in a subdued voice, "What is this?"

"What, this?" Cains took a thoughtful sip. "Why, it's—I'll give you my word I've

forgotten. Sh-h-h; here comes the Russian. Tchisai, another glass."

Several times in the course of the day this same question was put to Cains by Kellott, Blairham, and Wilbourne, but without successful answer. When Tchisai was asked he simply showed his white teeth and shook his head.

"It should satisfy you to know I'm in the ship," Cains said to Wilbourne. "When I'm detached I'll leave the recipe with you as a keepsake. Chinchin!"

It was close upon two bells when the visitors began to leave. The quiet of the Eastern afternoon had come down upon the harbor and with the passing of the breeze the *Resolution's* flags hung in idle folds as if all the merriment had been blown out of them. About the foot of the ladder and at the lower boom a varied brood of small boats crowded under the ship's side, the watermen pushing and hauling for vantage points, and the boat crews, stolidly indifferent to commercial rivalry, sitting patiently in their places. The descent into the boats was productive of much merry confusion and consumed a great deal of time, the foreigners vying with one another in escorting certain young and pretty persons to the water stairs. In several instances this disrupted families. Cains heard a bewildered

young woman say that her mother had gone ashore with one party in a Russian cutter and her sister with another in a German cutter, and that she really did not know what to do as there were three determined men at her side who swore by their gods never to

leave the gallant ship without her. Cains promptly handed her into the *Resolution's* launch, and, in excess at seeing her go, one of the Frenchmen clapped his hands to his heart, dropped her gloves into the water, and then nearly fell in after them.

The last boat to put off from the *Resolution* was a Russian cutter with Chevikoff standing and waving eloquent farewells. And for the first time that day the upper blue ring and the anchor were high and dry.



"The women bustled fluffily aboard."

In the glow of countless lanterns a jostling crowd

of 'rickshaw men, chair bearers, runners, coolie servants, and Sepoy policemen filled the Victoria Square before the City Hall when the dignitaries, dames, and daughters of the colony and their naval guests arrived for the ball. The Hall itself was ablaze with light, and long lines of lanterns spanned the lawns and flanked the wide driveway to the entrance. Over all swung the soft night breeze and the wavering music. Under the flag canopy in the ballroom the receiving

diligently but unsuccessfully urged by Chevikoff to make a speech.

"No?" the Russian said. "Then I make one!" Thereupon he mounted a chair amid much applause and proposed a toast embracing the nations, their rulers, the Kai Fong Club, the *Resolution*, Cains's mixture, the men behind the screen, the Fourth, and the world in general. This was followed by a song by one of the Englishmen who started out valiantly enough, but had to stop after a few bars and essay it in a lower key. When the chorus came everyone joined in, those not familiar with the tune taking tow one note behind. Then some one sang in German, another in Spanish, and another in French. After the songs there were more toasts and then more songs, the gunfire behind the screen never waning.

One of the Germans who happened to be leaning against Cains—and Cains said afterwards he was not sure it was a German, that it might have been a Spaniard—turned to him suddenly and asked in a stagy whisper if he had ever played the oboe. Cains replied that he did not think so as he was not at all sure he knew an oboe by sight. The Teuto-Spaniard indicated the general shape of the instrument and explained that the most one really had to do with it was to blow—a very simple matter. This made the oboe eminently alluring, but Cains ventured a preference for the bass drum as rather more distinguished and forceful.

For some time the Hispano-Teuton had been eying the musicians through the arched doorway at the other end of the long room. The baton of the leader could be seen above the wall of greenery, flour-

ishing in the finale. As soon as the number ended Cains's companion clutched him by the sleeve. "Come!" he said. "I will show you, but say nothing—not now." He clutched the sleeve tighter and piloted Cains down the room. Presently they disappeared behind the green wall. When they reappeared the Teuto-Spaniard had an oboe and Cains was leaning far backward to counterbalance the weight of an immense drum.

A toast or a speech or something of the kind was being delivered in the vicinity of the screen, so Cains and his musical friend were not just then discovered. He drew Cains gently aside, snapping the keys of the oboe familiarly as several of the musicians were peering over the greenery, and explained that now they would rehearse a minute before the triumphal entry.

"You see," he said, adjusting his fingers, "I do him so, and then, and then—I blow—" The oboe responded with two sharp snorts and a quiver. "Good, good!" Cains cried, beating time with his drumstick. "Now a long one, take a deep breath—keep more holes open—now!" He inflated himself out of sheer sympathy and, to encourage the performer, struck his drum a resounding thump.

The oboe player jumped in alarm, and what was to have been a master note ended in a noise like the rending of a sail. Cains was filled with the confusion of guilt and stood as one with a millstone about his neck. "Forgot myself," he declared. "Forgot entirely—too much enthusiasm. Couldn't help it, just carried away, carried away."

"Ah, if you had only waited!" the other cried in almost tearful reproach. "I had him all fixed."

There was no



"I do him so."

time to try the thing over because the snorts and the boom of the drum had acted upon the screen party as a call to arms and in an instant Cains and the oboe player were surrounded.

"So, a duet!" Chevikoff exclaimed and at once began crying "Encore! Encore!" at the top of his great voice, the assemblage applauding uproariously.

"Shall we?" Cains's companion asked, raising his instrument in added interrogation.

"Yes, let's give 'em 'The Battle of Prague,'" Cains replied, and immediately began a thunderous assault upon the drum. The determined man with the oboe was not to be outdone, and several times he blew notes which sounded high above the din Cains was making. Suddenly Chevikoff burst through the crowd with a pair of cymbals and "The Battle of Prague" became terrific. Then some one pushed the Russian forward and pulled Cains and the oboe player into position behind him and the procession was formed.

Around and around the room went the brave company, stopping from time to time at the screen, where Cains changed the drumstick to his other hand and the oboe performer paused long enough in his labors to let the blood flow back from his face.

It was during one of these wayside haltings that a slim-waisted Russian became enamored of the fit of a Frenchman's coat. Something, he confessed, drew him irresistibly toward it, as only such a coat could, and he was sure, absolutely, perfectly, entirely sure that it would fit him, especially on the shoulders! And would the owner of such a perfect coat permit him to try it on? The Frenchman with a succession of bows modestly admitted the charm of his coat to be equaled only by the enchantment of the Russian's, but, he said, it was as nothing without the beautiful waistcoat. And, he added, what could more delight him than to exchange coats, if waistcoats were included, with his good friend; indeed he would even hold it, so, and direct the arm into the sleeve. Now, would the good friend help also—yes, of course the waistcoat must always go on first; it was one of the conventions.

The trying-on process was watched by a critical audience which indulged in all manner of needless suggestions, and finally saw to it that each of the coats was properly adjusted. As soon as the coats were on, the Frenchman announced his intention to sing, and forthwith started in on "Boje Tsarya

Hranie," to the joyous surprise of the Russian. He wagged his head in time with the anthem, and as a return salute threw out his chest and roared the "Marseillaise." As some one else was pounding the bass drum, Cains hollowed his hands about his mouth and called for Chevikoff. The Russian came up with his coat in his hand. Behind him was the earnest man with the oboe in heavily laced Spanish regalia, which filled every requirement save that of fit. Somehow or other Chevikoff managed to squeeze into Cains's coat, whereas Cains shared, Siamese-twin fashion, a sleeve and half of the back of the Russian's coat with Maude, of the *Thunderation*. When everyone had been equipped to his taste the procession formed again. Cains regained his drum, Chevikoff his cymbals, and the other his oboe, and, with the music well in front, the column moved off.

The duration of the march does not appear in the record of that night which has been handed down in wardroom tradition, but Cains was always willing to swear that the last he saw of Chevikoff, the Russian was telling a lean Hokkaido pony at the landing stairs, that while its face was perfectly familiar, its name had completely escaped his recollection.

The fifth of July was a blazing day. Kai Fong baked on its hillside in a swimming mist, its rows of yellowish houses like loaves in an oven. Not a breeze stirred across the oily glaze of the harbor. The ships were served up to the sun on a lacquered tray. Cains had the *Resolution's* deck and it was all he could do to breathe under the awnings. Aloft the rigging oozed; the wind sails hung like dead fishes with their mouths foolishly agape. Kellott and Cunningham were sprawling in wicker deck-chairs, fanning for dear life.

Presently a cutter from the French flagship was reported coming alongside.

"Some one after the recipe, probably," Kellott said, watching the gangway.

"No, most likely wants to enroll as a survivor," Cunningham suggested as a French lieutenant stepped down upon the deck.

In a few adroitly selected sentences the visitor presented to Cains his compliments and those of his ship and touched feelingly upon the heat of the day. Kellott and Cunningham came slowly forward and aided Cains in the greetings. It was indeed a supreme pleasure, the Frenchman declared,

to be aboard the *Resolution* so soon again, and it was quite impossible, yes, quite, for him to think of remaining for more than a brief time, although nothing could pain him more than to leave; but he had come aboard upon what he sorrowfully felt must be an errand without fruit, save, of course, that he was altogether charmed to stand upon the *Resolution's* hospitable quarter-deck once more, but could there be, by any hazard, the least hazard—and it desolated him to mention it—could there be such a miserable thing as a French uniform coat aboard the *Resolution* that most disagreeable day? And, alas, if not that, was it not a possibility that there might be a waistcoat, a simple little waistcoat, or an epaulet or two? Would so strange an inquiry be understood and forgiven, and was it not one most terrible day for the heat?

With many engaging smiles Cains placed the visitor in Kellott's hands, assuring him that on United States vessels the navigator very properly had charge of such matters.

When Kellott and the Frenchman returned to the deck the result of the search was evident in the compactly wrapped package the navigator carried. "We did find a coat," he said jauntily to Cunningham. "It was in Cains's room—No, no," to the visitor, "I

beg that you'll not apologize. Mr. Cains had forgotten all about it."

No sooner had the Frenchman gone over the side than a Russian launch was reported. There was a brisk step on the ladder, and Chevikoff sprang aboard looking as if he had just popped out of a band-

box. His apologies and explanations were cut short by an invitation to the wardroom.

"And Mr. Cains?" he asked with fine regret.

"Cains? Oh, yes—this is his busy day," Kellott answered.

"Ah! A mark of special distinction; I understand," the Russian said, saluting the officer of the deck with pointed precision. As he moved away with Kellott he laid one of his gloves across his palm and shook his head.

"For the honor of the flag!" was all that Cains said.

In due season another carefully wrapped bundle was produced, and as it was carried down to the waiting launch Chevikoff followed, smiling.

They stood in the gangway and watched the launch dwindle across the water, Chevikoff again eloquently waving his farewells, and then Cains turned to Kellott.

"Isn't it high time we should send out a boat?" he asked.



"The Russian came up with his coat in his band."

THE COURT OF A COMIC-OPERA MONARCH

By W. G. FITZGERALD*



THROUGH dense myrtles and oleander I had crossed the River of Pearls and now looked down on Old Fez from the flanks of Gibel Nazala. And at the sight I forgot the sordid worries of a month's caravan travel. A hoary "Shrine of Twenty Thousand Saints," framed in scarlet bells of pomegranate and tamarisk slopes of golden brown; over her white brows and tufted palms rose a nimbus of violet hills; a fairy city of green and gold domes and minarets; vast crumbling walls and fighting towers, moated and turreted as in crusaders' days.

A tenuous wraith of the haughty seat of the Caliphate, shimmering in the haze, more lovely in decay than Damascus or Cairo, Bagdad or Shiraz, and with pitiful remains of her seven hundred mosques and universities, with vast classic libraries founded by pious princes who dictated terms to the Old World a thousand years ago. A forgotten stronghold, whose story goes back to Homeric Odysseus; to Carthaginian days and Roman; to Vandal and Byzantine and Visigoth. A civilization old, perhaps, as Egypt's own—yet for ages a Moslem Lhassa, closed, mysterious and fanatical, ringed in by jealous peaks, infolded in groves of orange and pomegranate, almond and fig, date palm, apricot and lemon, that dropped snowy stars on the vine-trellised roofs of mazy streets. "O Fas," sang old Abu-el-Fadhl, "thy waters

are sweeter than honey and whiter than silver. Thy freshness is the health of my soul!"

Morocco's heart, filled full with palaces gorgeous as the Alhambra, peopled by men and maids idle as the Lotophagi of Homer! But alas, my reverie ends with the return of El Glawi, with the Attaché, a bright boy just out from home, reveling in the fun.

"Tell you what," he says, "we ought to be mighty grateful for Morocco in a drear, ugly age like this. Why, look: Empire and Sultan are just a huge Eastern joke played on dull Western wits. You see the green towers of the Imperial Harem over there? Well, sir, silken strings are pulled behind those walls, and the Kaiser at Potsdam responds with capers that scare the world's peace. And more: at the Quai d'Orsay the Foreign Minister falls off his perch; while war ships are hauled this way and that, and the Powers are told the only decent man to negotiate with is the kidnaper and brigand Rais Uli! Biggest joke in history, I tell you; but it'll have a tragic end."

The lad was full of his subject. "To think," he went on, "of an International Conference sitting across the Straits there, whereasing and resoluting over piracy and slave auctions and things we all thought only existed to-day in musty history books and dime novels for boys! And say, before you leave you'll see the biggest of all—Diplomatic Missions. O Lord! first Sir Arthur Nicolson, British Envoy; lands from a cruiser at the Waterport (I was down by the sea for three

* EDITORIAL NOTE:—Mr. Fitzgerald has just returned from the "Land of the Setting Sun," upon which he is an authority, having traversed it from Tetuan to the Great Atlas many times, in the past twelve years. His latest expedition, on which he was accompanied by his wife, fitted out last spring, at Es Souerah (or Mogador) on the Atlantic Coast, and proceeded over the Great Plain of Marraksh, skirting the snowy Atlas Chain, to the Southern Capital. Thence the Expedition returned to the coast at Mazagan, went up to the Holy City of Rabat, and on to immemorial Fez, which was a great seat of classic learning when our ancestors were little better than savages. The author has had many audiences of the Sultan, both at Fez and Marraksh, and was afforded unique privileges of taking notes and photographs.

days), grave as an owl; grand uniform crisscrossed with orders. City's walls saluted him with cracked guns three centuries old, let off by a dare-devil with a twenty-foot pole.

"And up to court comes the Mission, with letters of safe conduct like Nehemiah of old. A reception in the big square; a delivery of presents whose value is mercilessly assessed by the young viziers, and then away coastward leaving behind 'representations' in classic Arabic. Next Von Tattenbach, the pompous German; and after *him* René de Taillandier from Paris. Same grand entry; same appraisal of presents; same grand retreat.

"And now comes our man Gummere with an \$8,000 silver vase from President Roosevelt and a big following of sports. Well, friend, it amuses the court, but they'd rather have the biograph man. The women find him more amusing. And remember, behind the harem walls over there you'll find at least three hundred and fifty 'whips of Satan' (Koranic, this); so what *they* say goes. I tell you that fellow was more fun here than the zoo or the gold cameras, the toy railroads or fire balloons, motor car or circus, traction engines or bullfights, bikes or billiard tables.

"Of course the chap knew the Imperial Harem was sacrosanct. And so he worked his show in a kind of double room that glowed with deep old arabesques in scarlet and sapphire. He projected his pictures through a narrow doorway across which a guard of palace eunuchs lolled their monstrous bodies, shaking with shrill elfin glee. But come on; your house is ready."

So saying my bright Attaché put his foot in the stirrup and vaulted on his Arab. We filed slowly down the rocky trail, past the olive-shaded springs of Old Fez. The "New City," built in 1204, lies higher. It consists mainly of the colleges, government offices, and the far-stretching palace, with its great crenelated forts and vast squares, where receptions of tribal chiefs and Christian envoys are held with every circumstance of barbaric splendor.

My house was an Arab court; its hush was softly broken by rippling fountains whose waters ran away in marble runnels. And there were the low songs of strange birds in the thick lemon grove beyond. Open to the blazing stars, queer little rooms led from it. And on one side rose a superb Moorish arch giving access to a true "field of the slothful." Here great roses lay like crimson splashes on big banks of lilies; the whole all but smothered

in a tangle of blue borage and marigold, with rioting vines that ringed big acacias and mulberries in rapturous green embrace. There were hangings of old brocade, soft divans from Mequinez, and silk carpets from Rabat and Sallee—whence the Barbary pirates came forth to terrorize the sea when Shakespeare was writing "Hamlet."

The Attaché left me, bubbling with exuberance. And I dined on the floor from big dishes with high conical tops—mutton stewed with plums and dates, koos-koos of wheat meal and chicken, with sweetmeats and green tea, rare fruits and coffee—all served by silent, barefoot slaves carrying trays of hammered brass. I sat awhile soothed by the murmur of the water runnels. Then having turned my last sheep into the bedroom to collect the fleas I laid me down and slept.

"Next day to the palace," as old Pepys would say. A good day, too; a day when tribal princes from Soos and Tarudant, from the date oasis of Figuig and Tafilalet, would be received in state in the Great Square. I dressed with care and bade my men make a brave show, worthy of *tabib* or scribe from overseas. I was neither "bashador" nor "teja" (merchant), I reminded them. Nor had I any ax, political or commercial, to grind beneath the Scarlet Parasol. I came merely as one paying homage to the sway of the East.

At ten came the Attaché full of scandal and gossip. Young Gharnit was to be disgraced—might even leave his head above the vast arch of the Bab M'Baruk. Kaid Anfloos had arrived from Imantanoot with presents of horses and women, silver and young slaves from Timbuktu and Lake Tchad. And the Maghzen (Moorish Cabinet) were about to spring a surprise on the Powers—and much else. I fear I didn't heed him.

We pricked forth from city to city, one within another like an ivory treasure box from Mandalay; past the War Office, a damp and crumbling wreck; and the palaces of chamberlains and masters of keys, and saintly shereefs, powerful Germanic prince-bishops, ages ago; through the roaring bazars with their pergola trellis; past boxlike stores selling incense and rose leaves, gold dust and feathers, spices and sweetmeats. And here is the Great Square, trembling with color and life as its thousands await God's Regent on Earth.

Tribal princes caracole on superb stallions, checked by cruel double curbs; their accouterments and great shovel stirrups jingle harshly;

their gunstocks gleam with gems. Libyan slaves run on either side with skirts uplifted. There are wild fellows from the Anjerah Hills, from the unconquered Rahamna, from the Rif Coast and Algeria's shadowy borderline, and Berber kabyles from far Atlas snows.

Hundreds have dismounted and squat expectantly, sad-eyed and furtive, with big bags of silver dollars before them; for what man may seek the Lord of Lords with empty hands? Some of these chieftains have been "commanded" hither; and well they know what that means. True they *may* buy back their life and liberty, but if not—"Mashallah." "An enemy hath done this." Ex-cabinet ministers have been seen before now foraging for food amid the city's garbage, deeming themselves fortunate to have escaped torture that may not be named.

I hear the throb of drums, the scream of reed pipes, the clang of brazen gongs, such as went before David in his day of triumph. Every horseman in the multitude alights; some have trained their superb animals to kneel also. Dark eyes flash pathetically to presents; and a prayer goes up to the Most High that they may suffice. And lo! in the wake of his soldier rabble, lance bearers, hordes of slaves, with elder men and grand viziers rides young Moulai-Abd-el-Aziz XIV.

Beside him run two slaves flicking flies from the august one with white silk kerchiefs. But not yet is the hour of the Hadera or tribute-giving. This is the Month of Ramadan, and regal sacrifice must be offered for the common people; and so to the Nazala, or praying place of the vast mosque of Moulai-Idris, with guns firing, flags flying, and the sweet air full of strange cries. The tomb and temple of Fez's founder is this, which to enter means sanctuary whatever be the crime. Its wondrous carvings and inlaid ceilings, crystal chandeliers and rich brocades are among the most exquisite survivals of Arab art. And from its green minarets, ten moueddihins have been chanting God's praises since five hours before dawn.

The young Sultan, over six feet decidedly, but fat and lethargic, ascends the steps slowly. He has the complexion of a Neapolitan with big dark eyes full of bewilderment and boredom, as of a dog at fault, and yet lighting now and then with a sudden burst of capricious humor. There is a snow-white sheep by his side, and two priests in emerald green. One hands him a Koran, open at the proper Sura. Facing Mecca the Sultan reads in staccato

monotone, stops, and stoops suddenly to cut the sheep's throat with strange feline grace. Amazing the swiftness of it all! As majesty draws its white robes from the bright stream, two slaves hoist the sacrifice on a fleet mule and race with it over to the mosque of the Karoueen, whose fountains sprinkle 30,000 adorers on Friday. If the sheep be still living on arrival at the shrine, a great and prosperous harvest awaits Morocco. The aruspices of Old Rome over again, you see. And of course the court begin to deal in "futures" forthwith, and a grateful people respond in cash and kind.

Now back to the Great Square for the pleasing and critical ceremony of present-giving. Sidna, Lord of Lords, is preceded by eight led horses draped with cloth of gold and silver. A Nubian giant of seven feet holds over him a scarlet umbrella, with an arm like the limb of an oak. The imperial cortège takes up a position backed by the dwarf green turrets of the harem pavilion. A master of ceremonies, vastly versed in men and goods, receives the offerings.

Item, a scrap of script announcing a herd of goats and forty cows tethered beneath the palms outside the walls. A prostration to earth and a low pathetic "'Llah ibaruk amar, Sidi"—"God preserve the life of our Lord." Moulai-Abd-el-Aziz places a fat hand on his breast, raises it to his lips, and signs dismissal.

Item, four bags of silver dollars on two milk-white mules, attended by two Soosi slaves, *tout compris*. "It is well."

Item, twelve bracelets of fine gold herewith; a fair lady back there in the fondak, and three score quintals of almonds. "Go, you are dismissed."

And now the term of Mohammed-Ras-el-Wad-el-Fadali, Kaid of Amzmiz. "Brother, stand aside under the Mausers of the Imperial Guard. We shall have words with thee hereafter concerning thy stewardship." And the brave soul goes to his doom dumb as the Harvest Sheep. "An enemy hath done this." I caught his eye and he smiled faintly, putting a great brown hand to lips and breast. When next I saw El-Fadali's face, it grinned at me diabolically from a nail over the Bab-el-Roum. Better than that to be blinded with red-hot irons and thrust into rat-haunted dungeons, far beneath the palace moat.

Who is this tyrant who embarrasses civilization to-day? There is bathos in my subject's background, so let me descend quickly. Irish blood flows in his veins! His grand-

mother on the father's side was the wife of plain "Dinnis" McCarthy of the 88th Regiment of Foot—the Connaught Rangers—and not exactly a lady, I grieve to say. She left her husband, and after a liaison with an officer of the Gibraltar Garrison drifted over to Tangier. How she reached Fez and glided into the Sultan's harem is beside this story. Certainly she was treated vastly above her deserts, became a woman of power and the mother of Moulay-Hassan, the late Sultan.

A strong man of the old Moorish school, this. Twenty-nine years ago he received a present of a lovely Circassian slave from one of the ulema or elders—to whom years had not spelled discretion. And she had sense besides beauty. So she became the mother of Abd-el-Aziz. But her Lord died suddenly near the Holy City of Rabat and plunged that grand old vizier, Si-Ahmed-ben-Musa, in dreadful straits.

The succession had not been settled. In truth One-Eyed Moulay-Mohammed, son of the late Sultan's legitimate first wife, was the rightful heir, but Bah-Ahmed would not have it so. The dead Emperor was carried in a mule litter for two days and nights before even the greatest around him knew of the tragic thing. Bah-Ahmed entered Rabat, closed the gates, announced the death of Moulay-Hassan, and essayed a *coup d'état* by putting sixteen-year-old Abd-el-Aziz on the golden throne beneath the Scarlet Parasol. How to get Fez and Marraksh to acknowledge him before the tribes rose, from Rif to Atlas, was a grave problem. For the Moors hold that a sultan's death dissolves all allegiance until it be enforced at the sword's point by his successor.

A general rising was averted by Bah-Ahmed, however. The Pasha of Fez was in the secret, and before the news got abroad the notables were summoned to the Bou-Jebed mosque to hear an imperial edict read as though nothing untoward had happened. Then came the thunderclap. With closed doors the Governor gave out the new Emperor's name, drew up an act of allegiance, and had it signed by statesmen and princes. The boy Sultan's uncle Ismail and his half-brother Omar were among his supporters. Ismail was considered dangerous; and so as he entered the mosque court an armed guard was placed in his house to be withdrawn only when he, too, had signed the act. Thus passed an episode that might have plunged Morocco in bloody civil war, and

would surely have embroiled Germany and France in a serious quarrel. As it was the parade of war ships from Tangier to Mogador excited the people with fear of invasion by the infidel. Happily it was harvest time, and plowshares were more in request than swords—which would have been turned first of all on the coast Christians.

But a flutter of trouble did arise from Hadj-Maati-Jamai, Ex-Grand Vizier, joined with his brother, Mohammed-es-Saghier, formerly Minister of War. The way with them was short but sure. Both were seized at Mequinez, thrown into subterranean dungeons to perish miserably, and all their immense properties reverted to the all-covering Parasol. Not a thought of trial or inquiry into innocence or guilt.

These trifles disposed of, Bah-Ahmed with his royal boy in tutelage, marched through the Beni-Hassan and Temmur regions to Tarhon, Mequinez, and Fez. And in the vast shrine of Moulay Idris he was installed with magnificence; with sacrifice and feasting; music and the dance, by day and night.

For five years Bah-Ahmed ruled the crumbling Empire. He put down the rebellious Rahamna with frightful but necessary atrocity. He protected the Christians and their trade; kept a tyrant hand on the scattered tribes. Grown old, he bowed low before the boy, saying, "O Lord, great riches have I gained, yet the Sultan is my only heir!" And when he died the Exalted Court at Marraksh shook to its Christian slave-built foundations. The boy's mother was growing old and watched his antics with anxiety. She could see little of him—might not even eat with him; such is tradition.

The young Sultan trusted Harry Maclean, his father's adviser on matters relating to the outside world. Maclean, like the Swiss Ilg at Menelik's court, impressed his King with the marvels of Christendom—social, material, mechanical. A penniless British lieutenant of the Gibraltar Garrison a generation ago, Maclean drifted to Tangier and thence to Fez, where the Sultan sent for him to drill his bodyguard. The experiment grew. So did the rag-tag "army" that is never paid, but lives on loot. The canny Scot bought rifles and quick-firers for old Moulay-Hassan, fell into native ways, and made his daughters veil their faces in the street. He grew in wealth and power. The boy turned to him naturally for amusement. Then came the preposterous era of motor cars and cameras of gold and

silver, of motor boats and toy railroads, with dancing marionettes, and the like heathen truck that scandalized the Ulema, or Learned Ones of the Most High Court.

Meheddi-el-Mennebhi was War Minister—all powerful, suave, smiling, and rich in gold and silver, slaves and women; with corn and oil enough to found a colony. Absence, too, often spells ruin at the Moorish Court, and it was a ticklish day when he and Maclean were sent to London on the first Moorish mission to an infidel court. No Christians remained in Fez or Marraksh, save a few clamorous drummers, trying to sell toys to the Sultan. Enter upon the scene El-Fedoul-Gharnit, most powerful of viziers, beholding the opportunity of his life to oust the favorite. "Oh, King of Kings," he murmured in the boy's ear, "thy Right Hand hath played thee false. I have seen Mennebhi's asses laden with gold and silver picking their steps over the hills to the sea. The traitor has deceived thee, keeping for himself one half of the jewels of Bah-Ahmed— May his soul be blessed!" There was something in it, too. Some of the dead tyrant's property *was* unquestionably offered for sale in Tangier. Thus, the poor war man was to face war enough when he returned! Orders were given to prepare for him dungeons and torture chambers, and the same was done with ingenious alacrity.

I was in Mogador when Mennebhi landed. My consul friend Johnston (he's still there) warned the Minister, got him relays of fleet horses, and packed him off over the dazzling sand hills and on to the Great Plain. He waved his silken haik-ends to us, as he dug his rowels in the screaming stallion, and sped off in a cloud for Marraksh.

Gharnit was on his way down from Fez. Which of the rivals should be first to throw himself at his master's feet with the "only correct version"? Mennebhi won; he was just in time. He "explained all," as they do in cheap novels. And the story ends well, for he was restored to favor, while Gharnit was sent North again retaining all power. A fellow-conspirator, Ben-Sliman, was given another high post. So you see the boy was developing true Oriental craft. Like Louis Seize he was satisfied to have his "Right Hands" at enmity that he might be sure of knowing every move.

The rise of a Pretender, Bu-Hamara, said to be "One-Eyed" Moulai-Mohammed, rightful heir to the throne, was a serious blow to the young Sultan's prestige. Abd-el-Aziz,

on the advice of one party, occupied Taza, but Bu-Hamara drove him out and forced him back on the forts of Fez. And yet this man is a mere impostor from Algeria, no doubt supported by French money; certainly his artillery and gunners are French. Gilal-el-Zarhouy, to give him his own name, is a poorly educated peasant, like the Mahdi who scourged the British in the Sudan for many years.

The Moorish Pretender is said to be bullet proof, with magic hands that turn stones into twenty-franc pieces! His conjuring tricks have gained him many adherents. A kaid told him one day one of his own men was about to kill him. Forthwith he had the suspect shot with blank cartridge and buried in a hollow grave in his own praying tent. A bamboo supplied air until the time came for a profitable resurrection. At a big séance of chiefs the buried Absalom Riffi spoke from the grave, adjured all men to follow Bu-Hamara, the elect of God, and was thereupon bidden to rise from the dead. He did, evincing gratitude not shown in the Bible under similar conditions. And those present took stones and built a saint house on the spot, for it was holy ground.

Bu-Hamara writes cleverly seditious letters, ill-spelled but telling to the discontented country folk. "Your Sultan is illegitimate," he says; "an infidel and the friend of infidels, such as Al Koran menaces with the fires of the lowest hell."

The venomous seed fell on ground prepared by years of extortion; and tribesmen flocked to the Pretender's green and gold standard to form a mock court on Shereefian lines. Some of his Zemoori followers attacked Mequinez last year while I was in Fez. Naturally I was invited to the comic-opera war. I would not have missed it for worlds. Villages about the city had been burned; cattle and property looted. Within the walls were 4,000 imperial troops besieged by one-fourth of their number of Zemoori. Months passed. Mequinez might have been leveled with the ground over and over again, yet things must move elaborately, by tradition and precedence. First of all it was decided to erect the imperial war-tent outside the walls at Fez. This equals an ultimatum. The impudent Zemooris should hear that the Lord of Lords was about to descend on them, as dread Sennacherib, the Assyrian, fell upon Israel's fold. And couriers were sent out, mainly for money and men. "One post ran



THE GREAT RED GATE OF MARRAKSH

to meet another" as in Jeremiah's day. Loyal tribes sent in their best horsemen to the vast mehalla, or imperial camp. Loyalty and loot were the lures held out to country kaid. Their contingents camped on the hills, until Gibel-Nazala's sun-baked sides became a sea of murky canvas. It was a great time for the Jews, who have been tent-makers here since Persian Omar wrote philosophic rubaiyat. They worked night and day sewing Manchester cotton and acres of canvas. Remember, we were 40,000 men with 75,000 horses, mules, camels, and asses. Men and beasts were "requisitioned," you understand. As to the former they came more or less willingly, hoping for the best when the plunder began. With the animals it was different, since they could look for nothing but their keep. And so men hid camels and horses in deep tortuous matamoras, far underground, where they store grain and oil against lean years of locust and drought.

We had tents of wide range and infinite variety, from the Royal Kouher, with its huge gilt ball and vast interior, right down to the lowly "bells" of the common askari, or fighting men. Ten days went by. The beleaguered city sent urgent messages for help. These we regarded as an impertinence, pardonable under existing conditions, but not to be repeated. We set off at length, how-

ever. Our lord took with him two hundred women, and what warrior lives who shall hurry these?

Our first camp was at Ras el Wad, three hours from the huge eight-gated walls of Fez. Merely to halt and put up tents took one day. High ground had to be secured for the imperial inclosure—a canvas city in itself, surrounded by a wall of snow-white fabric, eight feet high. Within were tents for wives and concubines, for favorite slaves and trusted eunuchs, for cooking and lounging, and, above all, for praying. If you could but see that gorgeous marquee of scarlet and purple that looked to Mecca and was served by sweet-voiced criers of The Hour, worthy of the Kutubieh itself.

When I reflected on the dire straits of poor Mequinez I knew not whether to laugh or cry. Our progress was indeed magnificent, but it was not war. Before the royal tent was an open slope six hundred feet by three hundred feet. Bordered by sinister maxims, it formed a reception square for tribal deputations that came in daily with contributions in money, men, and horses. Poor chaps! They ran an awful gantlet of blackmail and were glad to get off with a whole skin. By the side of the royal tent were the belling canvas homes of viziers and ministers, with priests and shereefs; general staff, and executioners—for there is trouble *en route* for the obstrep-

erous. Tents radiated planet-wise, in regular orbits round the central sun, marked by its dazzling gilt ball.

When we *did* start, it was two hours after sunrise. We traveled till noon, pitched a vast city of canvas, and our lord retired in our midst to pray. At two-thirty he came forth for official business.



PUTTING UP THE OUTSIDE WALL OF
THE HAREM TENT



THE SULTAN AND HIS
PHYSICIAN IN THE
HAREM INCLOSURE

Toward sunset he prayed before us with arms outstretched—a pathetic figure of patriarchal grandeur. Two hours later the imperial musicians struck up one of the three airs they know; and with this trial over a gun gave the signal for "rest." But there were guards who sang out all night in token of faithful vigil. And the champ and munch and movement of

thousands of animals made the long night hideous; while in the tents pious cut-throats with voice and mirth told that "Prayer is better than sleep."

At sunrise a cannon boomed dully, and every tent had to be struck before the Sultan's own could be touched. His variegated "city" is first up and last down. An hour after sunrise the vast camp must have melted with the dew. But alas! our War Lord's movements depend on his women. The imperial harem must leave by ways secret and devious. Yash-maked from crown to toe, each lady mounts behind a trusty eunuch and rides half



TRANSPORTING OVERLAND SOME OF THE SULTAN'S
WEIRD PURCHASES

a mile off. Then and then only is the royal inclosure attacked by willing hundreds. In five minutes the huge fabric is packed on mules, while his Majesty reclines on a scarlet divan receiving such officials as have arrived during the night. "Horses for our lord," cries the Master of Ceremonies; and along prance ten for selection. Bands play and gimbris twang, and tomtoms beat with persistent rhythm. We shall get a mile or two nearer hapless Mequinez before night.

ropes, and as the shining ball goes up with a cry of "For the safety of our lord!" the signal is passed that other tents may rise also.

We *did* arrive under the walls of Mequinez. The famished town turned out with clamant uproar; the leading men all but carried their lord into the city. We pitched camp on the Zemoor side. Our enemy had abandoned their villages and taken to the hills. They felt sure the avenger would not venture into such



THE FAVORITE WIVES OF THE SULTAN LEAVING CAMP SECRETLY

In the van come "picked troops" led by Maclean, now a British Knight because of his influence with Sidna. Next come the artillery with its French officers, and behind the trailing guns our lord himself, with fly flickers and slaves; bodyguard and rank and file of horse and foot, laughing and loose. I have often watched the Sultan on these morning starts suddenly deviate alone in a westerly direction, and then rejoin the main body. This maneuver remains a mystery. Our progress is stately and full of stops. Country governors come to pay respects, and Sidna in reply wheels and thanks them. Soon we halt again. Little respite for the prince in charge of the royal tent, Kaid-Bel-Harty. He permits men of high degree to haul on the

unexplored and lawless parts of the Shereefian dominion. But they reckoned without austere Mennebhi. That Minister had no intention of upsetting his Lord with a vulgar row of this kind. Instead he summoned loyal tribes with long accounts against the Zemoori. "Brothers, go forth and eat the dogs who have troubled our master." They did and came back loot-laden, and with dripping heads stuck on their bayonet tips.

We advanced, a scattered and leisurely Nemesis, burning villages, driving in mules and cattle, laying bare great stores of hidden grain. And there were skirmishes, beautifully picturesque, such as Meissonier would have loved to paint. Long lines of horsemen wheeled at the gallop with rainbow flashes

of color, deafening volleys, and slow-rising masses of smoke.

This lasted a fortnight, when Mequinez was officially "relieved." Such is war in Morocco against pretender or common rebel. His task done, the Sultan turned to Fez and daily palace life; to dalliance in Moorish courts, a-dusk with red-gold orange trees, date palm, and mimosa; to reverie by clear marble tanks, full of racing water edged with trembling maidenhair, and full of lazy fish; to obscure groves where pet monkeys played among the lemons, and gorgeous parrots nodded sagely from pink almond trees; to vast cool arched *patios*, faint with exotic bloom and cloudy fumes of precious gums; to hawking parties and polo; horse races and fireworks; cricket and tennis; motor runs over a switchback of rocks; to billiards and bullfights, powder plays, and battles between Bengal tigers. For heavy on his hands lie

the hours of the tyrant. He will gather about him men like Dr. Verdon and Sir Harry Maclean, with officers both French and Italian—all of them expected to suggest some new excitement. Is there a new European service rifle to be tried? Then here is a slave from Wadai, offered as living target. Photography was once the rage at court. Mr. J. H. Avery was summoned from London as instructor, and cameras of solid gold were ordered in Paris. A little palace eighty feet long, domed and cupolaed, was built by slaves as a temple to the new art. There were studio and dark rooms, with enlarging and printing rooms, all lined with costly oak fittings from far-off London. And the poor

slaves that labored on its walls had Arabs over them, with cruel whips that hissed and curled snakewise about their nude backs, when they stopped work outside of the regular hour.

His Majesty's billiard table, too, is of teak, wondrously carved; it cost \$5,000. He loves to bring hither envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, supercilious and bored with a savage court. "You play?"

Abd-el-Aziz asks wonderingly. They do, and pick up a cue to show their cunning. A shock follows, as the Sultan joins in, revealing the subtle beauty of "drag" and "screw" and "side." He may well complete his hundred, sixty ahead of the amazed diplomat. "Oud, oud!" (Again!) the Monarch cries; but the incongruous match is too much for the envoy, who retires discomfited.

Poor Sultan! he means well. When Missionary Cooper was shot dead by a

fanatic in the market, and his murderer fled for sanctuary to the veiled shrine of Moulaï-Idris, the Emperor had him dragged forth and executed on the same spot. But the violation of the most Holy of Places all but cost him his throne, such was the scandal among the faithful. He was forced to offer a hecatomb of one hundred and fifty bullocks on the hallowed steps leading up into the mosque.

From this to the consideration of the Sultan as a henpecked husband is bathos indeed. One night his Majesty concluded he had had enough of the cinematograph. The ladies of the harem thought otherwise. "Avery," whispered his Majesty, "when you have run



THE SULTAN TAKING HIS FIRST BICYCLE LESSON



TRIBES IN THE GREAT SQUARE AWAITING THE SULTAN

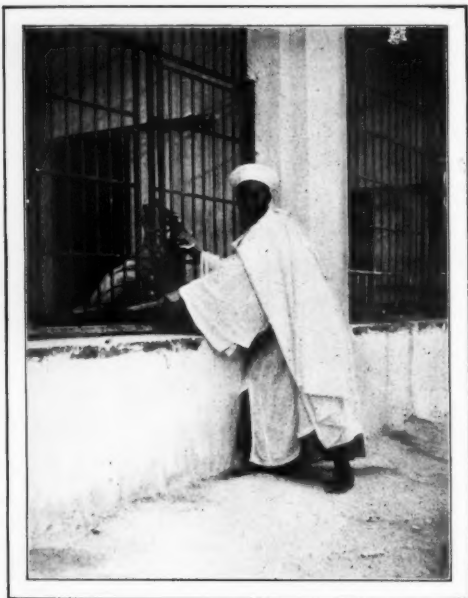
the next spool off, I shall cry out as usual, 'More, more,' but I want you to reply in Arabic, 'No, no, O Great One; for to-night I have finished; to-morrow, if it be God's will.'" And thus comically was God's Regent on Earth relieved of tedium as he went through the pantomime with his photographic instructor. *La, la, Sidi. Dabba clâss Rudar, Inshallah*, the obedient Avery would

reply. And thereupon the Sultan would turn to a great vista of female faces, or rather glowing eyes, with the remark, "There, there, Teja Avery will show no more to-night, so off to bed with you all!"

The tyrant's daily life is unexpectedly simple. He rises with the sun, takes a bath, and dresses for court ceremonials. From seven till eleven he is busy with affairs of



PART OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY ON MARCH



THE MINISTER OF WAR GIVES THE
SULTAN EVIDENCE OF HIS
COURAGE

state, and thereafter grants audiences to men with grievances—which appears to include every Moor in the Empire. After a walk through the grounds to his private pavilion he breakfasts, and thereafter walks in company with Omar Tazze, Grand Chamberlain of the Royal Household.

The Sultan's superb zoo always yields sport. I shall never forget promenading in it with his Majesty and Mennebhi, the redoubtable War Minister. We halted before the cage of a superb tiger known to be untamably vicious. "Go and scratch his back, Mennebhi," the Sultan commanded. And when the Minister objected in pitiful terms, the Sultan turned to me, saying, "Think of a War Minister who pretends to be ready for a world in arms, yet will not scratch my tiger's back!"

A man of humor, you see. We had an Andalusian fighting bull up in Fez, with a ring in his nose.

One day the Sultan took it into his head to let the fierce brute loose in the courtyard. "Maclean," said he to his Scottish Commander-in-Chief gravely, "take that bull by the ring and lead him from our presence." Maclean declared there was not a man on earth who could do the thing; and to our horror Moulay-Abd-el-Aziz himself shuffled up to the monster and led him out of the gate without a word. That night nearly fifty bicycles arrived from Coventry, England, and to their infinite disgust princesses of the harem were forced to ride crazy races round the tennis court while their master was contorted with mirth over their wild convolutions and headlong, helpless falls.

And yet his is a tragic personality. He knows his Empire will pass away soon, and often asks with tears brimming in his big eyes, "Is it not strange my country should be called the Land of the *Setting Sun*?"



KAID SIR HARRY MACLEAN, K.C.M.G.,
WITH HIS FAVORITE HOUND

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER I

HIS OWN PEOPLE



OU never met Selwyn, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Never heard anything definite about his trouble?" insisted Gerard.

"Oh, yes, sir!" replied young Erroll, "I've heard a good deal about it. Everybody has, you know."

"Well, I *don't* know," retorted Austin Gerard irritably, "what 'everybody' has heard, but I suppose it's the usual garbled version made up of distorted fact and malicious gossip. That's why I sent for you. Sit down."

Gerald Erroll seated himself on the edge of the big, polished table in Austin's private office, one leg swinging, an unlighted cigarette between his lips.

Austin Gerard, his late guardian, big, florid, with that peculiar blue eye which seems to characterize hasty temper, stood by the window, tossing up and catching a glittering gold piece—souvenir of the directors' meeting which he had just left.

"What has happened," he said, "is this. Captain Selwyn is back in town—sent up his card to me, but they told him I was attending a directors' meeting. When the meeting was over I found his card and a message scribbled, saying he'd recently landed and was going uptown to call on Nina. She'll keep him there, of course, until I get home, so I shall see him this evening. Now, before you meet him, I want you plainly to understand the truth about this unfortunate affair; and that's

why I telephoned your gimlet-eyed friend Neergard just now to let you come around here for half an hour."

The boy nodded and, drawing a gold match box from his waistcoat pocket, lighted his cigarette.

"Why the devil don't you smoke cigars?" growled Austin, more to himself than to Gerald; then, pocketing the gold piece, seated himself heavily in his big leather desk chair.

"In the first place," he said, "Captain Selwyn is my brother-in-law—which wouldn't make an atom of difference to me in my judgment of what has happened if he had been at fault. But the facts of the case are these." He held up an impressive forefinger and laid it flat across the large, ruddy palm of the other hand.

"First of all, he married a cat! C-a-t, cat. Is that clear, Gerald?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! What sort of a dance she led him out there in Manila, I've heard. Never mind that, now. What I want you to know is how he behaved—with what quiet dignity, steady patience, and sweet temper under constant provocation and mortification he conducted himself. Then that fellow Ruthven turned up—and—Selwyn is above that sort of suspicion. Besides, his scouts took the field within a week."

He dropped a heavy, highly colored fist on his desk with a bang.

"After that hike, Selwyn came back, to find that Alixe had sailed with Jack Ruthven. And what did he do; take legal measures to free himself, as you or I or anybody with an ounce of temper in 'em would have done? No; he didn't. That infernal Selwyn con-



Drawn by G. C. Winchurst.

“ ‘ Could you tell me how it began, Phil? ’ ”

science began to get busy, making him believe that if a woman kicks over the traces it must be because of some occult shortcoming on his part. In some way or other that man persuaded himself of his responsibility for her misbehavior. He knew what it meant if he didn't ask the law to aid him to get rid of her; he knew perfectly well that his silence meant acknowledgment of culpability; that he couldn't remain in the service under such suspicion.

"And now, Gerald," continued Austin, striking his broad palm with extended forefinger and leaning heavily forward, "I'll tell you what sort of a man Philip Selwyn is. He permitted Alixe to sue him for absolute divorce—and, to give her every chance to marry Ruthven, he refused to defend the suit. That sort of chivalry is very picturesque, no doubt, but it cost him his career—set him adrift at thirty-five, a man branded as having been divorced from his wife for cause, with no profession left him, no business, not much money—a man in the prime of life and hope and ambition, clean in thought and deed; an upright, just, generous, sensitive man, whose whole career has been blasted because he was too merciful, too generous to throw the blame where it belonged. And it belongs on the shoulders of that Mrs. Jack Ruthven—Alixe Ruthven—whose name you may see in the columns of any paper that truckles to the sort of society she figures in."

Austin stood up, thrust his big hands into his pockets, paced the room for a few moments, and halted before Gerald.

"If any woman ever played me a dirty trick," he said, "I'd see that the public made no mistake in placing the blame. I'm that sort"—he shrugged—"Phil Selwyn isn't; that's the difference—and it may be in his favor from an ethical and sentimental point of view. All right; let it go at that. But all I meant you to understand is that he is every inch a man; and when you have the honor to meet him, keep that fact in the back of your head, among the few brains with which Providence has equipped you."

"Thanks!" said Gerald, coloring up. He cast his cigarette into the empty fireplace, slid off the edge of the table, and picked up his hat. Austin eyed him without approval.

"You buy too many clothes," he observed. "That's a new suit, isn't it?"

"Certainly," said Gerald; "I needed it."

"Oh, if you can afford it, all right. . . . How's the nimble Mr. Neergard?"

"Neergard is flourishing. We put through that Rose Valley deal. I tell you what, Austin, I wish you could see your way clear to finance one or two——"

Austin's frown cut him short.

"Oh, all right! You know your own business, of course," said the boy, a little resentfully. "Only as Fane, Harmon & Co. have thought it worth while——"

"I don't care what Fane, Harmon think," growled Austin, touching a button over his desk. His stenographer entered; he nodded a curt dismissal to Gerald, adding, as the boy reached the door:

"Your sister expects you to be on hand to-night—and so do we."

Gerald halted.

"I'd clean forgotten," he began; "I made another—a rather important engagement——"

But Austin was not listening; in fact, he had already begun to dictate to his demure stenographer, and Gerald stood a moment, hesitating, then turned on his heel and went away down the resounding marble corridor.

"They never let me alone," he muttered; "they're always at me—following me up as though I were a schoolboy. . . . Austin's the worst—never satisfied. . . . What do I care for all these functions—sitting around with the younger set and keeping the cradle of conversation rocking? I won't go to that infernal baby show!"

He entered the elevator and shot down to the great rotunda, still scowling over his grievance. For he had made arrangements to join a card party at Julius Neergard's rooms that night, and he had no intention of foregoing that pleasure just because his sister's first grown-up dinner party was fixed for the same date.

As for this man Selwyn, whom he had never met, he saw no reason why he should drop business and scuttle uptown in order to welcome him. He meant to be civil; he'd look up Selwyn when he had a chance, and ask him to dine at the club. But this afternoon he couldn't do it; and, as for the evening, he had made his arrangements, and he had no intention of disturbing them on Austin's account.

When he reached his office he picked up the telephone and called up his sister's house; but there was nobody there except the children and servants, and Captain Selwyn had not yet called. So he left no message, merely

saying that he'd call up again. Which he forgot to do.

Meanwhile Captain Selwyn was sauntering along Fifth Avenue under the leafless trees, scanning the houses of the rich and great across the way; and these new houses of the rich and great stared back at him out of a thousand casements as polished and expressionless as the monocles of the mighty.

And, strolling at leisure in the pleasant winter weather, he came presently to a street, stretching eastward in all the cold impressiveness of very new limestone and plate glass.

Could this be where his sister lived? As usual when perplexed he slowly raised his hand to his mustache; and his pleasant gray eyes, still slightly bloodshot from the glare of the tropics, narrowed as he inspected this unfamiliar house.

He had not been prepared for so much limestone and marquise magnificence, but the number was the number of his sister's house; and, as the street and the avenue corroborated the numbered information, he mounted the doorstep, rang, and leisurely examined four stiff box trees flanking the portal—meager vegetation compared to what he had been accustomed to for so many years.

The moment that the door opened he was aware of a distant and curious uproar—far-away echoes of cheering, and the faint barking of dogs. These seemed to cease as the man in waiting admitted him; but before he could make an inquiry or produce a card, bedlam itself apparently broke loose somewhere in the immediate upper landing—noise in its crudest elemental definition—through which the mortified man at the door strove to make himself heard: "Beg pardon, sir, it's the children broke loose an' runnin' wild-like—"

"The what?"

"Only the children, sir—fox huntin' the cat, sir—"

His voice was lost in the yelling dissonance descending crescendo from floor to floor. Then an avalanche of children and dogs poured down the hall stairs in pursuit of a rumpled and bored cat, tumbling with yelps and cheers and thuds among the thick rugs on the floor.

Here the cat turned and soundly cuffed a pair of fat beagle puppies, who shrieked and fled, burrowing for safety into the yelling heap of children and dogs on the floor. Above this heap of legs, arms, and the tails of

dogs waved wildly for a moment, then a small boy, blond hair in disorder, staggered to his knees, and, setting hollowed hand to cheek, shouted: "Hi! for'rard! Harkaway for'rard! Take him, Rags! Now, Tatters! After him, Owney! Get on, there, Schnitzel! Worry him, Stinger! Tally-ho-o!"

"Steady, there!" exclaimed Selwyn, bringing his walking stick to a brisk bayonet defense; "steady, men! Prepare to receive infantry—and doggerly, too!" he added, backing away. "No quarter! Remember the Alamo!"

The man at the door had been too horrified to speak, but he found his voice now.

"Oh, you, hush up, Dawson!" said the boy; and to Selwyn he added tentatively, "Hello!"

"Hello yourself," replied Selwyn, keeping off the circling pups with the point of his stick. "What is this, anyway—a Walpurgis hunt?—or Eliza and the bloodhounds?"

The small boy with the blond hair stepped forward and dragged several dogs from the vicinity of Selwyn's shins.

"This is the Shallowbrook hunt," he explained; "I am Master of Hounds; my sister Drina, there, is one of the whips. Part of the game is to all fall down together and pretend we've come croppers."

"I see," nodded Selwyn; "it's a pretty stiff hunting country, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. There's wire, you know," volunteered the girl, Drina.

"Exactly," agreed Selwyn; "bad thing, wire. Your whips should warn you."

"All the same, we had a pretty good run," said Drina, taking the cat into her arms. "Kit-Ki makes a pretty good fox—only she isn't enough afraid of us to run away very fast. Won't you sit down? Our mother is not at home, but we are."

"Would you really like to have me stay?"

"Well," admitted Drina frankly, "of course we can't tell yet how interesting you are because we don't know you. We are trying to be polite—" and, in a fierce whisper, turning on the smaller of the boys—"Winthrop! take your finger out of your mouth and stop staring at guests!"

The infant culprit withdrew the sucked finger but not his fascinated gaze.

"I want to know who he ith," he lisped in a loud aside.

"So do I," admitted a tiny maid in pinafore and stick-out skirts.

"Well," he said, "as a matter of fact and

record, I am a sort of relative of yours—a species of avuncular relation.”

“What is that?” asked Drina coldly.

“That,” said Selwyn, “means that I’m more or less of an uncle to you.”

“An uncle!” repeated Drina.

“Our uncle?” echoed Billy. “You are not our soldier uncle, are you? You are not our Uncle Philip, are you?”

“It amounts to that,” admitted Selwyn.

There was a dead silence, broken abruptly by Billy: “Where is your sword, then?”

“At the hotel. Would you like to see it?”

The five children drew a step nearer, inspecting him with merciless candor.

“Is it all right?” asked Selwyn, smilingly uneasy under the concentrated scrutiny. “How about it, Drina? Shall we shake hands?”

Drina spoke at last: “Ye-es,” she said slowly, “I think it is all right to shake hands.”

“I infer,” observed Selwyn blandly, “that your father and mother are not at home. Perhaps I’d better stop in later.”

“But you are going to stay here, aren’t you?” exclaimed Drina in dismay. “Don’t you expect to tell us stories? Don’t you expect to stay here and live with us and put on your uniform for us and show us your swords and pistols? *Don’t* you?”

“We have waited such a very long time for you to do this,” added Billy.

“If you’ll come up to the nursery we’ll have a drag hunt for you,” pleaded Drina. “Everybody is out of the house and we can make as much noise as we please!”

“Haven’t you any governesses or nurses or something?” asked Selwyn, finding himself already on the stairway, and still being dragged upward.

“Our governess is away,” said Billy triumphantly, “and our nurses can do nothing with us.”

“I don’t doubt it,” murmured Selwyn; “but where are they?”

“Somebody must have locked them in the schoolroom,” observed Billy carelessly. “Come on, Uncle Philip; we’ll have a first-class drag hunt before we unlock the schoolroom and let them out.”

“Anyway, they can brew tea there if they are lonely,” added Drina, ushering Selwyn into the big sunny nursery, where he stood irresolute, looking about him, aware that he was conniving at open mutiny.

“You ought to let them out,” he said. “You’ll surely be punished.”

“We will let them out after we’ve made noise enough,” said Billy calmly. “We’ll probably be punished anyway, so we may as well make a noise.”

“Yes,” added Drina, “we are going to make all the noise we can while we have the opportunity. Billy, is everything ready?”

And before Selwyn understood precisely what was happening he found himself the center of a circle of madly racing children and dogs. Round and round him they tore. Billy yelled for the hurdles and Josephine knocked over some chairs and dragged them across the course of the route; and over them leaped and scrambled children and puppies, splitting the air with that same quality of din which had greeted him upon his entrance to his sister’s house.

When there was no more breath left in the children, and when the dogs lay about, grinning and lolling, Drina approached him, bland and disheveled.

“That circus,” she explained, “was for your entertainment. Now will you please do something for ours?”

“Certainly,” said Selwyn, looking about him vaguely.

“In the first place,” Drina continued, “you are to lie down flat on the floor and creep about and show us how the Moros wriggle through the grass to bolo our sentinels.”

“I don’t want to get down on the floor,” he said feebly; “is it necessary?”

But they had already discovered that he could be bullied, and they had it their own way; and presently Selwyn lay prone upon the nursery floor, impersonating a ladronne while pleasant shivers chased themselves over Drina, whom he was stalking.

And it was while all were passionately intent upon the pleasing and snakelike progress of their uncle that a young girl in furs, ascending the stairs two at a time, peeped perfunctorily into the nursery as she passed the hallway—and halted amazed.

Selwyn, sitting up rumped and crosslegged on the floor, after having boloed Drina to everybody’s exquisite satisfaction, looked around at the sudden rustle of skirts to catch a glimpse of a vanishing figure—a glimmer of ruddy hair and the white curve of a youthful face, half buried in a muff.

Mortified, he got to his feet, glanced out into the hallway, and began adjusting his attire.

“No, you don’t!” he said mildly; “I decline to perform again. If you want any

more wriggling you must accomplish it yourselves. Drina, has your governess—by any unfortunate chance—er—red hair?"

"No," said the child; "and won't you please crawl across the floor and bolo me—just *once* more?"

"Bolo me!" insisted Billy. "I haven't been mangled yet!"

"Let Billy assassinate somebody himself. And, by the way, Drina, are there any maids or nurses or servants in this remarkable house who occasionally wear copper-tinted hair and black fox furs?"

"No. Eileen does. Won't you please wriggle——"

"Who is Eileen?"

"Eileen? Why—don't you know who Eileen is?"

"No, I don't," began Captain Selwyn, when a delighted shout from the children swung him toward the door again. His sister, Mrs. Gerard, stood there in carriage gown and sables, radiant with surprise.

"Phil! *You!* Exactly like you, Philip, to come strolling in from the antipodes—dear fellow!" recovering from the fraternal embrace and holding both lapels of his coat in her gloved hands. "Six years!" she said again and again, tenderly reproachful; "Alexandrine was a baby of six— Drina, child, do you remember my brother—do you remember your Uncle Philip? She doesn't remember; you can't expect her to recollect; she is only twelve, Phil——"

"I remember *one* thing," observed Drina serenely.

Brother and sister turned toward her in pride and delight; and the child went on: "My Aunt Alixe; I remember her. She was *so* pretty," concluded Drina, nodding thoughtfully in the effort to remember more; "Uncle Philip, where is she now?"

But her uncle seemed to have lost his voice as well as his color, and Mrs. Gerard's gloved fingers tightened on the lapels of his coat.

"Drina—child——" she faltered; but Drina, immersed in reflection, smiled dreamily. "So pretty," she murmured; "I remember my Aunt Alixe——"

"Drina!" repeated her mother sharply, "go and find Bridget this minute!"

Selwyn's hesitating hand sought his mustache; he lifted his eyes—the steady gray eyes, slightly bloodshot—to his sister's distressed face.

"I never dreamed——" she began; "the child has never spoken of—of her from that

time to this! I never dreamed she could remember——"

"I don't understand what you are talking about, mother," said Drina; but her pretty mother caught her by the shoulders, striving to speak lightly. "Where in the world is Bridget, child? Where is Katie? And what is all this I hear from Dawson? It can't be possible that you have been fox-hunting all over the house again! Your nurses know perfectly well that you are not to hunt anywhere except in your own nursery."

"I know it," said Drina, "but Kit-Ki got out and ran downstairs. We had to follow her, you know, until she went to earth."

Selwyn quietly bent over toward Billy: "Ware wire, my friend," he said under his breath; "*you'd* better cut upstairs and unlock that schoolroom."

And while Mrs. Gerard turned her attention to the cluster of clamoring younger children, the boy vanished only to reappear a moment later, retreating before the vengeful exclamations of the lately imprisoned nurses.

"Billy!" exclaimed his mother, "*did* you do that? Bridget, Master William is to take supper by himself in the schoolroom—and *no* marmalade!—No, Billy, not one drop!"

"We all saw him lock the door," said Drina honestly.

"And you let him? Oh, Drina!—And Ellen! Katie! No marmalade for Miss Drina—none for any of the children. Josie, mother feels dreadfully because you all have been so naughty. Winthrop!—your finger! Instantly! Clemence, baby, where on earth did you acquire all that grime on your face and fists?" And to her brother: "Such a household, Phil! Everybody incompetent—including me; everything topsy-turvy; and all five dogs perfectly possessed to lie on that pink rug in the music room.—*Have* they been there to-day, Drina—while you were practicing?"

"Yes, and there are some new spots, mother. I'm *very* sorry."

"Take the children away!" said Mrs. Gerard. But she bent over, kissing each culprit as the file passed out, convoyed by the amply revenged nurses. "No marmalade, remember; and mother has a great mind *not* to come up at bedtime and lean over you. Mother has no desire to lean over her babies to-night."

To "lean over" the children was always expected of this mother; the direst punish-

ment on the rather brief list was to omit this intimate evening ceremony.

"M-mother," stammered the Master of Fox Hounds, "you *will* lean over us, won't you?"

"Mother hasn't decided——"

"Oh, muvver!" wailed Josie; and a howl of grief and dismay rose from Winthrop, modified to a gurgle by the forbidden finger.

"You *will*, won't you?" begged Drina. "We've been pretty bad, but not bad enough for that!"

"I—oh, yes, I will. Stop that noise, Winthrop! Josie, I'm going to lean over you—and you, too, Clemence, baby. Katie, take those dogs away immediately; and remember about the marmalade."

Reassured, smiling through tears, the children trooped off, it being the bathing hour; and Mrs. Gerard threw her fur stole over one shoulder and linked her slender arm in her brother's.

"You see, I'm not much of a mother," she said; "if I was I'd stay here all day and every day, week in and year out, and try to make these poor infants happy. I have no business to leave them for one second!"

"Wouldn't they get too much of you?" suggested Selwyn.

"Thanks. I suppose that even a mother had better practice an artistic absence occasionally. Are they not sweet? Tell me, Phil, have you seen Austin?"

"I went to the Trust Company, but he was attending a directors' confab. How is he? He's prosperous anyhow, I observe," with a humorous glance around the elaborate hallway which they were traversing.

"Don't dare laugh at us!" smiled his sister. "I wish we were back in Tenth Street. But so many children came—Billy, Josephine, Winthrop, and Tina—and the Tenth Street house wasn't half big enough; and a dreadful speculative builder built this house and persuaded Austin to buy it. Oh, dear, and here we are among the rich and great; and the steel kings and copper kings and oil kings and their heirs and dauphins. Anyway you're going to stay here."

"No, I'm at the Holland."

"You once promised Austin and me that you would stay with us."

"But, Nina——"

"No, no, no! Wait," pressing an electric button. "Watson, Captain Selwyn's luggage is to be brought here immediately from the Holland! Immediately!" And to Selwyn:

"Austin will not be at home before half past six. Come up with me now and see your quarters—a perfectly charming place for you, with your own smoking room and dressing closet and bath. Wait, we'll take the elevator—as long as we have one."

Smilingly protesting, yet touched by the undisguised sincerity of his welcome, he suffered himself to be led into the elevator—a dainty white and rose rococo affair. His sister adjusted a tiny lever; the car moved smoothly upward and presently stopped; and they emerged upon a wide landing.

"Here," said Nina, throwing open a door. "Isn't this comfortable? Is there anything you don't fancy about it?"

"Little sister," he said, imprisoning both her hands, "it is a paradise—but I don't intend to come here and squat on my relatives, and I won't!"

"Philip! You'll live here, that's what you'll do—though I suppose you are dreaming and scheming to have all sorts of secret caves and queer places to yourself—horrid, grimy, smoky bachelor quarters where you can behave *sans façon*."

"I've had enough of *sans façon*," he said grimly. "After shacks and bungalows and gunboats and troopships, do you suppose this doesn't look rather heavenly?"

"Dear fellow!" she said, looking tenderly at him; and then under her breath: "What a ghastly life you have led!"

Sauntering about, aware at moments that her troubled eyes were following him, he came back, presently, to where she sat perched upon his bed.

"It all looks most inviting, Nina," he said cheerfully, seating himself beside her. "I—well, you can scarcely be expected to understand how this idea of a home takes hold of a man who has none."

"Yes, I do," she said.

"You are very kind, Ninette." He sat partly turned from her, staring at the sunny window. Presently he slid his hand back along the bed covers until it touched and tightened over hers. And in silence she raised it to her lips.

"Before Austin comes," he said at length, "let's get the thing over—and buried—as long as it will stay buried."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, then—then—" but his throat closed tight with the effort.

"Alixé is here," she said gently; "did you know it?"

He nodded.

"You know, of course, that she's married Jack Ruthven?"

He nodded again.

"Are you on leave, Phil, or have you really resigned?"

"Resigned."

"I knew it," she sighed.

He said: "As I did not defend the suit I couldn't remain in the service. There's too much said about us, anyway—about us who are appointed from civil life. And then—to have *that* happen!"

"Do you still care for—her?"

"I am sorry for her."

After a painful silence his sister said:

"Could you tell me how it began, Phil?"

"How it began? I don't know that, either. When Bannard's command took the field I went with the scouts. Alixe remained in Manila. Ruthven was there for Fane, Harmon & Co. That's how it began, I suppose; and it's a rotten climate for morals; and that's how it began."

"Only that?"

"We had had differences. It's been one misunderstanding after another. If you mean was I mixed up with another woman—no! She knew that."

"She was very young, Phil."

He nodded: "I don't blame her."

"Couldn't anything have been done?"

"If it could, neither she nor I did it—or knew how to do it, I suppose. It went wrong from the beginning; it was founded on froth—she had been engaged to Harmon, and she threw him over for 'Boots' Lansing. Then I came along—Boots behaved like a thoroughbred—that is all there is to it—inexperience, romance, trouble—a quick beginning, a quick parting, and two more fools to give the lie to civilization, and justify the West Pointers in their opinions of civil appointees."

"Try not to be so bitter, Phil; did you know she was going before she left Manila?"

"I hadn't the remotest idea of the affair. I thought that we were trying to learn something about life and about each other. . . . Then that climax came."

He turned and stared out of the window, dropping his sister's hand. "She couldn't stand me, she couldn't stand the life, the climate, the inconveniences, the absence of what she was accustomed to. She was dead tired of it all. I can understand that. And I—I didn't know what to do about it. . . . So we drifted; and the catastrophe came very

quickly. We went under; that's all—fighting each other heart and soul to the end. . . . Is she happy with Ruthven? I never knew him—and never cared to. I suppose they go about in town among the yellow set. Do they?"

"Yes. I've met Alixe once or twice. She was perfectly composed—formal but unembarrassed. She has shifted her *milieu* somewhat—it began with the influx of Ruthven's friends from the 'yellow' section of the younger married set—the Orchils, Fanes, Minsters, and Delmour-Carnes. Which is all right if she'd stay there. But in town you're likely to encounter anybody where the somebodys of one set merge into the somebodys of another. And we're always looking over our fences, you know. . . . By the way," she added cheerfully, "I'm dipping into the younger set myself to-night—on Eileen's account. I brought her out Thursday and I'm giving a dinner for her to-night."

"Who's Eileen?" he asked.

"Eileen? Why, don't you—why, of course, you don't know yet that I've taken Eileen for my own. I didn't want to write you; I wanted first to see how it would turn out; and when I saw that it was turning out perfectly, I thought it better to wait until you could return and hear all about it from me, because one can't write that sort of thing—"

"Who the dickens is Eileen?"

"Philip! You are precisely like Austin; you grow impatient of preliminary details when I'm doing my very best attempting to explain just as clearly as I can. Now I will go on and say that Eileen is Molly Erroll's daughter, and the courts appointed Austin and me guardians for her and for her brother Gerald. Now is it clear to you?"

"Yes," he said, thinking of the tragedy which had left the child so utterly alone in the world, save for her brother and a distant kinship by marriage with the Gerards.

For a while he sat brooding, arms loosely folded, immersed once more in his own troubles.

"It seems a shame," he said, "that a family like ours, whose name has always spelled decency, should find themselves entangled in the very things their race has always hated and managed to avoid. And through me, too."

"But no disgrace touches you, dear," she said tremulously.

"I've been all over that," he said with

quiet bitterness. "You are partly right; nobody cares in this town. Even though I did not defend the suit, nobody cares. And there's no disgrace, I suppose, if nobody cares enough even to condone. Divorce is no longer noticed; it is a matter of ordinary occurrence—a matter of routine in some sets. Who cares—except decent folk? And they only think it's a pity—and wouldn't do it themselves. The horrified clamor comes from outside the social registers and blue books; we know they're right, but it doesn't affect us. What does affect us is that we *were* the decent folk who permitted ourselves the luxury of being sorry for others who resorted to divorce as a remedy but wouldn't do it ourselves! . . . Now we've done it and——"

"Phil! I will not have you feel that way. We are older than we were—everybody is older—the world is, too. What we were brought up to consider impossible——"

"What we were brought up to consider impossible was what kept me up to the mark out there, Nina." He made a gesture toward the East. "Now, I come back here and learn that we've all outgrown those ideas——"

"Phil! I never meant that."

He said: "If Alixe found that she cared for Ruthven, I don't blame her. Laws and statutes can't govern such matters. If she found she no longer cared for me, I could not blame her. But two people, mismatched, have only one chance in this world—to live their tragedy through with dignity. That is absolutely all life holds for them. Beyond that, outside of that dead line—treachery to self and race and civilization! That is my conclusion after a year's experience in hell." He rose and began to pace the floor, fingers worrying his mustache. "Law? Can a law, which I do not accept, let me loose to risk it all again with another woman?"

She said slowly, her hands folded in her lap: "It is well you've come to me at last. You've been turning round and round in that wheeled cage until you think you've made enormous progress; and you haven't. Dear, listen to me; what you honestly believe to be unselfish and high-minded adherence to principle, is nothing but the circling reasoning of a hurt mind—an intelligence still numbed from shock, a mental and physical life forced by sheer courage into mechanical routine."

He looked at her, incensed; but she sprang

to the floor, her face bright with color, her eyes clear, determined: "I thought, when you took the oath of military service, you swore to obey the laws of the land? And the very first law that interferes with your preconceived notions—crack!—you say it's not for you! Look at me—you great, big, wise brother of mine—who knows enough to march a hundred men into battle, but not enough to know where pride begins and conscience ends. You're badly hurt; you are deeply humiliated over your resignation; you believe that ambition for a career, for happiness, for marriage, and for children is ended for you. You need fresh air—and I'm going to see you have it. You need new duties, new faces, new scenes, new problems. You shall have them. Dear, believe me, few men as young as you—as attractive, as human, as lovable, as affectionate as you, will fully ruin their lives because of a hurt pride which they mistake for conscience. You will understand that when you become convalescent. Now kiss me and tell me you're much obliged—for I hear Austin's voice on the stairs."

"Well, we've buried it now," breathed Selwyn. "You're all right, Nina—from your own standpoint—and I'm not going to make a stalking nuisance of myself; no fear, little sister. Hello!"—turning swiftly—"here's that preposterous husband of yours."

They exchanged a firm hand clasp; Austin Gerard, big, smooth-shaven, humorously inclined toward the ruddy heaviness of successful middle age; Selwyn, lean, bronzed, erect, and direct in all the powerful symmetry and perfect health of a man within sight of maturity.

"Hail to the chief—et cetera," said Austin, in his large, bantering voice. "Glad to see you home, my bolo-punctured soldier boy. Welcome to our city! I suppose you've both pockets stuffed with loot, now haven't you?—pearls and sarongs and dattos—yes? Have you inspected the kids? What's your opinion of the Gerard battalion? Nina's commanding, so it's up to her if we don't pass dress parade. By the way, your enormous luggage is here—consisting of one dinky trunk and a sword done up in chamois skin."

"Nina's good enough to want me for a few days—" began Selwyn, but his big brother-in-law laughed scornfully:

"A few days! We've got you now!" And to his wife: "Nina, I suppose I'm due to lean over those infernal kids before I can have a

minute with your brother. Are they in bed yet? All right, Phil; we'll be down in a minute; there's tea and things in the library. Make Eileen give you some."

He turned, unaffectedly taking his pretty wife's hand in his large florid paw, and Selwyn, intensely amused, saw them making for the nursery absorbed in conjugal confab.

The library was large and comfortable, full of agreeably wadded corners and fat, helpless chairs—a big, inviting place, solidly satisfying in dull reds and mahogany. The porcelain of tea paraphernalia caught the glow of the fire; a reading lamp burned on a center table, shedding subdued luster over ceiling, walls, books, and over the floor where lay a few ancient rugs of Beloochistan, themselves full of mysterious, somber fire.

Hands clasped behind his back he stood in the center of the room, considering his environment with the grave, absent air habitual to him when brooding. And, as he stood there, a sound at the door aroused him, and he turned to confront a young girl in hat, veil, and furs, who was leisurely advancing toward him, stripping the gloves from a pair of very white hands.

"How do you do, Captain Selwyn?" she said. "I am Eileen Erroll and I am commissioned to give you some tea. Nina and Austin are in the nursery telling bedtime stories and hearing assorted prayers. The children seem to be quite crazy about you—" She unfastened her veil, threw back stole and coat, and, rolling up her gloves on her wrists, seated herself by the table. "*Quite* crazy about you," she continued, "and you're to be included in bedtime prayers, I believe—No sugar? Lemon?—Drina's mad about you and threatens to give you her new puppy. I congratulate you on your popularity."

"Did you see me in the nursery on all fours?" inquired Selwyn, recognizing her bronze-red hair.

Unfeigned laughter was his answer. He laughed, too, not very heartily.

"My first glimpse of our legendary nursery warrior was certainly astonishing," she said, looking around at him with frank malice. Then, quickly: "But you don't mind, do you? It's all in the family, of course."

"Of course," he agreed with good grace; "no use to pretend dignity here; you all see through me in a few moments."

She had given him his tea. Now she sat upright in her chair, smiling, distraught, her hat casting a luminous shadow across her

eyes; the fluffy furs, fallen from throat and shoulder, settled loosely around her waist.

Glancing up from her short reverie she encountered his curious gaze.

"To-night is to be my first dinner dance, you know," she said. Faint tints of excitement stained her white skin; the vivid scarlet contrast of her mouth was almost startling. "On Thursday I was introduced—" she explained, "and now I'm to have the gayest winter I ever dreamed of. . . . And I'm going to leave you in a moment if Nina doesn't hurry and come. Do you mind?"

"Of course I mind," he protested amiably, "but I suppose you wish to devote several hours to dressing."

She nodded. "Such a dream of a gown! Nina's present! You'll see it. I hope Gerald will be here to see it. He promised. You'll say you like it if you do, won't you?"

"I'll say it, anyway."

"Oh, well—if you are contented to be commonplace like other men—"

"I've no ambition to be different at my age."

"Your age?" she repeated, looking up quickly. "You are as young as Nina, aren't you? Half the men in the younger set are as old as you—and you know it," she concluded—"you are only trying to make me say so—and you've succeeded."

He certainly did seem young there in the firelight, his narrow, thoroughbred head turned toward the fire. Youth, too, sat lightly on his shoulders; and it was scarcely a noticeably mature hand that touched the short sunburnt mustache at intervals. From head to waist, from his loosely coupled, well-made limbs to his strong, slim foot, strength seemed to be the keynote to a physical harmony most agreeable to look at.

The idea entered her head that he might appear to advantage on horseback.

"We must ride together," she said, returning her teacup to the tray; "if you don't mind riding with me? Do you? Gerald never has time, so I go with a groom. But if you would care to go—" she laughed. "Oh, you see I am already beginning a selfish family claim on you. I foresee that you'll be very busy with us all persistently tugging at your coat sleeves. And—I hope you'll like my brother Gerald. Now I *must* go."

She stretched out one of her amazingly white hands across the table, nodding a friendly leave-taking and welcome all in one frank handshake; and left him standing there, the fresh contact still cool in his palm.

Nina came in presently to find him seated before the fire, one hand shading his eyes.

"So you've bewitched Eileen, too, have you?" she said tenderly. "Isn't she the sweetest little thing?"

"She's—ah—as tall as I am," he said, blinking at the fire.

"She's only nineteen; pathetically unspoiled—a perfect dear. Men are going to rave over her and—not spoil her. Did you ever see such hair?—that thick, ruddy, lustrous, copper tint?—and sometimes it's like gold afire. And a skin like snow and peaches!—she's sound to the core. I've had her exercised and groomed and hardened and trained from the very beginning—every inch of her minutely cared for exactly like my own babies. I've done my best," she concluded with a satisfied sigh, and dropped into a chair beside her brother.

"Thoroughbred," commented Selwyn, "to be turned out to-night. Is she bridle-wise and intelligent?"

"More than sufficiently. That's one trouble—she's had, at times, a depressing sponge-like desire for absorbing all sorts of irrelevant things that no girl ought to concern herself with. I—to tell the truth—if I had not rigorously drilled her—she might have become a trifle tiresome; I don't mean precisely frumpy—but one of those earnest young things whose intellectual conversation becomes a visitation; one of the wants-to-know-for-the-sake-of-knowledge sort—a dreadful human blotter! Oh, dear; show me a girl with her mind soaking up 'isms' and I'll show you a social failure with a wisp of hair on her cheek, who looks the dowdier the more expensively she's gowned."

"So you believe you've got that wisp of copper-tinted hair tucked up snugly?" asked Selwyn, amused.

"I—it's still a worry to me; at intervals she's inclined to let it slop. Thank Heaven, I've made her spine permanently straight and her head is screwed properly to her neck. There's not a slump to her from crown to heel—I know, you know. She's had specialists to forestall every blemish. I made up my mind to do it; I'm doing it for my own babies. That's what a mother is for—to turn out her offspring to the world as flawless and wholesome as when they came into it!—physically and mentally sound—or a woman betrays her stewardship. They must be as healthy of body and limb as they are innocent and wholesome-minded. The happiest

of all creatures are drilled thoroughbreds. Show me a young girl, unspoiled mentally and spiritually untroubled, with a superb physique, and I'll show you a girl equipped for the happiness of this world. And that is what Eileen is."

"I should say," observed Selwyn, "that she's equipped for the slaughter of man."

She continued to talk about Eileen until she noticed that his mind was on other matters—his preoccupied stare enlightened her. She said nothing for a while. But he woke up when Austin came in and settled his big body in a chair.

"Drina, the little minx, called me back on some flimsy pretext," he said, relighting his cigar; "I forgot that time was going—and she was wily enough to keep me talking until Miss Paisely caught me at it and showed me out. I tell you"—turning on Selwyn—"children are what make life worth wh—" He ceased abruptly at a gentle tap from his wife's foot, and Selwyn looked up.

Whether or not he divined the interference he said very quietly: "I'd rather have had children than anything in the world. They're about the best there is in life; I agree with you, Austin."

"Kids are the best," he repeated, smiling at her. "Failing them, for second choice, I've taken to the laboratory. Some day I'll invent something and astonish you, Nina."

"We'll fit you up a corking laboratory," began Austin cordially; "there is—"

"You're very good; perhaps you'll all be civil enough to move out of the house if I need more room for bottles and retorts—"

"Don't notice him, Austin," said Nina; "he only wishes to be implored. And, by the same token, you'd both better let me implore you to dress!" She rose and bent forward in the firelight to peer at the clock. "Goodness! Do you creatures think I'm going to give Eileen half an hour's start with her maid?—and I carrying my twelve years' handicap, too. No, indeed! I'm decrepit, but I'm going to die fighting."

"I used to think," said Gerard, "that the more kids you had the less anxiety per kid. The contrary is true; you're more nervous over half a dozen than you are over one, and your wife is always going to the nursery to see that the cat hasn't got in or the place isn't afire or spots haven't come out all over the children."

They laughed tolerantly, lingering on the sill of Selwyn's bedroom.

"Come in and smoke a cigarette," suggested the latter.

But Gerard said: "There seems to be a draught through this hallway; I'll just step upstairs to be sure that the nursery windows are not too wide open. If there's anything you need just dingle that bell."

And he went away upstairs, only to return in a few minutes, laughing under his breath: "I say, Phil, don't you want to see the kids asleep? Billy's flat on his back with a white 'Teddy bear' in either arm; and Drina and Josephine are rolled up like two kittens in pajamas; and you should see Winthrop's legs——"

"Certainly," said Selwyn gravely; "I'll be with you in a second."

And turning to his dresser he laid away the diary and the small photograph which he had been examining under the droplight, locking both securely in the worn dispatch box until he should have time to decide whether to burn them both or only the picture.

"Ah, about Winthrop's legs——" he repeated vaguely; "certainly, I should be very glad to examine them, Austin."

"I don't want you to examine them," retorted Gerard resentfully, "I want you to see them. There's nothing the matter with them, you understand."

"Exactly," nodded Selwyn, following his big brother-in-law into the hall, where, from beside a lamplit sewing table a trim maid rose smiling:

"Miss Erroll desires to know whether Captain Selwyn would care to see her gown when she is ready to go down?"

"By all means," said Selwyn, "I should like to see that, too. Will you let me know when Miss Erroll is ready? Thank you."

Austin said as they reached the nursery door: "Funny thing, feminine vanity—almost pathetic, isn't it? . . . Don't make too much noise! . . . What do you think of that pair of legs, Phil?—and he's not yet five. . . . And I want you to speak frankly; did you ever see anything to beat that bunch of infants? Not because they're ours and we happen to be your own people"—he checked himself and the smile faded as he laid his big ruddy hand on Selwyn's shoulder—"your own people, Phil. Do you understand? . . . And if I have not ventured to say anything about—what has happened—you understand that, too, don't you? You know I'm just as loyal to you as Nina is—as it is natural and fitting that your own people should be. Only

a man finds it difficult to convey his—his——"

"Don't say 'sympathies'!" cut in Selwyn nervously.

"I wasn't going to, confound you! I was going to say 'sentiments.' I'm sorry I said anything. Go to the deuce!"

Selwyn did not even deign to glance around at him. "You big red-pepper box," he muttered affectionately, "you'll wake up Drina. Look at her in her cunning pajamas! Oh, but she is a darling, Austin. And look at that boy with his two white bears! He's a corker! He's a wonder—honestly, Austin. As for that Josephine kid she can have me on demand; I'll answer to voice, whistle, or hand. . . . I say, ought we to go away and leave Winthrop's thumb in his mouth?"

In the hallway below they encountered a radiant and bewildering vision awaiting them: Eileen, in all her glory.

"Wonderful!" said Gerard, patting the vision's rounded bare arm as he hurried past—"fine gown! fine girl!—but I've got to dress and so has Philip——"

"Do you like it, Captain Selwyn?" asked the girl, turning to confront him, where he had halted. "Gerald isn't coming and—I thought perhaps you'd be interested——"

The formal, half-patronizing compliment on his tongue's tip remained there, unsaid. He stood silent, touched by the faint under-ringing wistfulness in the laughing voice that challenged his opinion; and something within him responded in time:

"Your gown is a beauty; such wonderful lace. Of course, anybody would know it came straight from Paris——"

"But it didn't!" cried the girl, delighted. "It looks it, doesn't it? But it was made by Letellier! Is there anything you don't like about it, Captain Selwyn? *Anything?*"

"Nothing," he said solemnly; "it is as adorable as the girl inside it, who makes it look like a Parisian importation from Paradise!"

She colored enchantingly, and with pretty, frank impulse held out her hands to him:

"You *are* a dear, Captain Selwyn! It is my first real dinner gown and I'm quite mad about it; and—somehow I wanted the family to share my madness with me. Nina will—she gave it to me, the darling. Austin admires it, too, of course, but he doesn't notice such things very closely; and Gerald isn't here. . . . Thank you for letting me show it to you before I go down,"

She gave both his hands a friendly little shake and, glancing down at her skirt in blissful consciousness of its perfection, stepped backward into her own room.

Later, while he stood at his dresser constructing an immaculate knot in his white tie, Nina knocked.

"Hurry, Phil! Oh, may I come in? . . . You ought to be downstairs with us, you know. . . . And it was very sweet of you to be so nice to Eileen. The child had tears in her eyes when I went in. Oh, just a single diamond drop in each eye; your sympathy and interest did it. Shall I fix that tie for you, dear? . . . Certainly I can; Austin won't let a man touch him. . . . There, Phil. . . . Wait! . . . Now if you are decently grateful you'll tell me I look well. Do I? Really? Nonsense, I *don't* look twenty; but—say it, Phil. Come, dear; and thank you for being kind to Eileen. One's own kin counts so much in this world. And when a girl has none, except a useless brother, little things like that mean a lot to her." She turned, her hand falling on his sleeve. "*You* are among your own people, anyhow!"

CHAPTER II

A DREAM ENDS

To pick up once more and tighten and knot together the loosened threads which represented the unfinished record that his race had woven into the social fabric of the metropolis was merely an automatic matter for Selwyn.

His own people had always been among the makers of that fabric. Into part of its vast and intricate pattern they had woven an inconspicuously honorable record—chronicles of births and deaths and marriages, a plain memorandum of plain living, and upright dealing with their fellow-men.

His forefathers had been, as a rule, professional men—physicians and lawyers; his grandfather died under the walls of Chapultepec while twisting a tourniquet for a cursing dragoon; an uncle remained indefinitely at Malvern Hill; an only brother at Montauk Point, having sickened in the trenches before Santiago.

His father's services as division medical officer in Sheridan's cavalry had been, perhaps, no more devoted, no more loyal than the services of thousands of officers and troop-

ers; and his reward was a pension offer, declined. He practiced until his wife died, then retired to his country home, from which house his daughter was married to Austin Gerard.

Mr. Selwyn, senior, continued to pay his taxes on his father's house in Tenth Street, voted in that district, spent a month every year with the Gerards, read a Republican morning newspaper, and judiciously enlarged the family reservation in Greenwood—whither he retired, in due time, without other ostentation than half a column in the *Evening Post*, which paper he had, in life, avoided.

The first gun off the Florida Keys sent Selwyn's only brother from his law office in hot haste to San Antonio—the first *éclat* on his first and last campaign with Wood's cavalry.

That same gun interrupted Selwyn's connection with Neergard & Co., operators in Long Island real estate; and, a year later, the captaincy offered him in a Western volunteer regiment operating on the Island of Leyte, completed the rupture.

And now he was back again, a chance career ended, with option of picking up the severed threads.

There was nothing else to do; so he did it. Civil and certain social obligations were mechanically reassumed; he appeared in his sister's pew for worship, he reenrolled in his clubs as a resident member once more; the directors of such charities as he meddled with he notified of his return; he remitted his dues to the various museums and municipal or private organizations which had always expected support from his family; he subscribed to the *Sun*.

He was more conservative, however, in mending the purely social strands so long relaxed or severed. The various registers and blue books recorded his residence under "dilatory domiciles"; he did not subscribe to the opera, preferring to chance it in case harmony-hunger attacked him; pre-Yuletide functions he dodged, considering that his sister's days in January and attendance at other family formalities were sufficient.

Meanwhile he was looking for two things—an apartment and a job—the first energetically combated by his immediate family.

It was rather odd—the scarcity of jobs. Of course Austin offered him one which Selwyn declined at once, comfortably enraging his brother-in-law for nearly ten minutes.

"But what do I know about the investment of trust funds?" demanded Selwyn; "you

wouldn't take me if I were not your wife's brother—and that's nepotism."

Austin's harmless fury raged for nearly ten minutes, after which he cheered up, relighted his cigar, and resumed his discussion with Selwyn concerning the merits of various boys' schools—the prospective victim being Billy.

A little later, reverting to the subject of his own enforced idleness, Selwyn said: "I've been on the point of going to see Neergard—but somehow I can't quite bring myself to it—slinking into his office as a rank failure in one profession, to ask him if he has any use for me again."

"Stuff and fancy!" growled Gerard; "it's all stuff and fancy about your being any kind of a failure. If you want to resume with that Dutchman, go to him and say so. If you want to invest anything in his Long Island schemes he'll take you in fast enough. He took in Gerald and some twenty thousand."

"Isn't he very prosperous, Austin?"

"Very—on paper. Long Island farm lands and mortgages on Hampton hen-coops are not fragrant propositions to me. But there's always one more way of making a living after you've counted 'em all up on your fingers. If you've any capital to offer Neergard, he won't shriek for help."

"But isn't suburban property——"

"On the jump? Yes—both ways. Oh, I suppose that Neergard is all right—if he wasn't I wouldn't have permitted Gerald to go into it. Neergard sticks to his commissions and doesn't back his fancy in certified checks. I don't know exactly how he operates; I only know that we find nothing in that sort of thing for our own account. But Fane, Harmon & Co. do. It's all a matter of taste."

Selwyn reflected: "I believe I'd go and see Neergard if I were perfectly sure of my personal sentiments toward him. . . . He's been civil enough to me, of course, but I have always had a curious feeling about Neergard—that he's forever on the edge of doing something—doubtful——"

"His business reputation is all right. He shaves the dead line like a safety razor, but he's never yet cut through it. Personally my feeling is this: if I've got to play games with Julius Neergard, I'd prefer to be his partner. And so I told Gerald. By the way——"

Austin checked himself, looked down at his cigar, turned it over and over several times, then continued quietly:

"By the way, I suppose Gerald is like other young men of his age and times—immersed in

his own affairs—thoughtless perhaps, perhaps a trifle selfish in the cross-country gallop after pleasure. I was rather severe with him about his neglect of his sister. He ought to have come to pay his respects to you, too——"

"Oh, don't put such notions into his head——"

"Yes, I will!" insisted his brother-in-law, "and I'm going to have a thorough explanation with him and learn what he's up to. He's got to be decent to his sister; he ought to report to me occasionally; that's all there is to it. He has entirely too much liberty with his bachelor quarters and his junior whippersnapper club, and his house parties, and his cruises on Neergard's boat!"

He got up, casting his cigar from him, and moved about bulkily, muttering of matters to be regulated, and firmly, too. But Selwyn, looking out of the window across the park, knew perfectly well that young Erroll, now of age, with a small portion of his handsome income at his mercy, was past the regulating stage and beyond the authority of Austin.

That afternoon, riding with Eileen, he found a chance to speak of her brother.

"I've meant to look up Gerald," he said, as though the neglect were his own fault, "but every time something happens to switch me on to another track."

"I'm afraid that I do a great deal of the switching," she said. "But you've been so nice to me and to the children that——"

Miss Erroll's horse was behaving badly, and for a few moments she became too thoroughly occupied to finish her sentence.

Once or twice the excitement of solicitude sent the color flying into Selwyn's temples; the bridle path was narrow and stiff with freezing sand, and the trees were too near for such lively maneuvers; but Miss Erroll had made up her mind—and Selwyn already had a humorous idea that this was no light matter. The horse found it serious enough, too, and suddenly concluded to be good. And the pretty scene ended so abruptly that Selwyn laughed aloud as he rejoined her.

"There was a man—'Boots' Lansing—in Bannard's command. One night on Samar the bolomen rushed us, and Lansing got into the six-foot major's boots by mistake—seven-leaguers, you know—and his horse bucked him clean out of them."

"Hence his Christian name, I suppose," said the girl; "but why such a story, Captain Selwyn? I believe I stuck to my saddle?"

"With both hands," he said cordially, always alert to plague her. For she was adorable when teased—especially in the beginning of their acquaintance, before she had found out that it was a habit of his; and her bright confusion always delighted him.

Her pleasure in Selwyn's society had gradually become such genuine pleasure, her confidence in his kindness so unaffectedly sincere, that, insensibly, she had fallen into something of his manner of badinage—especially since she realized how much amusement he found in her own smiling confusion when unexpectedly assailed. Also, to her surprise, she found that he could be plagued very easily, though she did not quite dare to at first, in view of his impressive years and experience.

But once goaded to it, she was astonished to find how suddenly it seemed to readjust their personal relations—years and experience falling from his shoulders like a cloak which had concealed a man very nearly her own age; years and experience adding themselves to her, and at least an inch to her stature to redress the balance between them.

It had amused him immensely as he realized the subtle change; and it pleased him, too, because no man of thirty-five cares to be treated *en grand-père* by a girl of nineteen.

"It's astonishing," he said, "how little respect infirmity and age command in these days."

"I do respect you," she insisted, "especially your infirmity of purpose. A moment ago, you said you were going to ride by yourself. But do you know, I don't believe you are of a particularly solitary disposition; are you?"

He laughed at first, then his face fell.

"Not from choice," he said under his breath. Her quick ear heard, and she turned, semiserious, questioning him with raised eyebrows.

"Nothing; I was just muttering. I didn't mean to be rude."

"Then repeat what you said to yourself."

"Do you wish me to?" he asked, raising his eyes so gravely that the smile faded from lip and voice when she answered: "I beg your pardon, Captain Selwyn. I did not know you were serious."

"Oh, I'm not," he returned lightly; "I'm never serious. No man who soliloquizes can be taken seriously. Don't you know, Miss Erroll, that the crowning absurdity of all tragedy is the soliloquy?"

Her smile became delightfully uncertain; she did not quite understand him—though

her instinct warned her that, for a second, something had menaced their understanding.

Riding forward with him through the crisp sunshine of mid-December, the word "tragedy" still sounding in her ears, her thoughts reverted naturally to the only tragedy beside her own which had ever come very near to her—his own.

Could he have meant *that*? Did people mention such things after they had happened? Did they not rather conceal them, hide them deeper and deeper with the aid of time and the kindly years for a burial past all recollection? She was, of course, aware of the situation regarding Selwyn's domestic affairs; she could not very well have been kept long in ignorance of the facts; so Nina had told her carefully, leaving in the young girl's mind only a bewildered sympathy for man and wife whom a dreadful and incomprehensible catastrophe had overtaken.

Then in some way the news of Alixe's marriage to Ruthven filtered through the family silence. She had gone straight to Nina, horrified, unbelieving. And, when the long, tender, intimate interview was over, another unhappy truth, very gently revealed, was added to the growing list already learned by this young girl.

As for the man riding there at her side, his problem was simple enough as he summed it up—to face the world, however it might chance to spin; that small, ridiculous, haphazard world rattling like a rickety roulette ball among the numbered nights and days where he had no longer any vital stake at hazard—no longer any chance to win or lose.

Returning from their gallop, Miss Erroll had very little to say. Selwyn, too, was silent and absent-minded. The girl glanced furtively at him from time to time, not at all enlightened. Man, naturally, was to her an unknown quantity. In fact she had no reason to suspect him of being anything more intricate than the platitudinous dance or dinner partner in black and white, or any frock-coated entity in the afternoon, or any flannelled individual at the nets or on the links or cantering about the veranda of club, casino, or cottage in evident anxiety to be considerate and agreeable. This one, however, appeared to have individual peculiarities; he differed from his brother Mongolians.

"It's this particular specimen *per se*," she concluded; "it's himself, *sui generis*—just as I happen to have red hair. That is all."

And she rode on quite happily, content, confident of his interest and kindness. For she had never forgotten his warm response when she stood on the threshold of her first real dinner party, in her first real dinner gown.

Thinking of this now, she thought of her brother—and the old hurt at his absence on that night throbbled again.

"I wish you knew Gerald well," she said impulsively; "he is such a dear fellow; and I think you'd be good for him—and besides," she hastened to add, with instinctive loyalty, lest he misconstrue, "Gerald would be good for you. We were a great deal together—at one time."

He nodded, smilingly attentive.

"Of course when he went away to school it was different," she added. "And then he went to Yale; that was four more years, you see."

"I was a Yale man," remarked Selwyn; "did he—" but he broke off abruptly, for he knew quite well that young Erroll could have made no senior society without his hearing of it.

"What were you going to ask me, Captain Selwyn?"

"Did he row—your brother Gerald?"

"No," she said. She did not add that he had broken training; that was her own sorrow, to be concealed even from Gerald. "No; he played polo sometimes. He rides beautifully, Captain Selwyn, and he is so clever when he cares to be—at the traps, for example—and—oh—anything. I do wish you knew him well."

"I mean to," he said. "I must look him up at his rooms or his club or—perhaps—at Neergard & Co.'s."

"Will you do this?" she asked, so earnestly that he glanced up surprised.

"Yes," he said; and after a moment: "I'll do it to-day, I think; this afternoon."

She rode on beside him; they were walking their horses now; and as her satin-coated mount paced forward through the sunshine she sat at ease, straight as a slender Amazon in her habit, ruddy hair glistening at the nape of her neck, the scarlet of her lips always a vivid contrast to that wonderful unblemished skin of snow.

He thought to himself, quite impersonally: "She's a real beauty, that youngster. Men are likely enough to go quite mad about her as Nina predicts; probably some of 'em have already—that chuckle-headed youth who was there Tuesday, gulping up the tea—" And, "What was his name?" he asked aloud.

"Whose name?" she inquired, roused by his voice from smiling retrospection.

"That chuckle head—the young man who continued to haunt you so persistently when you poured tea for Nina on Tuesday. Of course they *all* haunted you," he explained politely, as she shook her head in sign of noncomprehension; "but there was one who—ah—gulped at his cup."

"Please—you are rather dreadful, aren't you?"

"Yes. So was he; I mean the infatuated chinless gentleman whose facial ensemble remotely resembled the features of a pleased and placid lizard of the Reptilian period."

"Oh, George Fane! That is particularly disagreeable of you, Captain Selwyn, because his wife has been very nice to me—Rosamund Fane—and she spoke most cordially of you—"

"Which one was she?"

"The Dresden china one. She looks—she simply cannot look as though she were married. It's most amusing—for people always take her for somebody's youngest sister who will be out next winter. . . . Don't you remember seeing her?"

"No, I don't. But there were dozens coming and going whom I didn't know. Still, I behaved well, didn't I?"

"Pretty badly—to Kathleen Lawn, whom you cornered so that she couldn't escape until her mother made her go without any tea."

"Was *that* the reason that old lady looked at me so queerly?"

"Probably. I did, too, but you were taking chances, not hints. . . . She *is* attractive, isn't she?"

"Very fetching," he said, leaning down to examine his stirrup leathers which he had already lengthened twice. "I've got to have Cummins punch these again," he muttered; "or am I growing queer-legged?"

As he straightened up, Miss Erroll said: "Here comes Mr. Fane now—with a strikingly pretty girl. How beautifully they are mounted"—smilingly returning Fane's salute—"and she—oh! so you *do* know her, Captain Selwyn? Who is she?"

Crop raised mechanically in dazed salute, Selwyn's light touch on the bridle had tightened to a nervous clutch which brought his horse up sharply.

"What is it?" she asked, drawing bridle in her turn and looking back into his white, stupefied face.

"Pain," he said, unconscious that he

spoke. At the same instant the stunned eyes found their focus—and found her beside his stirrup, leaning wide from her seat in sweet concern, one gloved hand resting on the pommel of his saddle.

"Are you ill?" she asked; "shall we dismount? If you feel dizzy, lean against me."

"I am all right," he said coolly; and as she recovered her seat he set his horse in motion. His face had become very red now; he looked at her, then beyond her, with all the deliberate concentration of aloof indifference.

Confused, conscious that something had happened which she did not comprehend, and sensitively aware of the preoccupation which, if it did not ignore her, accepted her presence as of no consequence, she permitted her horse to set his own pace.

Neither self-command nor self-control were lacking now in Selwyn; he simply was too self-absorbed to care what she thought—whether she thought at all. And into his consciousness, throbbing heavily under the rushing reaction from shock, crowded the crude fact that Alixe was no longer an apparition evoked in sleeplessness, in sunlit brooding; in the solitude of crowded avenues and swarming streets; she was an actual presence again in his life—she was here, bodily, unchanged—unchanged!—for he had conceived a strange idea that she must have changed physically, that her appearance had altered. He knew it was a grotesquely senseless idea, but it clung to him, and he had nursed it unconsciously.

He had, truly enough, expected to encounter her in life again—somewhere; though what he had been preparing to see, heaven alone knew; but certainly not the supple, laughing girl he had known—that smooth, slender, dark-eyed, dainty visitor who had played at marriage with him through a troubled and unreal dream.

Shrinking from the clamoring tumult of his thoughts he looked around, hard-eyed and drawn of mouth, to find Miss Erroll riding a length in advance, her gaze fixed resolutely between her horse's ears.

How much had she noticed? How much had she divined?—this straight, white-throated young girl, with her self-possession and her rounded, firm young figure, this child with the pure, curved cheek, the clear, fearless eyes, untainted, ignorant, incredulous of shame, of evil.

Severe, confident, untroubled in the freshness of adolescence, she rode on, straight be-

fore her, symbolic innocence leading the disillusioned. And he followed, hard, dry eyes narrowing, ever narrowing and flinching under the smiling gaze of the dark-eyed, red-mouthed ghost that sat there on his saddle bow, facing him, almost in his very arms.

Luncheon had not been served when they returned.

Without lingering on the landing as usual, they exchanged a formal word or two, then Eileen mounted to her own quarters and Selwyn walked nervously through the library, where he saw Nina evidently prepared for some midday festivity, for she wore hat and furs, and the brougham was outside.

"Oh, Phil," she said, "Eileen probably forgot that I was going out; it's a directors' luncheon at the exchange. Please tell Eileen that I can't wait for her; where is she?"

"Dressing, I suppose. Nina, I—"

"One moment, dear. I promised the children that you would lunch with them in the nursery. Do you mind? I did it to keep them quiet; I was weak enough to compromise between a fox hunt or fudge; so I said you'd lunch with them. Will you?"

"Certainly. . . . And, Nina—what sort of a man is this George Fane?"

"Fane?"

"Yes—the chinless gentleman with gentle brown and protruding eyes and the expression of a tame brontosaurus."

"Why—how do you mean, Phil? What sort of man? He's a banker. He isn't very pretty, but he's popular."

"Oh, popular!" he nodded, as close to a sneer as he could ever get.

"He has a very popular wife, too; haven't you met Rosamund? People like him; he's about everywhere—very useful, very devoted to pretty women; but I'm really in a hurry, Phil. Won't you please explain to Eileen that I couldn't wait? You and she were almost an hour late. . . . Good-by, dear. . . . And *don't* let the children eat too fast! Make Drina take thirty-six chews to every bite; and Winthrop is to

Have no bread if he has potatoes—"

Her voice dwindled and died away through the hall; the front door clanged.

He went to his quarters, drove out Austin's man, arranged his own fresh linen, took a sulky plunge; and, an unlighted cigarette between his teeth, completed his dressing in sullen introspection.

When he had tied his scarf and bitten his cigarette to pieces, he paced the room once or twice, squared his shoulders, breathed deeply, and, unbending his eyebrows, walked off to the nursery.

"Hello, you kids!" he said with an effort. "I've come to luncheon. Very nice of you to want me, Drina——"

"I wanted you, too!" said Billy; "I'm to sit beside you——"

"So am I," observed Drina, pushing Winthrop out of the chair and sliding in close to Selwyn. She had the cat, Kit-Ki, in her arms. Kit-Ki, divining nourishment, was purring loudly.

Josephine and Clemence, in pinafores and stick-out skirts, sat wriggling, with Winthrop between them; the five dogs sat in a row behind; Katie and Bridget, in their best caps and aprons, assumed the functions of Hibernian Hebes; and luncheon began with a clatter of spoons.

It being also the children's dinner meat figured on the card, and Kit-Ki's purring increased to an ecstatic and wheezy squeal, and her rigid tail, as she stood up on Drina's lap, was constantly brushing Selwyn's features.

"The cat is shedding, too," he remarked, as he dodged her caudal appendage for the twentieth time; "it will go in with the next mouthful, Drina, if you're not careful about opening your mouth."

"I love Kit-Ki," said Drina placidly, cuddling against him, spoon in hand, and inadvertently decorating his sleeve with cranberry sauce.

Cat hairs and cranberry are a great deal for a man to endure, but he gave Drina a hug and leaned back to remove traces of the affectionate encounter just as Miss Erroll entered.

"Oh, Eileen! Eileen!" cried the children; "are you coming to luncheon with us?"

As Selwyn rose, she nodded, amused.

"I am rather hurt," she said. "I went down to luncheon, but as soon as I heard where you all were I marched straight up here to demand the reason of my ostracism."

"We thought you had gone with mother," exclaimed Drina, looking about for a chair.

Selwyn brought it. "I was commissioned to say that Nina couldn't wait. Won't you sit down? It's rather messy and the cat is the guest of honor."

"We have three guests of honor," said Drina; "you, Eileen, and Kit-Ki. Uncle Philip, mother has forbidden me to speak of it, so I shall tell her, and be punished—but

wouldn't it be splendid if Aunt Alixe were only here with us?"

Selwyn turned sharply, every atom of color gone; and the child smiled up at him. "Wouldn't it?" she pleaded.

"Yes," he said, so quietly that something silenced the child. And Eileen, giving ostentatious and undivided attention to the dogs, was now enveloped by snooping, eager muzzles and frantically wagging tails.

"My lap is full of paws!" she exclaimed; "take them away, Katie! And oh!—my gown, my gown!—Billy, stop waving your tumbler around my face! If you spill that milk on me I shall ask your Uncle Philip to put you in the guardhouse!"

"You're going to bolo us, aren't you, Uncle Philip?" inquired Billy. "It's my turn to be killed, you remember——"

"I have an idea," said Selwyn, "that Miss Erroll is going to play for you to sing."

"Why do you always call her 'Miss Erroll'?" asked Billy. "Why don't you say 'Eileen'?"

Selwyn laughed. "I don't know, Billy; ask her; perhaps she knows."

Eileen laughed too, delicately embarrassed and aware of his teasing smile. But Drina, always impressed by formality, said: "Uncle Philip isn't Eileen's uncle. People who are not relations say Miss and Mrs."

"Are faver and muvver relations?" asked Josephine timidly.

"Y-es—no!—I don't know," admitted Drina; "are they, Eileen?"

"Why, yes—that is—that is to say——" And turning to Selwyn: "What dreadful questions. Are they relations, Captain Selwyn? Of course they are!"

"They were not before they were married," he said, laughing.

"If you married Eileen," began Billy, "you'd call her Eileen, I suppose."

"Certainly," said Selwyn.

"Why don't you?"

"That is another thing you must ask her, my son."

"Well, then, Eileen——"

But Miss Erroll was already seated at the nursery piano, and his demands were drowned in a decisive chord which brought the children clustering around her. They sang like seraphs, grouped around the piano, fingers linked behind their backs. Miss Erroll sang too; her voice leading—a charmingly trained but childlike voice, of no pretensions, as fresh and unspoiled as the girl herself.

There was an interval after "Castles in the Air"; Eileen sat, with her white hands resting on the keys, awaiting further suggestion.

"Sing that funny song, Uncle Philip!" pleaded Billy; "you know—the one about:

"She hit him with a shingle
Which made his breeches tingle——"

"Billy!" gasped Miss Erroll.

Selwyn, mortified, said severely: "That is a very dreadful song, Billy——"

"But you taught it to me——"

Eileen swung around on the piano stool, but Selwyn had seized Billy and was promising to bolo him as soon as he wished.

And Eileen, surveying the scene from her perch, thought that Selwyn's years seemed to depend entirely upon his occupation, for he looked very boyish down there on his knees among the children; and she had not yet forgotten the sunken pallor of his features in the Park—no, nor her own question to him, still unanswered.

Selwyn and Miss Erroll, strolling together out of the nursery and down the stairs, fell unconsciously into the amiable exchange of badinage again; she taunting him with his undignified behavior, he retorting in kind.

"How about a jolly brisk walk?" he inquired; "unless you've something on. I suppose you have."

"Yes, I have; a tea at the Faness, a function at the Grays'. . . . Do you know Sudbury Gray? It's his mother."

They had strolled into the living room—a big, square, sunny place, in golden greens and browns.

Kneeling on the cushions of the deep window seat she flattened her delicate nose against the glass, peering out through the lace.

"Everybody and his family are driving," she said over her shoulder. "The rich and great are cornering the fresh-air supply."

For a while she kneeled there, silently intent on the passing pageant with all the unconscious curiosity of a child. Presently, without turning: "They speak of the younger set—but what is its limit? So many, so many people! The hunting crowd—the silly crowd—the wealthy sets—the dreadful yellow set—then all those others made out of metals—copper and coal and iron and—" She shrugged her youthful shoulders, still intent on the passing show.

"Then there are the intellectuals—the artistic, the illuminated, the musical sorts. I

—I wish I knew more of them. They were my father's friends—some of them."

"You asked me," Selwyn said, "whether I know Sudbury Gray. I do, slightly. What about him?" And he waited, remembering Nina's suggestion as to that wealthy young man's eligibility.

"He's one of the nicest men I know," she replied frankly.

"Yes, but you don't know 'Boots' Lansing."

"The gentleman who was bucked out of his footwear? Is he attractive?"

"Rather. Shrieks rent the air when 'Boots' left Manila."

"Feminine shrieks?"

"Exclusively. The men were glad enough. He has three months' leave this winter, so you'll see him soon."

She thanked him mockingly for the promise, watching him from amused eyes. After a moment she said:

"I ought to arise and go forth with timbrels and with dances; but, do you know, I am not inclined to revels? There has been a little—just a very little bit too much festivity so far. . . . Not that I don't adore dinners and gossip and dances; not that I do not love to pervade bright and glittering places. Oh, no. Only—I——"

She looked shyly at Selwyn: "I sometimes feel a curious desire for other things. I have been feeling it all day."

"What things?"

"I—don't know—exactly; substantial things. I'd like to learn about things. My father was the head of the American School of Archaeology in Crete. My mother was his intellectual equal, I believe——"

Her voice had fallen as she spoke. "Do you wonder that physical pleasure palls a little at times? I inherit something besides a capacity for dancing."

He nodded, watching her with an interest and curiosity totally new.

"When I was ten years old I was taken abroad for the winter. I saw the excavations in Crete for the buried city which father discovered near Præsus. We lived for a while with Professor Flanders in the Fayum district; I saw the ruins of Kahun, built nearly three thousand years before the coming of Christ; I myself picked up a scarab as old as the ruins! . . . Captain Selwyn—I was only a child of ten; I could understand very little of what I saw and heard, but I have never, never forgotten the happiness of that winter.

... And that is why, at times, pleasures tire me a little; and a little discontent creeps in. It is ungrateful and ungracious of me to say so, but I did wish so much to go to college—to have something to care for—as mother cared for father's work. Why, do you know that my mother accidentally discovered the thirty-seventh sign in the Karian Signary?"

"No," said Selwyn, "I did not know that." He forbore to add that he did not know what a Signary resembled or where Karia might be.

"Do you know about my parents?" she asked. "They were lost in the *Argolis* off Cyprus. You have heard. I think they meant that I should go to college—as well as Gerald; I don't know. Perhaps after all it is better for me to do what other young girls do. Besides, I enjoy it; and my mother did, too, when she was my age, they say. She was very much gayer than I am; my mother was a beauty and a brilliant woman. ... But there were other qualities. I—have her letters to father when Gerald and I were very little; and her letters to us from London. ... I have missed her more, this winter, it seems to me, than even in that dreadful time—"

Her voice died; her clear eyes looked out into space while the silent seconds lengthened into minutes. One slender finger had slipped between her lips and teeth; the burnished strand of hair which Nina dreaded lay neglected against her cheek.

"I should like to know," she began, as though to herself, "something about everything. That being out of the question, I should like to know everything about something. That also being out of the question, for third choice I should like to know something about something."

She stood up, indifferent, absent-eyed, half turning toward the window; and, raising her hand, she carelessly brought the rebel strand of hair under discipline.

"You said you were going to look up Gerald," she observed.

"I am; now. What are you going to do?"

"I? Oh, dress, I suppose. Nina ought to be back now, and she expects me to go out with her."

She nodded a smiling termination of their duet, and moved toward the door. A maid stood there holding a note on a salver.

"For Captain Selwyn, please."

Miss Erroll passed out.

Selwyn took the note and broke the seal:

MY DEAR SELWYN: I'm in a beastly fix—an I. O. U. due to-night and *pas de quoi*! Obviously I don't want Neergard to know, being associated as I am with him in business. As for Austin, he's a peppery old boy, bless his heart, and I'm not very secure in his good graces at present. Fact is I got into a rather stiff game last night—and it's a matter of honor. So can you help me to tide it over? I'll square it on the first of the month.

Yours sincerely,
GERALD ERROLL.

P.S.—I've meant to look you up for ever so long, and will the first moment I have free.

Below this was penciled the amount due; and Selwyn's face grew very serious.

The letter he wrote in return ran:

DEAR GERALD: Check inclosed to your order. By the way, can't you lunch with me at the Lenox Club some day this week? Write, wire, or telephone when.
Yours, SELWYN.

When he had sent the note away by the messenger he walked back to the bay window, hands in his pockets, a worried expression in his gray eyes. This sort of thing must not be repeated; the boy must halt in his tracks and face sharply the other way. Besides, his own income was limited—much too limited to admit of many more loans of that sort.

He ought to see Gerald at once, but somehow he could not in decency appear personally on the heels of his loan. A certain interval must elapse between the loan and the lecture; in fact he didn't see very well how he could admonish and instruct until the loan had been canceled.

Pacing the floor, disturbed, uncertain as to the course he should pursue, he looked up presently to see Miss Erroll descending the stairs, fresh and sweet in her radiant plumage. As she caught his eye she waved a silvery chinchilla muff at him—a marching salute—and passed on, calling back to him: "Don't forget Gerald!"

"No," he said, "I won't forget Gerald." He stood a moment at the window watching the brougham below where Nina awaited Miss Erroll. Then, abruptly, he turned back into the room and picked up the telephone receiver, muttering: "This is no time to mince matters for the sake of appearances." And he called up Gerald at the offices of Neergard & Co.

"Is it you, Gerald?" he asked pleasantly. "It's all right about that matter; I've sent you a note by your messenger. But I want to talk to you about another matter—something concerning myself—I want to ask you

advice in a way. Can you be at the Lenox by six? . . . You have an engagement at eight? Oh, that's all right; I won't keep you. . . . It's understood, then; the Lenox at six. . . . Good-by."

There was the usual early evening influx of men at the Lenox who dropped in for a glance at the ticker, or for a cocktail or a game of billiards or a bit of gossip before going home to dress.

Selwyn sauntered over to the basket, inspected a yard or two of tape, then strolled toward the window, nodding to Bradley Harmon and Sandon Craig.

As he turned his face to the window and his back to the room, Harmon came up rather effusively, offering an unusually thin flat hand and further hospitality, pleasantly declined by Selwyn.

"Horrible thing, a cocktail," observed Harmon, after giving his own order and seating himself opposite Selwyn. "I don't usually do it. Here comes the man who persuades me!—my own partner——"

Selwyn looked up to see Fane approaching; and instantly a dark flush overspread his face.

"You know George Fane, don't you?" continued Harmon easily; "well, that's odd; I thought, of course—Captain Selwyn, Mr. Fane. It's not usual—but it's done."

They exchanged formalities—dry and brief on Selwyn's part, gracefully urbane on Fane's.

"I've heard so pleasantly of you from Gerald Erroll," he said, "and of course our people have always been on cordial terms. Neither Mrs. Fane nor I were fortunate enough to meet you last Tuesday at the Gerards'—such a crush, you know. Are you not joining us, Captain Selwyn?" as the servant appeared to take orders.

Selwyn declined again; glancing at Harmon—a large-framed, bony young man with blond, closely trimmed, and pointed beard, and the fair color of a Swede. He had the high, flat cheek bones of one, too; and a thicket of corn-tinted hair, which was usually damp at the ends, and curled flat against his forehead.

Sandon Craig and Billy Fleetwood came wandering up and joined them; one or two other men, drifting by, adhered to the group.

Selwyn, involved in small talk, glanced sideways at the great clock, and gathered himself together for departure.

Fleetwood was saying to Craig: "Certainly it was a stiff game—Bradley, myself, Gerald

Erroll, Mrs. Delmour-Carnes, and the Ruthvens."

"Were you hit?" asked Craig, interested.

"No; about even. Gerald got it good and plenty, though. The Ruthvens were ahead as usual——"

Selwyn, apparently hearing nothing, quietly rose and stepped out of the circle, paused to set fire to a cigarette, and then strolled off toward the visitors' room, where Gerald was now due.

Fane stretched his neck, looking curiously after him. Then he said to Fleetwood: "Why begin to talk about Mrs. Ruthven when our friend yonder is about? Rotten judgment you show, Billy."

"Well, I clean forgot," said Fleetwood; "what did I say, anyway? A man can't always remember who's divorced from who in this town."

Meanwhile Selwyn, perplexed and worried, found young Erroll just entering the visitors' room, and greeted him with cordiality.

"If you can't stay and dine with me," he said, "I won't put you down. You know, of course, I can only ask you once in a year, so we'll stay here and chat a bit."

"Right you are," said young Erroll, flinging off his very new and very fashionable overcoat—a wonderfully handsome boy, with all the attraction that a quick, warm, impulsive manner carries. "And I say, Selwyn, it was awfully decent of you to——"

"Bosh! Friends are for that sort of thing, Gerald. Sit here——" He looked at the young man hesitatingly; but Gerald calmly took the matter out of his jurisdiction by nodding his order to the club attendant.

"Lord, but I'm tired," he said, sinking back into a big armchair; "I was up till daylight, and then I had to be in the office by nine, and to-night Billy Fleetwood is giving—oh, something or other. By the way, the market isn't doing a thing to the shorts! You're not in, are you, Selwyn?"

"No, not that way. I hope you are not, either; are you, Gerald?"

"Oh, it's all right," replied the young fellow confidently; and raising his glass, he dodged at Selwyn with a smile.

"You were mighty nice to me, anyhow," he said, setting his glass aside and lighting a cigar. "You see, I went to a dance, and after a while some of us cleared out, and Jack Ruthven offered us trouble; so half a dozen of us went there. I had the worst cards a man ever drew to a kicker."

The boy was utterly unconscious that he was treading on delicate ground as he rattled on in his warm-hearted, frank, and generous way. Totally oblivious that the very name of Ruthven must be unwelcome if not offensive to his listener, he laughed through a description of the affair, its thrilling episodes, and Mrs. Jack Ruthven's blind luck.

"One moment," interrupted Selwyn, very gently; "do you mind saying whether you banked my check and drew against it?"

"Why, no; I just indorsed it over."

"To—to whom?—if I may venture——"

"Certainly," he said, with a laugh; "to Mrs. Jack——" Then, in a flash, for the first time the boy realized what he was saying, and stopped aghast, scarlet to his hair.

Selwyn's face had little color remaining in it, but he said very kindly: "It's all right, Gerald; don't worry——"

"I'm a beast!" broke out the boy; "I beg your pardon a thousand times."

"Granted, old chap. But, Gerald, may I say one thing—or perhaps two?"

"Go ahead! Give it to me good and plenty!"

"It's only this: couldn't you and I see one another a little oftener? Don't be afraid of me; I'm no wet blanket. I'm not so very aged; I know something of the world—I understand something of men. I'm pretty good company, Gerald. What do you say?"

"I say, *sure!*" cried the boy warmly.

"It's a go, then. And one thing more: couldn't you manage to come up to the house a little oftener? Everybody misses you, of course; I think your sister is a trifle sensitive——"

"I will!" said Gerald, blushing. "Somehow I've had such a lot on hand—all day at the office, and something on every evening. I know perfectly well I've neglected Eily—and everybody. But the first moment I can find free——"

Selwyn nodded. "And last of all, there's something about my own affairs that I thought you might advise me on."

Gerald, proud, enchanted, stood very straight; the older man continued gravely:

"I've a little capital to invest—not very much. Suppose—and this, I need not add, is in confidence between us—suppose I suggested to Mr. Neergard——"

"Oh," cried young Erroll, delighted, "that's fine! Neergard would be glad enough. Why, we've got that Valleydale tract in shape now, and there are scores of schemes in the

air—scores of them—important moves which may mean—anything!" he ended excitedly.

"Then you think it would be all right—in case Neergard likes the idea?"

Gerald was enthusiastic. After a while they shook hands, it being time to separate. And for a long time Selwyn sat there alone in the visitors' room, absent-eyed, facing the blazing fire of cannel coal.

How to be friends with this boy without openly playing the mentor; how to gain his confidence without appearing to seek it; how to influence him without alarming him! One thing was imperative—the boy must cut out his card-playing for stakes at once.

Who were these people, anyway, who would permit a boy of that age, and in a responsible position, to play for such stakes? Who were they to encourage such——

Selwyn's tightening grasp on his chair suddenly relaxed; he sank back, staring at the brilliant coals. He, too, had forgotten.

CHAPTER III

UNDER THE ASHES

Selwyn had added little to his diary during the month; he had neither burned nor returned the photograph. The prospect perplexed and depressed him.

He was sullenly aware that in a town where the divorced must ever be reckoned with when dance and dinner lists are made out, there is always some thoughtless hostess—and sometimes a mischievous one; and the chances were that he and Mrs. Jack Ruthven would collide, either through the forgetfulness or malice of somebody or, through sheer hazard, at some large affair where Destiny and Fate work together in criminal copartnership.

And he encountered her first at a mask and revel given by Mrs. Delmour-Carnes where Fate contrived that he should dance in the same set with his *ci-devant* wife before the unmasking, and where, unaware, they gayly exchanged salute and hand clasp before the jolly *mêlée* of unmasking revealed how close together two people could come after parting forever and a night at the uttermost ends of the earth.

When masks at last were off there was neither necessity nor occasion for the two surprised and rather pallid young people to renew civilities; but later, Destiny, the saturnine partner in the business, interfered; and

some fool in the smoking room tried to introduce Selwyn to Ruthven. The slightest mistake would have rendered the incident ridiculous; and Ruthven made that mistake.

That was Selwyn's first encounter with the Ruthvens. A short time afterwards at the opera Gerald dragged him into a parterre to say something amiable to one of the débutante Craig girls—and Selwyn found himself again facing Alixe.

If there was any awkwardness it was not apparent, although they both knew that they were in full view of the house.

A cool bow and its cooler acknowledgment, a formal word and more formal reply; and Selwyn made his way to the corridor, hot with vexation, unaware of where he was going, and oblivious of the distressed and apologetic young man, who so contritely kept step with him through the brilliantly crowded promenade.

That was the second time—not counting distant glimpses in crowded avenues, in the Park, at Sherry's, or across the hazy glitter of thronged theaters. But the third encounter was different.

It was all a mistake, born of the haste of a heedless and elderly matron, celebrated for managing to do the wrong thing, but who had been excessively nice to him that winter, and whose position was not to be assailed.

"Dear Captain Selwyn," she wheezed over the telephone, "I'm short one man; and we dine at eight and it's that now. *Could* you help me? It's the rich and yellow, this time, but you won't mind, will you?"

Selwyn, standing at the lower telephone in the hall, asked her to hold the wire a moment, and glanced up at his sister who was descending the stairs with Eileen, dinner having at that instant been announced.

"Mrs. T. West Minster—flying signals of distress," he said, carefully covering the transmitter as he spoke; "man overboard, and will I kindly take a turn at the wheel?"

"What a shame!" said Eileen; "you are going to spoil the first home dinner we have had together in weeks!"

"Tell her to get some yellow pup!" growled Austin, from above.

"As though anybody could get a yellow pup when they whistle," said Nina hopelessly.

"That's true," nodded Selwyn; "I'm the original old dog Tray. Whistle, and I come padding up. Ever faithful, you see."

And he uncovered the transmitter and ex-

plained to Mrs. T. West Minster his absurd delight at being whistled at. Then he sauntered into the dining room, where he was received with undisguised hostility.

"She's been civil to me," he said; "*jeunesse oblige*, you know. And that's why I—"

"There'll be a lot of débutantes there! What do you want to go for, you cradle robber!" protested Austin—"a lot of water-bibbing, olive-eating, talcum-powdered débutantes—"

Eileen straightened up stiffly, and Selwyn's teasing smile and his offered hand in adieu completed her indignation.

"Oh, good-by! No, I won't shake hands. There's your cab, now. I wish you'd take Austin, too; Nina and I are tired of dining with the prematurely aged."

"Indeed, we are," said Mrs. Gerard; "go to your club, Austin, and give me a chance to telephone to somebody under the anæsthetic age."

Selwyn departed, laughing, but he yawned in his cab all the way to Fifty-third Street, where he entered in the wake of the usual laggards and, surrendering hat and coat in the cloak room, picked up the small slim envelope bearing his name.

The card within disclosed the information that he was to take in Mrs. Somebody-or-Other; he made his way through a great many people, found his hostess, backed off, stood on one leg for a moment like a reflective waterfowl, then found Mrs. Somebody-or-Other and was absently good to her through a great deal of noise and some Spanish music, which seemed to squirt through a thicket of palms and bespatter everybody.

"Wonderful music," observed his dinner partner, "so like 'Carmen.'"

"Is it?" he replied, and took her away at a nod from his hostess, whose daughter Dorothy leaned forward from her partner's arm at the same moment, and whispered: "I *must* speak to you, mamma! You *can't* put Captain Selwyn there because—"

But her mother was deaf and smilingly sensitive about it, so she merely guessed what reply her child expected: "It's all settled, dear; Captain Selwyn arrived a moment ago."

It was already too late, anyhow; and presently, turning to see who was seated on his left, Selwyn found himself gazing into the calm, flushed face of Alixe Ruthven.

To be continued.

THE DECADENCE OF AMERICA'S FIRST SEAPORT*

BY JOHN S. LOPEZ



THIS is the history of the shackling of a community; the blighting of the commerce of a city that helped to forge its own chains. And the facts will show how the centralizing clutch of railroad domination, whereby a handful of men have come to control our great highways of commerce, may prostrate even a State by means of power gained by debauching the politics of a commonwealth through the supineness of its people. It is a most illuminating example of the way in which the American policy of fostering private enterprises has given rise to unnatural industrial conditions detrimental in the long run to the welfare of the country at large.

Even casual observers know that Philadelphia, once the nation's capital reigning supreme as the foremost seaport of the New World, has declined to a position of such minor importance that her shipping is insignificant compared to that even of less important cities on the Atlantic seaboard.

That Philadelphia has progressed and grown to be our third largest city serves only to emphasize to what unbounded possibilities the city might have aspired under fair treatment. For the decline of Philadelphia's commercial leadership marked the decline of the real progress for which she was endowed; just as New York's tremendous gain in that direction was simultaneous with the prosperity which has lifted her to first place.

In 1682 the city of Philadelphia was settled and Pennsylvania was founded, the last but one of the English provinces in America. In that year New York was already a flourishing town of 5,000 inhabitants, but Pennsylvania

soon outstripped all the American colonies in prosperity, save the Old Dominion, and the City of Penn for nearly a century was regarded in Europe "not only as the great city but the focus of refinement and civilization of the Western World." In 1800 the population of New York was 33,131, of Philadelphia 54,391, and of Liverpool 70,000. At that time Liverpool compared to London was a less important seaport than Boston compared to New York to-day, and Philadelphia was the commercial metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. To-day Liverpool next to London is the greatest English port on the Atlantic, and Philadelphia stands fourth in the list of our Atlantic seaports, and is less important even than Galveston.

We are accustomed to think of New York as our chief seaport because of its superlative harbor, its mighty navigable rivers, and other natural advantages. Yet Liverpool has achieved her commercial eminence despite a dangerous bar at the mouth of the Mersey, and the fact that the river is subject to a thirty-foot rise of tide. The city has overcome this difficulty by the construction of the finest system of wet docks in the world, at a cost of \$106,000,000. Manchester, forty miles farther up the Mersey, and with high tides to contend with, by the construction and ultimate improvement of the first canal in Great Britain, has increased her commerce many fold. Glasgow, situated far up the shoal river Clyde, and with her commerce rapidly falling off in 1800, is now the greatest shipbuilding center and one of the largest ports in the world. Antwerp, Hamburg, Marseilles, and many other European ports with natural advantages vastly inferior to Philadelphia, have all outdistanced

*The illustrations with this article are printed by courtesy of the Philadelphia *North American*.

her in importance during the nineteenth century.

Obviously it has not been lack of natural advantages that has deposed Philadelphia. Her harbor affords a water frontage of thirty-three miles, giving a depth varying from eighteen to twenty-eight feet. The Dela-

ware River is the best buoyed and lighted channel in the world, save one, and presents a safe and direct waterway to the sea, below the city. At its mouth a stone breakwater, for which the Government has appropriated \$4,665,000, affords the only harbor of refuge between the capes of Virginia and Sandy Hook. Two of our greatest shipyards, and several minor ones, are situated in her harbor, and some of the largest vessels constructed in America are floated from them down the Delaware to the sea.



A PRIVATE WHARF
—THE TRACTION
COMPANY'S—FOOT
OF FAIRMOUNT
AVENUE

Philadelphia is also one of the greatest manufacturing cities in the world. Almost one half of all the carpets made in the United States are turned out by her mills. Nearly one third of all the sugar imported through Atlantic ports is landed in Philadelphia and refined there. More than one third of America's exports of petroleum is shipped from the Schuylkill River. Considering the State

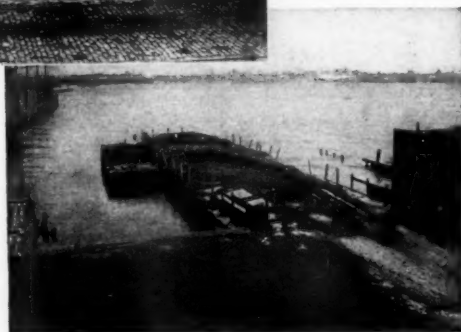
of Pennsylvania alone, there is a greater volume of commercial enterprise behind Philadelphia than gives greatness to Antwerp, Hamburg, Rotterdam, or Liverpool. She is the second manufacturing State in the Union, having over a billion and a half dollars capital invested, only one sixteenth less than New York. She has over two thousand miles more railroads than New York, or more mileage than any other State east of the Great Lakes, and more than any other State in the Union except Illinois and Texas. Philadelphia is within seventy miles of the greatest anthracite coal fields in the world, and Pennsylvania mines about one half the entire production of coal of the country. Within her borders is mined or puddled more than one half the pig iron of the United States,

nearly as much as the entire output of Great Britain. She produces more than two thirds of the Bessemer steel of this country.

It might be hastily concluded that, since Philadelphia is a hundred miles from the



ABANDONED CITY
WHARF, FOOT OF
VINE STREET,
NEXT TO P. R. R.
FERRY



ABANDONED CITY WHARF, FOOT OF CALLOW-
HILL STREET

sea, it would not so readily attract maritime commerce. But when we remember that New Orleans is 107 miles from the sea, Baltimore 190, Hamburg 70, Antwerp 52, and Rotterdam 35, all of which ports have a greater volume of shipping than the Quaker City, we see that we must look elsewhere for



A CITY WHARF GONE TO RUIN IN THE MIDST OF PRIVATE PIERS, NEAR VINE STREET

the reason that the ocean carriers of the world have passed her by. Commerce invariably proceeds along the lines of least resistance, and the transfer point farthest inland, other things being equal, would naturally have the preference in order that shippers might take advantage of the greater cheapness of water transportation, which is about one tenth that by land. It seems pertinent to ask—since Philadelphia, with its 1,000 miles of trackage within the city limits connecting the railroads directly with its piers, enables the transfer of freight direct to vessels, presumably saving the lighterage charges necessary in New York harbor—why should not the Western shipper prefer to pay the cheaper rate from Philadelphia to the sea by water than to New York by rail? Furthermore, Pennsylvania being the only one of the Atlantic States that has direct access to both the Great Lakes and the waterways of the Mississippi Valley, her seaport might naturally be expected, by virtue of its geographical position, to hold the foreign commerce of the period of development of the Middle West as it did that of the East, up to 1830.

Lest anyone should jump to the conclusion that this is merely a local issue brought into prominence by a community smarting under the results of its own inertia and short-sightedness, let us remind ourselves that in any juggling of natural outlets of trade, it is the shipper and the consumer that pay in the end, and not the carrier. Superficially it may seem a matter of indifference to the Western shipper what Atlantic port offers him egress for his products intended for foreign markets. He has become accustomed to the railroad argument that there is no advantage for him in shipping from the near-

est point of transfer, without considering the *reason* why there is no such advantage. He has forgotten that the advantage exists potentially in nature and that the necessity to ignore it is purely an artificial one, for the clever building up of which he has for years had to pay, and for the maintenance and enlargement of which he is still paying.

Two facts will illustrate this pertinently: By an agreement among the railroads, the freight rates on merchandise billed to Atlantic ports for foreign shipment is always calculated on the rate to New York less a fixed differential. The rate to New York includes lighterage and laying down on the pier for transshipment. As between New York and Philadelphia, the differential is less than the prevailing lighterage charges in New York harbor despite the fact that at Philadelphia freight can be transferred directly from cars to the piers. In the nature of things it would seem that the actual cost of the longer haul plus the cost of lighterage and handling should determine the differential between the two cities. If the freight rate to Philadelphia is based on actual costs for haulage and handling, it would seem that the railroad is robbing its own pocket for the privilege of making the longer haul and the more costly transshipment at New York. Is it not more likely that freight rates to Philadelphia are falsely inflated to enable the railroad to do this at a profit?

Again, more than one fourth of all the imported merchandise transshipped from New York to interior ports prior to appraisalment goes to Philadelphia. This amounted to \$8,550,759 worth in 1905, more than to any other city of the Union. Why should not these imports (nearly one seventh of her total) reach the Philadelphia customs dis-

strict direct by water instead of over the more expensive rail route?

At the beginning of the nineteenth century our civilization had penetrated westward toward the Great Lakes and the head waters of our Western rivers, and the commercial centers along the Atlantic were bestirring themselves to aid in the development of this newly settled and richly endowed territory. From the beginning there existed a natural rivalry and competition between Philadelphia and New York to secure their respective shares of this business. The commercial supremacy of Great Britain has always been attributed to the rich natural deposits within the British Isles, and Pennsylvania, who had mined her first coal in 1792, was looking forward to an industrial development similar to that of the mother country. In 1818 appeared a small volume by Samuel Breck, one of the State senators from the county of Philadelphia, the purpose of which was "to show the superior situation of Philadelphia for attracting the great and increasing trade of the counties bordering on the Susquehanna, the Lakes, and the Western rivers," and is an argument for the construction of certain canals and for improvements of river navigation to establish communication with that Western trade for which New York was preparing to reach out with her Erie Canal. That Pennsylvania required an artificial channel of but sixty-five miles (as against New York's 327 miles) to connect her seaport with the Lakes, was pointed out by a commission appointed by Governor Snyder.

About this time the State of Pennsylvania, the rival of New York in wealth, with no pub-

lic debt, and unhampered by onerous taxes, was indefatigable in the extension and improvement of the avenues of traffic to and from her own interior. Perhaps a hundred millions of dollars of her capital were expended in canals, turnpikes, and other internal developments during the succeeding quarter of a century. And yet from 1830 onward the history of her seaport is a record of steady decline.

The secret was the failure of the State to establish an adequate trunk line of communication with the commerce at her western gates. With the completion of the Erie Canal by New York, it became apparent that her own route of through traffic could not compete with a route on which the transshipment and handling of freight was reduced to a minimum.

Then followed a series of commercial disasters which helped to cripple Philadelphia and to increase the lead New York had obtained over her. First came some severe losses in the China trade once so extensive at her wharves; then the failure of the Bank of the United States, reducing the banking capital of the city from fifty-one to eleven millions of dollars and practically bankrupting the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania so that she could not meet her obligations and was forced to offer for sale the vast public improvements in which she had locked up her capital for the development of her industries. Foreign shipping began to fall off and Philadelphia merchants began to remove their business to New York with the result that by 1850 between fifty and eighty millions of dollars capital had been lost to the Quaker City.



DOCK STREET CITY WHARF, LEASED TO THE P. R. R. AND BY THEM SUBLET AS
A MARKET

Philadelphia has never been without public-spirited citizens eager to do everything to enable the city to come back into her own, and it was through their efforts that the project of the Pennsylvania Railroad was conceived and hailed as the salvation of the port's declining commerce. By the middle of the nineteenth century we find the hopes of a great metropolis centered upon this great trunk line, then nearing completion to the Lakes and the Western waters, as the means of winning back her maritime activities. In 1852 Job R. Tyson, in a series of letters to William Peter, who had been for ten years British consul at the port of Philadelphia, pointed out the superior advantages that would be offered foreign carriers by the completion of this road. Its superiority over the Erie Railroad, also nearing completion in New York, was made apparent by such facts as that Cleveland is 175 miles nearer to Philadelphia, and Cincinnati 249 miles nearer, than to New York.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has not only repudiated every moral obligation to the commonwealth which gave it birth, but has debauched the State and city governments of that commonwealth in order to deprive it of the very advantages the prospect of which originally served as a reason for its franchise. During the first decade of the road's existence every advantage was made possible for it by the commonwealth that expected so much from it. It was encouraged and enabled to extend its lines westward, and given privileges which even in these corrupt days it would be impossible for any railroad to secure from our pliable legislators. Having obtained almost at a stroke this absolute hold in its own State, and finding it unnecessary to exert itself to secure the traffic of the port of Philadelphia, the corporation began early to reach out for a solid footing in

New York. There competition stared it in the face. The already completed Erie and the assured projection of the New York Central presented foemen worthy of its steel, and spurred it to secure its share of the commerce of New England and the port of New York.

This was a perfectly natural ambition, and the necessary steps to secure its fulfillment were backed eagerly by capital in the home city of the road. Too late it became apparent to the popular mind that the fatal flaw in the theory of the benefits to be derived from the aggrandizement of the Pennsylvania Railroad was the fact that it had at Philadelphia absolutely no competition. New York by virtue of her rapidly multiplying trunk systems, and when all else failed by means of

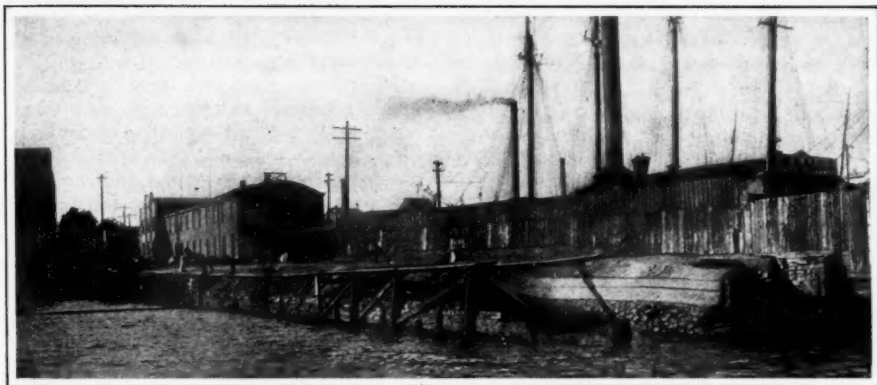
her State-owned Erie Canal, could demand from any railroad the most advantageous terms consistent with her situation and the facilities she could offer as a terminus. Philadelphia, having given away every advantage in her power, could only see her own gifts used for the benefit of her rival.

Perhaps nothing illustrates

more forcibly the policy of the railroad to neutralize competition at whatever cost, than the manner in which it has crippled the canals of the State. On July 1, 1870, the Schuylkill Navigation Company's canal was leased for 999 years by the Pennsylvania Railroad. In 1885-86 the railroad defaulted on its lease, offering the Navigation Company its property back, with no fear of competition, having accomplished its purpose of diverting the coal traffic to its own lines. Previous to the date of the lease, coal was carried by both canal and rail for ninety cents per ton. Soon after the rate was advanced to \$1.70 on both. And this despite the fact that the cost per ton-mile by canal was only 1.8 mills, about forty per cent of the cost by rail. Previous to the lease the



CITY WHARF, FAIRMOUNT AVENUE, LEASED TO AN ICE COMPANY



CITY WHARF AT PALMER STREET, FALLEN IN FROM NEGLECT

canal had carried coal as low as forty cents per ton.

In exactly similar fashion the Delaware and Raritan Canal, connecting New York and Philadelphia, soon became a disused and dilapidated waterway because of the large shipments of coal diverted from it by the railroad and forced to make the wide detour *via* the Delaware capes in order to reach New York by water.

Showing that the corporation took steps to prevent even street railways from ever becoming competitors in freight carrying, is a Philadelphia ordinance of 1859, passed by its influence, which provides that "No passenger railway shall at any time be used for any other purpose than passenger travel." No exception has ever been made to this aside from that in a statute of 1895, which permits the street railways to carry the United States mails. This would seem a bar to the realization of the dreams of Philadelphians who hope the traffic problem will eventually be solved by the growing expansion of the trolley.

Let it be understood that Philadelphians have not always rested content under these conditions. From time to time for years past there have been popular agitations for betterment of the harbor and its facilities, but they always have come to naught because only by legislation could relief be had, and this rested solely in the hands of railroad-elected and controlled politicians. It has been the history of this machine-ridden State that the political leaders have gone hand in hand with "The Pennsy," each maintaining power through the other. And so strong

have been the machines that few but friendly politicians might find even minor office.

The treatment of Philadelphia by "The Pennsy" is an open book of evidence. Clearly shown is the policy of the railroad, which has been to gobble up the facilities of the port; not to utilize and extend them, but to monopolize and suppress them: first, that competition could find no foothold, and second, that foreign commerce could be diverted to where the railway willed.

This railroad control of facilities was epitomized in an official report made by Colonel Sheldon Potter to the Trades League Committee on Wharves and Docks, of which he was a member, during a recent agitation. Colonel Potter had been chosen to act as Director of Public Safety, and taking advantage of his official access to public documents and records, had uncovered the conditions surrounding the city wharves. Colonel Potter reported that his committee upon investigation had found:

1. That the maritime trade at this port is entirely *controlled* by the railroad companies, who own or occupy a large portion of the water front, including nearly every available wharf property belonging to the city of Philadelphia.

2. That the few city wharves not leased by the railroad companies have been so encroached on by adjoining wharves, for the building of which permits had been granted without regard for the future development of the city properties, as to be unsuitable for development for the accommodation of modern shipping.

And now let us see what use the Pennsylvania Railroad is making of the wharves over which it has control. A striking illustration,

from among the many, of the utter disregard of the terms under which leases are held is that of "Dock Street Wharf," one of the most valuable in the city. Colonel Potter reports:

It was granted to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company upon lease by ordinance passed in November, 1897, for a period of fifteen years from January 1, 1899, at a rental of \$5,000, and upon condition that it should be used for wharf purposes only, and that it should not be sublet . . . without permission of Councils.

This was an improvement lease by which the railroad bound itself to erect a modern pier. Instead of living up to its agreement, the railroad company has rented the property to a company which occupies it as a market house; and instead of improvement, the clear water between the piers north and south of Dock Street has been completely floored over. That "The Pennsy" accomplished a master stroke is evidenced by the fact that while it pays only \$5,000 a year to the city, it receives a rental of \$14,000 from the market company, thus securing to itself a profit of \$9,000 yearly and immunity from competition. No permission was secured from Councils to sublet, nor was any attempt made to enforce the terms of the lease.

It is interesting to note that for ten of the harbor properties thus controlled by "The Pennsy" "the total rental paid by that railroad for these most important of all the wharves in Philadelphia is \$10,443, as against \$22,000 paid for half the Race Street wharf and all of the Arch Street wharf."

Thus we have seen how the City Councils estimated values when renting to "The Pennsy." But what values does the railroad put upon its franchises? Read what occurred when an attempt was made to better shipping conditions by the widening of Delaware Avenue. Stephen Girard, the foremost shipowner and philanthropist of his time, realized, with prophetic foresight, that the time would come when the width of the street adjacent to the wharves would be inadequate. Therefore he willed \$50,000 to be used for widening Delaware Avenue, and by 1896, when the improvement was determined upon, the sum with accrued interest amounted to \$650,000. To this the city added \$1,500,000, which was more than adequate to pay for the widening between Vine and South streets, which thoroughfares marked the city's limits when Stephen Girard peered into the future.

At this time "The Pennsy" occupied the two Market Street wharves, unquestionably

the most valuable in Philadelphia, for ferry purposes. For this privilege the railroad paid the city \$3,600 yearly and, according to the lease then existing, had two years in which to retain the wharves, and the improvements which, according to agreement, were to revert to the city on the expiration of the lease. City Councils remained faithful to the railroad, and came to the front with an ordinance which provided for the payment of \$275,224 to the railway for damages its Market Street wharves would sustain in the widening of the street. And this, although the lease had but two years to run at a total rental of \$7,200, and it was the Market Street wharves that would most benefit by the improvement. And then, despite the valuation the road had set upon its two years' right to the property, Councils included in its ordinance the provision that the lease to the railroad should be extended for another twenty-five years at the same old rental of \$3,600.

With such a clutch as this upon the city and State, it is plain to see how the railroad could carry out its designs undisturbed by any outcry from the people. So keen was the concentration of effort on New York, and even on Baltimore, in answer to competition from other railroads, that the Quaker City was neglected and discriminated against. Not only were freight rates in and out of Philadelphia prohibitively unfair, but, even then, the railroad made no effort to properly handle such freight as offered. Cargoes, inward bound, lay on the wharves until such time as the railroad saw fit to carry them to their destination, meanwhile, in many cases, paying wharf charges. Importers the country over, and even in Philadelphia, came to realize that they could get their goods more quickly if they entered through New York, and so preferred to pay the additional freight charges rather than suffer delay. Grain and general freight for export, billed through Philadelphia, came in so slowly and erratically that vessels had unwonted waits for cargo, and in many instances had to clear without the freight for which they were engaged. Naturally these conditions drove vessels from Philadelphia to ports where cargoes could be expeditiously handled. And, to the complaints from shippers and importers, the railroads answered that the explanation lay in congestion of traffic and scarcity of cars. They did not advertise, however, that cars were scarce because they were being sent to New York and

Baltimore, and that much of the congestion was due to the volume of freight being hauled into those places. And the explanation lies in the existing competition in those ports. Baltimore's interests were being looked after by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; and, in addition, was the competing service promised by the entrance of the Gould system. New York was also well looked after by the several competing railroads. Yet the Pennsylvania did more for those ports, particularly New York, than it did for long-suffering Philadelphia.

But the explanation of the discrimination does not lie solely in the desire of the railroad to meet competition in the rival ports. If such had been the case, it would seem it might have divided its energies between the cities. But no; there was no rival carrier in Philadelphia, while there was keen competition to be met in New York; and this could best be done by concentrating all energies there. Philadelphians who have been agitating the question for years can show long lists of business houses that fought against conditions almost to failure, and then moved to New York or Baltimore.

"The Pennsy's" fight against competition did not stop with barring railroads. River and coastwise shipping have always been formidable rivals of the railroads, and the road did not propose to have the necessary freight out of Philadelphia fall to them. The Delaware River is thickly dotted with prosperous towns and cities between which and the metropolis there was heavy interchange of farm produce and general freight. As the clutch of the railway fastened on the available wharves, the river boats in this trade were squeezed for landings and their number decreased alarmingly. Coastwise shipping found the same difficulty, and activities in this direction were so discouraged that, in order to ship from Philadelphia to points south of Norfolk, Va., it was, until recently, necessary that freight first be sent to New York, that it might be loaded upon vessels.

An instance of how "The Pennsy" maneuvered in regard to competing river and coastwise carriers is found in the question of light-erage from vessels tied up at its wharves. The policy of the railroad has been conciliatory and evasive rather than openly defiant, and in answer to a general outcry that vessels belonging to independent shippers were forced to lie in the stream because they could find no wharves, the company came forth with

what seemed to be a generous offer. This was to throw open nine of its hitherto closed piers for such vessels from or to foreign ports. Further, when the vessels took or discharged cargo passing in whole or part over Pennsy lines, there was to be no charge for wharfage unless the vessels remained after discharging or docked *awaiting cargo*. Other vessels were to pay wharfage at the rate of one cent per ton per day on net registered tonnage. Shipping interests were in a congratulatory mood until the "joker" in the arrangement became apparent.

In several instances part cargoes came into the port billed to Baltimore *via* Philadelphia. These were to have been transferred to coastwise boats and thus delivered to their destination. But when the lighters and boats came to the "open" piers of the Pennsy to take the freight from the foreign vessels discharging there, they were positively refused the privilege of such transfers. It was clear that the railroad did not propose to see freight that it could gobble diverted to water carriers, although the added railroad charges would so swell the freight cost for transferred cargoes as to make it prohibitive.

Instances also arose in which local concerns tried to remove cargoes by lighter from railway wharves to their own wharves at different parts of the harbor. This also was refused, and the freight had to be removed in drays and wagons at a far greater cost than would have been necessary by lighter. Yet even when the railway got the freight, it did not concern itself with expeditious handling. An instance of how it imposed barriers is the experience of the Sterlingworth Railway Supply Company, of Easton, Pa., which complained that it was forced, in one case alone, to divert a thousand tons of steel products to New York because the shipment could be delivered to the wharves in Philadelphia by belt line during only certain hours daily, and subject to wharfage charges. Likewise the Sun Oil Company, at Marcus Hook, near Philadelphia, loads oil on barges to Baltimore for foreign shipment, on account of high railroad freights and lack of facilities for big ships.

From time to time grain men of the city have complained of the inadequacy of facilities for handling grain, and have entreated the railway to erect modern elevators at the port. They point out that grain men all over the country know that to ship any large quantity through Philadelphia means chok-

ing the elevators, whereas the facilities at Baltimore attract to that port an ever-increasing bulk of grain consignments. Tentative promises of an effort at relief have been the result of these complaints. Meanwhile the railway has announced that it will erect a new elevator at Baltimore, of from one to two million bushels capacity, as the grain trade of that city requires.

In the meantime, because of "congestion and shortage," Philadelphia has been unable even to get sufficient cars for transportation of grain from Buffalo, and the consequence has been that vessels have been forced to leave her port without cargoes. On September 13th last, the Philadelphia Transatlantic Line steamship *Eastpoint* was forced to clear for London without grain and with short cargo. She was to have taken 100,000 bushels of wheat. On September 15th the steamship *Haverford* sailed short 75,000 bushels of grain, and a few days later the *Massachusetts*, of the Red Star Line, was forced to clear with short cargo. About this time the Atlantic Transport Line steamship *Maryland* took on part cargo of general freight for London, and then was forced to proceed to Baltimore to load up with grain.

What the Pennsylvania has done to the shipping interests of Philadelphia, she has duplicated in the handling of the transatlantic passenger service of the port. On August 27th last, Frank P. Sargent, Commissioner General of Immigration, came to Philadelphia to investigate conditions at Washington Avenue wharf, where passengers are handled. His action was due to the continued publication in foreign journals of letters from emigrants who had passed through Philadelphia, and who wrote home warning other intending emigrants to avoid the port because of deplorable conditions at the dock and the unpleasant experiences they would have to undergo. Mr. Sargent found that the building for the reception of passengers and the management were as bad as they had been painted, and undoubtedly caused discrimination in favor of Baltimore and Boston.

Railroad interests declare that commerce at Philadelphia has declined because of harbor conditions; agitators for betterment answer that harbor conditions are the direct outcome of the driving away of shipping by the railroad through the crippling of the wharves. They point out that only in a minor degree are conditions faulty, so far as

the harbor is concerned, and these are of easy remedy if a return of shipping made it pay.

Since 1885 the national Government has authorized appropriations for the completion of a deep waterway from Philadelphia to the sea, having a depth at low water of twenty-six feet. In the River and Harbor Act of 1889 Congress adopted a new project providing for a channel 600 feet wide and thirty feet deep, from Christian Street, Philadelphia, to deep water in Delaware Bay. At the time of the adoption of this measure the twenty-six-foot channel had been completed except in three small areas where the depth was not less than twenty-three feet. The estimated cost of the thirty-foot project was \$5,810,000. Up to the end of 1906, of the appropriations made, \$5,132,000 had been expended on the work. There are still about \$700,000 available from the national Government. Since 1802 the appropriations by the national Government, the city of Philadelphia, and the State of Pennsylvania, for improvement of the harbor, the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, aggregates \$17,565,101. Clearly it is not the character or condition of the channel that has driven ocean carriers to other ports.

Such shortcomings as exist are in and about the wharves which have been neglected because of disuse. These conditions are being largely rectified because of agitation under way and due to the unremitting efforts of James Pollock, the new harbor master recently appointed. He is not a politician, as were his predecessors, but a business man with the interests of the port at heart, and he has gone at the problem with enthusiasm. On a recent inspection, the first made by a Philadelphia harbor master in years, he discovered that the Schuylkill River was filled with waterlogged barges which had gone to decay through lack of commerce, that the wharves, especially those owned by the city, were falling to pieces, and that the river must be dredged to be made available for shipping above Point Breeze, at which point the Standard Oil Company refines and loads its products for foreign shipment. Mr. Pollock proved that the Schuylkill could be made available for shipping, and thus relieve the strain on the Delaware River wharves.

Although it is a Government offense, he discovered that tugs were in the habit of dumping ashes into the channel of the Delaware because they could not land at the corporation-controlled wharves to unload. Due to this is the fact that at twenty piers it

is impossible for fireboats to land at low water, although, as Mr. Pollock points out, fires do not always occur at high tide.

For several months past there has been going on a strenuous agitation in which the prime movers have been about a score of the trade organizations which represent practically the commercial interests of the city. Much has been done, but more remains; and this, even the most sanguine admit, depends upon the political backing that can be enlisted. As Mr. Potter pointed out, there are no wharves in the possession of the city that can be developed. He argues then "that every effort should be put forth, therefore, to obtain for the city from the Legislature the right to condemn and take property for the purpose of wharves and public buildings."

That this might be a possible solution was hoped during the time Mr. Potter was Director of Public Safety. Philadelphia had undergone one of its sporadic waves of political regeneration, and the Republican machine had apparently been given its death-blow. Mayor John Weaver, elected by the machine, had "repented"; and to show that he was for clean politics, had ousted the various "machine" directors, and in their place had appointed representative Philadelphians. From this the wave of reform spread until it seemed that the gang-ridden State was about to enter into a political elysium. But discontent entered the ranks of the reformers, and after a season of bickering and charges and recriminations, hurled one at the other, the Mayor recanted, and returning to the fold of his political sponsors, brought about the "resignation" of his reform directors. The result was that at the warmly campaigned elections of last November, city and State administered a crushing defeat to the reformers and elevated the machine back to its old-time unquestioned prestige. To this political dynasty, then, must Philadelphia look for the legislation that will restore her commercial prosperity.

How much may be expected from such a source may be judged from the fact that while Sheldon Potter was in office he placed in the hands of Mayor Weaver full reports of the condition of the wharves, pointing out the necessity to take advantage of violation of present leases so that the city might abrogate them where possible for its own advantage. He pointed out several instances which offered opportunities of this kind, and urged the Mayor to send recommendations

to Councils to this effect. No such recommendations were made, however, and it transpired that the information, instead of being reserved for ammunition in case of a fight, had been transmitted to the attorneys of the railroad to see if they had any "explanation" to offer. Indications do not warrant the expectation that "The Pennsy" will do anything voluntarily for the port. Unless the railroad intended to concentrate its energies on New York for all time, would it be spending a matter of \$200,000,000 for terminal facilities in that city?

Whether Philadelphia will be able to throw off the yoke of railroad domination and win back a moiety of the maritime commerce that is her due, time alone will tell. It seems unlikely that the effectual, fervent prayers of her representative citizens will avail much till in the natural course of events an awakened public sentiment throughout the localities affected shall shame her legislators into some show of local patriotism. It now seems almost incredible that New York should ever reach the limit of her capacity, but we must remember that, because of the vast area of our country, it has taken us longer to reach the period when we are preëminently concerned with foreign markets. Hitherto we have been kept busy meeting the demands of interior commerce, and so long as railroads offered a ready means of doing this, we have not questioned the niceties of economic distribution. But already questions of transportation that were never dreamed of a decade ago are beginning to present themselves.

The day cannot be so very far distant when the slightest shading of freight rates will be a factor in our competition with our foreign rivals in trade, and then the transshipment port farthest inland is bound to have its day. Whether this will be Philadelphia or Baltimore, cannot be foretold, but with the general attention of shippers and consumers focused on the problem, it will be difficult for "The Pennsy" to secure the exclusion of competing lines as it has done in the past.

Should Philadelphia break the political shackles which now render her powerless, should she secure adequate control of her wharves, and grant to the Gould system the entrance into the city which it has been seeking in vain for years, the Quaker City would again be in a position to get her fair share of the great movements of foreign traffic that are bound to sweep across the country from the West in the near future.



Drawn by C. D. Weldon.

"From his uplifted saber stood out, clear and sharp, the strangest flag that ever fluttered in the morning breeze."

THE YELLOW STREAK

BY GRANT WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WELDON



CAPTAIN HANK RUMBO, Indian fighter and war correspondent, sat on his heels on the safe side of a shell-shattered mud house beyond the Sha-Ho. I

busied myself blowing up a reluctant cane-stalk fire under our tea, using the jagged base of a twenty-centimeter shell as a brazier. It was near midnight of the fourth day of the battle, and as we devoured our pannikins of warmed-over rice curry and washed it down with steaming green tea, the long, ripping patter of rifle fire sounded faintly from the left, like tearing canvas. It was Oku's sleepless bloodhounds making another night attack.

Charge after charge had been made along the whole front, and time after time the brown men had been driven back. Twice the Russians had rushed the invaders out of positions taken hardly in night assaults. Forty thousand men were lost, and still the stubborn Slavs on the hills to the north, behind their miles of barbaric mantraps and barb-wire entanglements, held the Japanese.

By midnight the pathetic little tragedies from the firing line had ceased to drag their bleeding forms back to the dressing stations; so, having assisted in binding and splinting the last shattered leg and seen Surgeon Major Hirano, still in his bloody apron, fall exhausted and sleep among the silent wounded, we had turned to preparing our first meal since sunrise.

"Did you notice how the Siberian boys yelled and cried when they got theirs?" asked Captain Rumbo. "They are as emotional as German schoolgirls. But these wounded Japs! Holy smoke! as Calvin said when he burned the Reverend Mr. Servetus; did you

ever see anything like it? They lie here and chew a shrapnel bullet or grip a cane stalk till they rip it to pieces in their agony, while the surgeon dresses smashed legs and arms, but nary a groan nor a howl from one of the hundreds we have tied up. Talk about nerve!"

"If they had less nerve and more nerves," I said, "they wouldn't keep Mr. Kuropatkin making 'strategic movements to the rear.' As a matter of fact, I believe the Jap has only a rudimentary nervous system—like the jellyfish. He doesn't really feel pain."

"Well, then," said Rumbo, "it's no wonder they express no emotions of hate or love or patriotism. They have no such emotions. They are cold, polished pieces of machinery."

"But what better food does one want for powder in a modern long-range battle?" I asked. "Nowadays, when soldiers kill each other at a distance of five miles, thinking men, afire with dare-devil courage, aren't half so useful as brainless steam engines in breeches."

"I'll admit their nerve and obedience, but not their grit," said the captain, "and I'll tell you this: the Oriental, as an individual, has nothing comparable with our Western devil-may-care grit and that quiet, inherent courage which doesn't depend on outward stimulus, and what is worse, you'll find nary a one of 'em who hasn't a yellow streak in him; and the Jap is no exception. Not only that, but strip him of his fanaticism and get him into a corner where pluck and initiative and manhood are demanded, and your yellow-brown man is yellow clear through—all but his liver, and that's white."

I laughed. Recalling the two desperate charges in which Rumbo and I had participated that very day, when one fourth of a

whole division had been shot up and cut to pieces, the idea of the white liver in a setting of yellow streaks struck me as distinctly humorous. I reminded him of the fact that the Japanese had won seven desperate battles in succession without losing a trick, and that invariably they had fought in the open, while the enemy had been sheltered by trenches, redoubts, and every device known to modern engineering science.

"You've gone loco," I concluded. "Don't you remember how Colonel Watanabe Usa, of the Third Division, this afternoon, leading his men against Lone Pine Hill, chopped through the wire entanglements with his saber, and raced with those laughing devils of his up the hill? You saw him leap into the trench and with his own hand kill the two Russian officers at the machine gun. Where was the 'yellow streak' in that little imp o' darkness?"

Captain Rumbo smiled at me, easily, over the top of his tin of tea.

"Imp o' darkness' is good," he agreed, "and it would be imp-o-lite-ness for me to deny that the Jap soldier generally arrives. The only way to lick him is to kill him. He doesn't fear death. He invites it, rather; and he is disappointed if he doesn't get it. But I don't call that bravery—not the good old American brand, anyway. This Colonel Watanabe is no better and no worse than the rest of the Emperor's chattels. He did what every American admires—he got there; and I took off my hat and yelled 'Banzai!' with the rest, when our crowd got the Roosky moujiks on the jump. All the same, I say that, at heart, Colonel Watanabe Usa is a coward!"

I crumpled up a handful of green makharka leaves taken from a dead Cossack's haversack, filled two pipes, and handed one to Rumbo before replying.

"Pardon the suggestion," I said, "but I think you need to smoke a new brand. Try this."

Over the tiny camp fires glowing in our pipe bowls we gazed through smoke rings across the night-shrouded battlefield, held long in confidential wakefulness by the double brother-bond of battle and nicotine. Occasional shells from the red-winking Russian guns whoomed overhead and searched the cane beyond, or, burrowing into our hillside, went skyward in fan-shaped sheets of flame and sparks, the deafening detonations provoking drowsy curses from the infantrymen sleeping among the rocks.

"So you don't think the average Jap is a

physical and moral coward?" he asked at last.

"Quien sabe?" I replied. "I admit that he is a bundle of contradictions, and that measured by American standards he is a bedlamite, straight from Topsy-Turvy Land. He may be a Chesterfield and a cheerful liar one minute, and a Red Indian the next—a sycophant and a welcher to-day, and a Napoleon to-morrow. Anyway, like Kansas dust, he is bound to be a good deal in the public eye, and he will bear watching. We Westerners have been taught to regard the little Jap as an amusing and precocious child, given to obstructing sidewalk traffic with his polite contests in kowtowing, to suspending from the branches of the cherry tree his dainty poems addressed to his friends, and to dawdling for hours over the ceremonial tea; and when we see him under the tent flap, bowing and laughing and playing checkers, he seems a velvet-pawed kitten in khaki; and yet you and I have seen him in battle ramping, raging tiger, greedy of Slav bayonets, and afterwards dragging himself to the field hospital, shot to rags, unwhimpering, a mere bullhide wrapped round a will. We never know a character until we have seen it put to the test under stress—least of all the combination of Sphinx and Janus known as the Japanese. So studied, the embattled brown boy strikes me as a strange compound of Little Lord Fauntleroy, Peter the Hermit, and Sitting Bull—child, fanatic, and emotionless savage, all in one. The 'yellow streak' in him possibly may be more than skin deep. All the same, with two millions of such 'cowards,' the Mikado could clean out the whole Christian world."

Rumbo refilled his pipe thoughtfully.

"That's right," he said, "but if you want to continue to believe in your heroes, keep them always at telescopic distances—and let motives alone. To illustrate—and as a sample of a dwelling house to a buyer, one brick is as good as a hodful: This Colonel Usa who chopped his way to glory to-day before our admiring eyes used to be my cook and body servant; and I reckon it holds that no valet is ever a hero to his master. Well, from the time we went on board the transport at Tampa, bound for Santiago—I was then a lieutenant with the Rough Riders—this Watanabe Usa began accumulating a record as a quitter. Before we reached Cuba, he had picked a row with a fat darky pot-wrestler named Smoky Joe. After they had agreed to fight it out in

the messroom, jiu-jits' against catch-as-catch-can, Usa swelled up to the surgeon and cautioned him not to butt in with any attempts at resuscitating the negro after he had got done toying with him, for he knew how to revive vanquished opponents with some hocus-pocus twist of the wrist. But there seemed to be something wrong with the science of jiu-jits' that day, for after about three seconds the dust cleared away and we saw the Jap on his back yelling 'Enough!' with Smoky Joe sitting on his stomach. Usa complained that the darky's tactics had been unfair and not in accordance with the ancestral traditions and usages of jiu-jits'.

"In camp, Watanabe was frequently absent when needed, and I found him several times making notes and sketches of the artillery, infantry, and commissary equipment. Afterwards I discovered that he had sent to the General Staff in Tokyo a report of about four hundred and fifty pages, giving detailed descriptions and sketches of everything in Shafter's army down to a collapsible frying pan and our Arizona saddle bags. Great is the secret service of the Japanese army! Usa was one of its sponges, sent out to absorb things, and I judge he did it to the Emperor's taste. But I noticed that when we got into a scrimmage at Las Guasimas, Usa fairly burned the road getting to the rear; and at the San Juan Hill incident, his legs again ran away with him and he hid under a pile of bake ovens till a mule skinner dragged him out. He excused himself politely by saying that he was more valuable to me as a live cook than as a dead hero, which wasn't such very bad pidgin, after all.

"Well, after that little brown doughnut had been in my service in Cuba and New Mexico for two years, my regiment was stationed at the Presidio by the Golden Gate, and I put him into the University of California. I figured that by that time he must have imbibed the American spirit and slipped the leash of the Unchanging East—but listen: Crabapples don't change to sweet pippins in a year, and not even the college spirit can make a sieve of the armor-clad mentality of the Jap. He absorbed from books like a sponge in a well, but when it came to measuring up to the Anglo-Saxon standard of manhood, his three thousand years of tradition were against him. He had the modern mentality in mediæval swaddling clothes. This young Oriental, with two other Jap freshmen, got mixed up in the annual cane-

rush on the ball ground. Two hundred sophomores, carrying ropes for tying up the opposition, charged three hundred freshies, similarly armed. The battle was one which called for all there is of inflexible Western grit. It lasted two hours and resulted in nearly all the freshmen being overpowered, bound hand and foot, rolled into the bushes among the live oaks, and left to languish in painful seclusion till morning. But long before this a few of the freshies had shown the yellow streak; and the first to cut and run was Watanabe Usa. He hid behind the baseball backstop, where half a dozen soph girls, for the fun of the thing, rounded him up, roped him, and hauled him, hissing and clawing like a cat, to a tree, where they tied him fast. The other Jap boys paused on their way to the tall chaparral and untied him. Then all three climbed the tree, where the girls made caustic comments to them concerning the twine strings which they inferred did service for Japanese backbones, and referred to them impartially as 'Skippy Usa' and 'Timid Annie Benjomoto' and 'Little Skiddoo.' Then the California girls rounded up a speckled calf, tied it to the base of the tree, and dared the three Japs to come down and get butted to death. Well, those animated air pumps sat up in the treetop till morning, hissing and grinning and apologizing for being alive, while the fight went on, and giving an illustration of how to be polite though uncomfortable. The next day Usa went to the faculty and squealed on his classmates, not omitting even the girls.

"A month later this same Usa passed up the chance of his life to make good as a moral hero. One night after a 'beer bust,' half a dozen college boys, feeling in a mood for breaking the inglorious monotony which cursed their existence, corralled a long-eared burro, blindfolded it with the blue and gold varsity colors, and carried it up six flights of stairs to the belfry on top of North Hall. Post-eventual wisdom had taught Usa to make a bluff at concealing the saffron streak; so he became a willing satellite to Gaskey, the quarterback, and it was Usa who sketched a portrait of the president of the varsity, with extra long ears, and tied it to the burro's tail.

"The next morning, after old 'Jimmy de Bug,' the janitor, had strained his biceps vainly trying to induce the bell to clang, the burro was discovered tethered to the clapper. He had been choked to death by the bell rope. The faculty tumbled out and there was a

great howl, but none of the students could be induced to take the beast down again, for that they thought would be a confession of complicity; so it resulted in seven dignified professors assisting the janitor to carry the defunct jackass downstairs, to the admiring acclaim of fifteen hundred students. That morning the boys were all lined up on the parade ground—you remember there is no chapel for such gatherings—and the culprits were called on to step forth. Of course, nobody budged. Then the names of five suspects were read. They happened to be innocent men, but they kept mum. But Gaskey and his assistants in the burro episode, having too much manhood to permit the wrong men to be punished, promptly stepped forth and owned up, and were suspended on the spot. What did Usa-san do? Did he stand forth likewise and take his medicine? Not a bit of it. That isn't the Jap nature. Usa couldn't hide the yellow streak. He went white around the gills and stood tight, and nobody ever knew that he was one of the culprits. Do you call that American back-bone?

"Just another instance, and the prosecution will rest the case. You remember when the excursion boat *Tamalpais*, crowded to the ropes with Christian Endeavorers, bound from San Francisco to Tiburon, ran aground in a fog on Red Rock, east of Fort Alcatraz? Eight people were drowned, and if it hadn't been for the grit of a dozen American soldiers and a few other white men who stood off the Japs and Frenchmen who were trampling the women and children to death, in a mad scramble for the boats, hundreds would have gone down. At that time Usa-san was a Christian Sunday-school boy—purely for diplomatic reasons, I suspect, because I notice now that he wears the ikon of Kwannon-sama, the Buddhist god image, for protection from bullets. What did that son of the Samurai do? Talk about the impassivity of the Japs! Why, he went plumb loco that day—he and a dozen other Jap students with him. They flung women and children aside, trampled on them on the companionway, and tore the life-preservers out of their hands. The mate knocked Usa down, and we rounded up the crazy foreigners long enough to get the women and children off first. Usa whimpered like a puppy, and in disgust the officers flung him into a lifeboat with the women. That's the last I saw of Mr. Usa until we ran into him last month at Oku's headquarters below

Kaiping, wearing the stars of a colonel of the Imperial Army."

It was now past midnight, and most of the Russian gunners, wearied by four days and nights of the insane fever of battle, had ceased to fire into the dark "on suspicion." Only now and then the red flare and stentorian voice of a fifteen-pound shrapnel breaking above the thatched roof caused the rats in the shell-torn mud house at our backs to scamper squealing up the dusty cross-beams. The Japanese artillerymen, having been taught in Europe never to fire on a mere landscape, slept in the cold rain.

Inside the Manchu hut the tired surgeons were dozing on the dirt floor among the uncomplaining wounded. Finding a vacant spot at the side of a native kadan, or mud divan, under a sputtering bean-oil lamp, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and were soon asleep.

Half an hour before dawn a boyish sub-lieutenant, shot through the shoulder, shook me gently and apologized for disturbing us.

"Pretty soon, on the Round-Top hill," he announced, "will be issun no jigoku—hell in the space of an inch. It might be so you like go take a look—see?"

We would. Taking a few long pulls at the canteens of cold tea pressed on us by half a dozen wounded and grinning boys lying near, we double-quickened out of the compound, munching compressed chocolate as we ran.

It was very dark. The stars had been extinguished by a fine drizzle. At the base of the hill we heard the many-footed tramp of little bronze sphinxes, shifting and winding through the aisles of the dripping cane, whole battalions invisible ten yards away. We fell in at the side of two subalterns.

"Ohayo!" said Rumbo, giving the morning salutation in a big, cheerful voice.

"S-s-sh-h!" whispered a lieutenant, slipping between us, adding under his breath: "To speak much big is not. It is one attack of surprise. The hill yonder failed to let us capture eet at midnight, as arranged previously. Eet ees the key to Ti Li pass. Oyama-gensui [the Field Marshal] much needs eet. So now we must not fail. Our scouts he are to crawl upon the Rokoku [Russian] outposts with bayonet in hand, and then—Sp-l-k!" He clucked and drew his hand suggestively across my throat.

We made no answer. For five minutes the column crept forward, churning the slush

with weary feet. We halted and for ten minutes more squatted in silence under the thick, wet bosage.

Suddenly a rifle spoke far in front. Then other shots ransacked the cane around us. The men sprang to their feet and each section of seventy, under the direction of a lieutenant, deployed to the left or right and sifted out of the cane. Wearing their long blue overcoats, with cowl-like hoods over their heads, and carrying their bayoneted guns at the trail, they swarmed into the swale between the hills, tramping toward Uncertainty and the Cimmerian night; and the fight for the pass was on again.

The two battalions of seisentai, or picked troops, run crouching across the dip, through the breaches in the barb-wire entanglements cut by the engineers the night before. At every step now we stumble over men stretched in stony paleness—victims of the repeated assaults of two days and nights. The hilltop, standing black against the sky, shows a line of yellow spots twinkling through the rain like swarms of fireflies. On all sides come the cold, steely whiffs of pencil-like bullets, faster and faster, with angry, humming "t-zee-ah!" The men of the Imperial Thirty-fourth Regiment, waited on by scarcity and rain and sleeplessness, enough to make cowards of Spartans, flood round the redoubt, multitudinous, without an answering shot. The night bristles with knife bayonets. The foremost men spring into relief against the skyline of the black summit. Other dark forms swarm behind them. The roar of rifle shots dwindles into sputters, while steel clinks against steel, and curses and wild screams fill the air. The giants from Riga and Cracow stand firm—cowed Necessity withstanding the shock of fatalistic Duty. Above the wire entanglements Captain Rumbo and I drop behind convenient bowlders. For ten minutes the awful death dance of mutual assassination above us goes on. Louder grows the roar round that ring of outer limbo. The rain clouds drag their smudge away toward the Gobi Desert, and slowly the yellowing dawn reaches up out of the east. The ripping sound of shots, the thud of blows, and inarticulate cries as of madmen grow nearer. Suddenly Rumbo grips my arm.

"Good God! They are being driven back. The Russians are countering!" he cries.

Thrusting, grunting, falling in confused death grapple, the Japanese fighters are slowly forced down the hill—slowly, because

they come down backward. Masses of big fellows in tilted caps and huge overcoats swarm after them, thrusting, clubbing, firing into their faces. In a moment we shall be in the arena of death, swallowed up in the ruck of struggling men. But General Ogawa has another card up his sleeve.

With loud banzais, a fresh battalion of supports charges through the wires, past us. The new men plunge into the thick of the fight. At their head is a lean little officer, waving a saber. He turns at my side to yell the order, "Soin, mae e!" (At them, men!) "For the Emperor!"

"By all the gods, it's Colonel Usa," cries Rumbo. "Look at that! He's got the Russians on the jump!"

In the growing light we could see the enemy swarming back up the hill, the Japanese bayonet men hard at their heels. In another minute loud banzais from the summit told that the hill was won. The Russians, running like sheep, dropped into trenches in the pass below the hill, prepared to dispute Oku's further advance. The Japanese, sheltered in their hill redoubts, poured an incessant rifle fire into the enemy's new position.

Lighting our pipes, Captain Rumbo and I hugged our knees behind our bowlder and awaited developments. He seemed in the mood still to philosophize on his favorite theme. He pulled at his pipe in silence for a moment, listening to the volleys that swept, a devil's besom, down the opposite side of the hill, and to the whiz of the answering shots of the Czar's stubborn moujiks. Then, stretching himself, he waved his pipe in the direction of the mountain boys swarming in the death-choked trenches on the hilltop.

"Nothing," he said, raising his voice so as to be heard above the rifle crashes, "is so invincible as Ignorance with a gun in its hands—unless it is Fanaticism similarly equipped, and yonder you see an ideal combination of the two. Of course they'll win! Their generals ransacked all the military colleges and crack armies of Europe and America for modern war methods, and their recruiting sergeants blew their trumpets before the huts of poor backwoods yokels who permit their leaders to do their thinking for them, and yonder fatalistic members of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Ancestor Worshipers are the world beaters who responded."

I acknowledged that in conducting the

affairs of Japan a few enlightened men are the Nation, and that God and the common people are not consulted, and called his attention to the fact that in riding into Liao Yang, after Kuroki's fluke, I found the members of the Emperor's pet division, the red-capped Imperial Guardsmen, being put on police duty as a punishment for their unsoldierly conduct in their disastrous flanking movement.

"Not only this," I continued, "but, do you know, those Red Caps were ruined by education? They were free-thinking Tokyo counter-jumpers and members of the shoji student class—men who had learned to ask why; and mark me, when an Oriental soldier begins to think, it is all off with him. Thought models the world like soft clay, and when all men think, scientific butchery for settling moral questions will become a lost art. It requires ceremony and tradition and religious fervor to wrench awe and unquestioning service from sons of the East. Would you have Oriental soldiers invincible as the spirits of the gods? Would you see miracles of enthusiastic heroism and self-sacrifice? Then put unlettered fatalists into uniforms, fill them with the belief that the Son of Heaven is their commander, and turn their noses toward the enemy's redoubts, and not till the last of the inspired blockheads lies a festering blood clot will they know defeat. Possibly this fact may throw some light on the contradictory elements in the character of the Jap soldier, including your friend Usa."

We listened awhile to the incessant staccato of rifles.

"I reckon you're nosing close to the right trail," Rumbo finally agreed. "When you come to think of it, there is a kind of bravery which is the result of cowardice and dread of the afterclap, when men fear their officers and are ashamed to run in the presence of their comrades. That's the Russian kind. There is another sort which arises from sheer grit and a desire to get there, regardless of orders. That's the American product. And then there's the other kind which is due to fatalism—religious fervor—fanaticism, as you please. That is the Jap variety. The brown man is by nature a coward until the Emperor, who is a god to him, lifts his finger. Then we find that his civilization is only a wrappage, through which the savage bursts, terrible as the Huns of Attila. He believes that those who die at the Mikado's command occupy

front seats in Paradise. He is a victim of obsession—of age-long hypnotic suggestion. His monomania arises from a blood clot on the brain, the size and shape of the Royal Seal. These brothers to bull calves are tethered to the superstitions of a barbarous past. The cobwebs and charnel dust of heredity and Bushido teaching cover their mental skylights. When these are swept clear, as they surely will be, mark me, the Mikado's footstools will be no more invincible than the South American muchachos. At present their fanaticism bridges the gulf of death. Their 'bravery' is not the calm, interior, self-reliant grit of our Western plainsmen, but the madness of the Mahdi's Arab legions. The 'yellow peril'? There'll be no great yellow peril so long as the Orientals retain their saffron streak, and that will remain until their ancestor worship and Emperor worship and their national habit of lying politely to all the world, including themselves, are replaced by thought and individual initiative and moral perpendicularity."

We rose from our cramped position and gazed on the hillside above and below us, dotted with contorted forms lying thick as flies in November.

"Look at those hundreds of dead and wounded," he went on. "Ten to one, the survivors up there are fanning themselves and apologizing because they have not had the happiness to be punched full of holes. Japan's whole army looks to me like a huge suicide club. Nippon has one of two destinies: Either she will commit national hara-kiri, disemboweling herself, or she will become the drum major of Asiatic nations; for when a nation has been bitten by the basilisk Ambition, 'death or dominion' is her motto—"

A winding whine above our heads cut short his words; and immediately, plump down out of its cloud chariot, between us and the hilltop, landed a long steel tube, blowing heavenward in orange-colored fury. Five others followed in quick succession, some of them striking higher, among the Japanese soldiers, others blowing mud and gravel over us. Curved shell fragments came skittering and turning flip-flaps past us. Then the heavens were filled with the "schlee-e-oo-ah!" of projectiles, hissing like red-hot steel dropped in water, and our hilltop became a hundred-throated crater. Shrapnel shells, popping spitefully, high in the air, rained death on the summit. Captain Rumbo craned his neck back toward the gray patchwork of cane fields in the rear, where three hundred Arisaka

fieldpieces were masked behind piles of kaling cane. The Arisaka wolves, in groups of six, were howling and spitting jets of flame in our direction.

"Good God!" he cried, "the Japanese are shelling their own men!"

Faster and faster came the metallic screams and the splitting crashes. Up along the ring dial of the hill pandemonium reigned. Men hugged the bottoms of the gory sand pits, wedging themselves in between dead Russians, vainly seeking shelter from the iron blows of their blundering brothers.

The rising sun revealed a score of men leaping out of the trench and running wildly about the hillside. They zigzagged, crossed each other's paths, and bent over the dead as though searching distractedly for something. What could it mean? An officer and two men ran toward us, searching among the fallen. We could hear them crying out and panting. Shells howled overhead, like screaming hags of destruction. Then, almost at their feet, like a bolt out of the blue, dropped a man-devouring steel dragon. It blew up with a deafening roar, scattering mud over our sheltering rocks. When we looked again, the two men lay prone, flailing the ground with their heels. The officer was crawling toward us, coughing and gasping. He dropped at our sides, his red hands gripped at his throat convulsively. We turned him over. It was Colonel Usa!

Two small crimson jets were spurting from a jagged gash in his neck. Hastily Rumbo removed a first-aid bandage from Usa's forehead. We pressed absorbent cotton into the wound and bound up the throat. For a moment he lay unconscious. Then the hell's chorus of blaring shells galvanized him into action. He sat up and flung a despairing hand toward the bellowing artillery.

"Hata! Hata, arimasen!" he gasped.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The flag!" he cried, through bloody lips.

"Color bearer lost— We not have signal flag—to stop this red murder! The Russ—the Russ—! In five minutes they will be back—all will be lost!"

"Hui!" he cried, suddenly clutching his head. A strange light shone from his eyes. Feverishly rummaging in the net slung under his arm, he drew out a long roll of white linen. Unrolling it, he hastily spread on the sand a spotless towel, wide and long, and embroidered around the edges in silk with lavender wistaria blossoms.

He turned a swift gaze first toward the blundering cannon and then toward the hilltop which the swarms of steel whistling over our heads were churning into chaos. The flame of the martyr soul blazed from his eyes. Unhooking his blouse, he drew forth a bronze ikon bearing an image of Kwannon-sama, the Lord Buddha, and pressed it to his forehead. Then with a swift movement he wrenched the blood-empurpled bandage from his neck and pulled the compress loose. Two gouts of blood, gushing forth, splattered over my boots. He began dabbing his ragged wound with the absorbent cotton until it was soaked with the crimson flood. Rumbo gripped his arm.

"Man, do you want to bleed to death?" he shouted.

Usa seized his saber and pressed the point hard against the belt of the American. "Back!" he cried, "or I'll rip you in two!"

We drew back and gazed in awe at the ghastly spectacle of the dying Japanese officer kneeling over the sheet of linen. With the roll of cotton drenched in his life blood he began making strange marks, as with a brush, on the broad towel. In the center he painted a crimson disk the size of one's head. Again and again sopping up the arterial stream, he drew sixteen stripes radiating in all directions from the disk to the margin.

It was the Imperial banner of Japan, painted in his own blood!

He thrust his saber through two of the corners and lifted up the cloth. Rising with it and stumbling weakly, he charged up the hill. He leaped drunkenly over the heaps of dead. We heard him cry out, "For the Emperor—banzai!"

A moment more and he stood on the ramparts of the scarped hilltop, amid bursting shells, half hidden in the smother of salt-peter. His arms, extended above his head, were jerking and furling in the air. From his uplifted saber stood out, clear and sharp, the strangest flag that ever fluttered in the morning breeze—the Rising Sun banner of Dai Nippon. Another moment—and his gory oriflamme had stilled the clangor of that long line of fratricidal guns. We saw the flag flutter to the ground. Usa fell forward, his mouth in the dirt. In the strange silence that followed, Captain Rumbo looked hard into my face, puffing with drawn lips at a cold pipe.

"The damned little cuss! White clear through!" he said.

EASY MONEY BY MAIL

BY ALBERT EDWARD ULLMAN



It would be futile to attempt to estimate the amount of money that is annually contributed to the "get-rich-quick" schemes, high and low, large and small, that are perpetually thrusting their allurements upon the confiding public. From farms and plantations, villages and cities, the pluckings are drawn into the swindlers' hands, thanks to cheap publicity and the United States mail. The bucket shop, the wildcat mine, the tropical plantation, and a multitude of other variants of investment charlatanry that maintain some of the forms of legitimacy are conspicuous enough, and well enough identified and exploited.

But in addition to the vast sums filched from the thrifty by uncaught scoundrels, there are other millions taken from the almost empty pockets of the poor. Some of the schemers use the same old offer of something for nothing, and their dupes yield to the cries of the barkers and are numbered among the sadder and wiser thousands. Again, they pose as philanthropic employers trying to induce you to do a little light work for a princely wage, and if you fail to become entangled in this variety of web you will receive more conservative offers of fairly good salaries for a fair amount of work. But always a dollar or two of the applicant's little fund is required as a measure of good faith.

Some of these schemes fall under the ban of the federal statutes prohibiting the use of the mails for purposes of fraud, while others preserve the forms of propriety and keep within the law. It is upon the former group that the penalty of the Post Office "fraud order" falls, when attention is drawn to a culprit. But the force of Post Office inspectors is inadequate and the punishments are light, so that the swindler feels a minimum risk of conviction and punishment.

The Post Office Department has the right to issue a "fraud order" at will when the fraudulent nature of an affair is proven, and the last report of Postmaster-General Cortelyou contains a remarkable *résumé* of the benefits conferred upon the public by the vigorous exercise of this power. In the two years ending with June 30, 1906, the Post Office Department issued 630 fraud orders, which was seventy-one more than were issued in the preceding four years.

During the last session of Congress, the fraud order became the subject of discussion, by virtue of an effort to reduce its potency as an executive measure, and substitute judicial proceedings for departmental action. The Department pointed out that the effect of this would be to throw out all the moral, but not technically legal, evidence gathered by the Post Office inspectors. Thus, a fraud asking for your money, and promising you extravagant results some years in the future, would have the liberty of conducting the swindle until that period had elapsed and the Department could prove that it had not lived up to its promises. The bill died with the end of the session.

The line between "fraud," "sharp practice," "smartness," "good business," and "legitimate business methods" is a difficult one for some to trace. It is to be presumed that the enterprises which do not bring down upon themselves the application of the fraud order are not frauds; but with this admitted, it is still not without interest to observe the intricate and astute methods utilized to draw money in small sums from a multitude of people.

Imagine that you are a hard-working man with a large family, earning a wage that barely supports your household. You would like to discover some means by which you could make a few dollars extra each week. Your regular employment occupies your day-

time, but the evenings might help to relieve your burdens. Your thought naturally drifts to the "want" columns, where "business opportunities" are arrayed in great variety.

Among the advertisements you observe the following:

\$7 per 100 collecting names. Book holding three hundred names and instructions 10c.
AMERICAN DIRECTORY CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This sounds reasonable, and a hundred names should not be difficult to collect in the unoccupied moments of the evenings. So you write, inclosing the ten cents, and in reply come the following instructions, accompanied by a small blank book with spaces for 300 names and addresses:

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR COLLECTING NAMES

\$7 per 100 made collecting names. Book and instructions 10c.
AMERICAN DIRECTORY CO., B'klyn, N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your reply to the above or a similar advertisement has been received by us. Our method of collecting these names is as follows: We publish a MAIL LIST OF AGENTS' DIRECTORY. This list is used by the leading publishers and novelty dealers in the United States to mail agent's propositions, Catalogues, Papers, etc., thereto. Persons having their names inserted in this list will receive Papers, Catalogues, Circulars, and useful articles free of charge, and the cost is only 10c. Our collectors charge 10c. for each name to be published therein. In remitting to us they keep 7c. off for their pay.

Look around among your friends. You can find dozens who will invest a dime, and they will receive a large mail in return. Write your name on the slip below, cut it off and let your friend read it. We can furnish you a rubber stamp to print your name for 30c. postpaid, with pad and ink.

THREE PARTIES CONCERNED IN THIS BUSINESS

They are the collector, the subscriber, and the publisher, and this business is mutually beneficial to each party, thus: The collector receives a large commission for collecting, the subscriber receives an abundance of mail matter, and we, as publishers, gain the usual profit in the printing business. We send you herewith a blank book holding 300 names. You can return it any time, whether it contains 300 names or less, remitting us 3c. for each name collected. If you cannot collect names now, please preserve the blank book, and if you can find time in the future we will be glad to receive names from you at any time. Others are sending us names right along and report the work easy, and it is profitable. Many of our collectors employ sub-collectors, paying them 4c. for each name. Do not enter the name of any person free. Always collect 10c. for every name. Remember this. Every person whose name you send us with 3c. gets a big package of Circulars,

Catalogues, etc., by return mail and they keep on coming for months after their name has been published in our Directory. Go to work and see what you can do.

Yours for business,
AMERICAN DIRECTORY CO.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

You look at the empty blank book and begin to reflect. You have paid ten cents for an article worth half a cent. It is perfectly plain how this has proved beneficial to one of the parties. Next you are to collect names—a salable commodity—which you hand over to the publisher of this mailing list, with \$3 bonus. He promptly sells his list to various manufacturing, novelty, and cheap publishing concerns, thereby drawing down a third profit. In other words, you pay him \$3 a hundred for a commodity that he would be glad to buy from you. Whether you get ten cents a name from your subscribers or not is none of his concern.

Accompanying the directions comes a batch of samples—the sort of literature the subscriber may be expected to receive for the privilege of paying ten cents and surrendering his name. A book on health and disease, or rather a prospectus or leaflet of one, published by the American Book Agency, Brooklyn, N. Y., the price, \$1. The same agency in more colored leaflets offers to sell you "500 Successful Money-Making Formulas and Trade Secrets" for twenty-five cents; a "Reliable Coin and Stamp Value Book" for ten cents; and "5 Great Money-Making Schemes" for the same trifling sum. That is all the American Book Agency offers you, but now on a green paper slip the American Agency, also in Brooklyn, puts before you the "Name Dealer," a guide to the selling of lists of names—you can have this for a silver dime. It likewise offers you a packet of "Cupid's Sachet Perfume," the odor of which "it is almost impossible to wash away!" The name of the American Mailing Agency of Brooklyn is on another strip of paper. Thus you have received printed matter from the American Agency, the American Book Agency, and the American Mailing Agency—all in Brooklyn, from the American Directory Company, of the same place. In this same Brooklyn also the *Progressive Monthly* offers you a three months' subscription. It begins to look rather like a fourth profit—does it not?—and your share of the "mutual benefit" seems to grow smaller the nearer you get to it.

Perhaps you are still uncertain. Well, hold on. Down in one corner of the envelope is this, printed on a little pink slip:

YOU CAN EASILY MAKE \$50 per 1,000. Pasting up small gummed stickers. Positively no further work whatever. It's new and a sure winner. Send fifteen one-cent stamps to start at once. For name of company that furnishes stickers and full instructions. Address, American Novelty Co., Parkville, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This new offer may have something in it. So you send fifteen cents. Now you open the return mail to see how "you can easily make" that fifty.

You get no reply from the American Novelty Company, but in a few days a communication arrives from the Waverly Brown System, of Merrick, Mass., with a circular explaining the "gummed sticker" plan. It is headed with a statement that the Waverly Brown concern is the largest mail-order house of its kind in the world, with over two hundred coöperative companies, and possessing a cable address. Here is the "sticker" idea for getting money as set forth:

Attached to this circular you will find a Gummed Label, and on it you will see the nature of the article advertised and our attractive method of selling it. It is the only article of its kind on the market that is sold on this plan. It is estimated that more people are in actual need of this article than any other known to mankind. There is ALWAYS a demand for it. Now, all you need is some stickers like this with your firm name on them. Select any name you choose, such as the "Star Mfg. Co.," "Brown Mfg. Co.," "Home Mail Order Co.," or any name you may desire. All orders will come direct to YOU and you keep the money from the first order and send us the order to fill direct to your customer. **HALF OF ALL THE MONEY THAT COMES IN IS YOURS** and the other half is OURS. Now add your name and address (firm name) to attached sticker and address to the 20th Century Adv'g Agency, Springfield, Mass., and have them print you 1,000 stickers at \$1.50 per 1,000. When you get the stickers paste one in the closets of every Saloon, Hotel, Barber Shop, Depot and other public places.

1,000 STICKERS ARE THE SAME TO YOU AS 1,000 AGENTS WORKING FOR YOU AND THESE AGENTS NEVER SLEEP but keep pulling orders for you for years. They would bring you in many DOLLARS before they would have to be replaced. The number of orders you will get will depend ENTIRELY on the NUMBER of Stickers you paste up. Remember this also, that if 1,000 STICKERS WOULD BRING YOU IN \$500.00, THEN 20,000 WILL BRING YOU IN \$10,000. Not bad for the small amount you spend for stickers, is it???

MANY MEN AND FIRMS WOULD CHARGE YOU FROM \$5.00 to \$10.00 FOR THE ABOVE PLAN that we give you for a mere trifle. Try and

appreciate this by giving the business the trial it justly merits. It's NOW "UP TO YOU." Are you with us??? If so, SEND US \$1.50 AND LET US PLACE YOUR FIRST ORDER WITH THE LABEL COMPANY FOR 1,000 STICKERS.

WAVERLY BROWN SYSTEM,
Merrick, Mass.

The articles offered for sale by the sample "stickers" make it improper to quote them here.

Now is not this an easy way of making \$50? Surprising you never thought of it before. Thus far you have paid the American Directory Company ten cents for a half-cent blank book and an offer to accept names from you for a mailing list, accompanied by three cents each; fifteen cents to the American Novelty Company to discover how "you can easily make \$50 per thousand, pasting up small gummed stickers," which brings you an offer to sell you the "stickers" at \$1.50 per thousand, and if you receive any orders for the thing advertised to share the money with you. With this last advertising matter you find a slip of the Twentieth Century Advertising Agency, offering you the same inducement to secure names for a big mailing list that the American Directory Company took your ten cents for. Thus one circle is completed, and your effort to make some extra money has ended where it began.

WRITING POSTAL CARDS AT HOME

It would appear that a chance to earn money after work hours, in the comfort of your own room, merely by writing postal cards, would be a lucky opportunity, and you feel fortunate indeed when among a column of advertisements you happen upon this:

\$20 a week made by writing postals at home during spare hours. 10c. for particulars. Eastern Brokerage Company, P. O. Box 365, Montreal, Can.

You send ten cents and receive in reply the following information printed on cheap paper and addressed to you in lead pencil:

DEAR FRIEND:

Your remittance received for which we send you two of best formulas yet invented and each worth more than a dollar.

EXCELSIOR BEAUTY CREAM

Mix; 1 oz each, Borax, Glycerine, Tincture Benzoin, 10 oz Rose Water, with enough boiled water to make one quart. Directions: Apply to hands, face or body as often as desired, a very small quantity usually suffices, rubbing well until dry.

PEERLESS PAIN KILLER.

Mix; 2 oz Spirits of Camphor, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Tincture Guaiacum, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Tincture Myrrh, 4 oz Grain Alcohol, with enough boiled water to make one quart. Directions: External, Apply to part rubbing well in. Saturate flannel and tie over affected portion. Internal, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass water twice a day cures internal pain.

I also send you free, full details, copy of postal, etc., of the greatest money-making scheme ever invented netting anyone \$100.00 a month if properly coached. Here it is.

THE SCHEME POSTAL CARDS, THAT'S ALL.

Buy as many postal cards as you can afford, 25 will start you. On each write or have printed the following:—

DEAR FRIEND; One hundred dollars a month simply mailing postal cards from your own home in leisure hours, nothing to sell or buy: No Medical, Toilet, Book or Coupon Scheme. Perfectly honest and legitimate. I will send you full details if you will send me 25 cents for two formulas each worth a dollar for making preparations used every day in every home but in no way connected with above plan, which remember I send you free. Send today and address.

Sign your own name and address and mail to such people as you think would be interested in such a proposition. And to each who remit the 25 cents for formulas, send them "An exact copy of these Instructions" from "Dear Friend" to the Signature including every word.

This plan is perfectly honest and legitimate, as you sell the two formulas for 25 cents and give the scheme absolutely free. Send out only 200 postals a week costing but \$2.00 and as more than one-half usually respond you make \$25.00.

Sign your own name and address.

Here is a concern that not only wheedles you and thousands of others out of a small sum but suggests and tells you how to go into business and wheedle others by an endless chain. And very guileless and easily caught you would be if you followed this advice to the letter. First you are told to write to such persons as you think would be interested—naturally friends—and then sign your own name and address. Then you are told to use a postal system which is rather expensive. No hint is given of following the plan of advertising for "suckers" under a company name and thus saving money and keeping your identity under the surface.

MEN TO DISTRIBUTE SAMPLES

About fifteen years ago in Chicago a firm began advertising broadcast in the "Help Wanted" columns of the newspapers for men to distribute circulars and advertising matter

of one form and another and to tack signs. Since that time others have been born into the business until now some eight or ten concerns advertise for the same class of help in the same columns of the same newspapers.

The following want ads., clipped from a single advertising page, show the kind of appeal offered to those out of employment or seeking to better their lot:

WANTED—Men everywhere; distribute samples, circulars, etc., \$3 to \$5 thousand; permanent occupation. American Union, 12 State st., Chicago.

WANTED—MEN EVERYWHERE; good pay, to distribute circulars, advertising matter, tack signs, &c.; no canvassing. National Adv. Bureau, Chicago.

WANTED, EVERYWHERE—HUSTLERS to tack signs, distribute circulars, samples, &c.; no canvassing; good pay. Sun Advertising Bureau, Chicago.

A.—MEN EVERYWHERE—\$4 daily; pass circulars, tack signs; no canvassing; steady. CONTINENTAL DISTRIBUTING CO., Chicago.

A.—ANY person willing to distribute our samples; \$20 weekly. EMPIRE, 92 LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill. Steady position; no canvassing.

WANTED—Hustlers everywhere; \$25 to \$30 made weekly distributing circulars, packages, overseeing outdoor advertising; experience not needed; new plan; no canvassing. Add. Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Co., 79 Dearborn st., Chicago.

\$20 WEEKLY easily earned (position permanent) distributing circulars, samples, etc. For particulars, Commercial Advertising Association, Philadelphia, Pa.

GOOD PAY to men everywhere to tack signs, distribute circulars, samples, etc.; no canvassing. Universal Adv. Co., Chicago.

Now to the man in search of employment the similarity of the advertisements would prove puzzling, to say the least. They all offer the same work at the same business for about the same pay. Well, of course, some of them may have filled the position in your locality and the act of a Talleyrand would be to address postals to all of them and then accept the first offer of a position.

In response to your query there is a perfect avalanche of mail. The first to win the race to your mail box is the Commercial Advertising Association, of Philadelphia, with a small brochure from which some paragraphs are submitted:

Our object is to obtain a man in every district to distribute samples and advertising matter for over 800 of the largest and best advertisers in the United States and Canada who require the services of Distributors, Bill Posters, Sign Painters, etc. As you

have perhaps learned, the house-to-house system of distribution is fast taking the place of newspaper advertising, and it has been demonstrated to the larger advertisers that the former is less expensive and vastly more remunerative.

There is no business under the sun for any and all classes that will equal the distribution of samples, circulars, and general advertising matter; no business that can be gone into without capital or business training that promises such certain and rapid results. We can tell what's in a man by the way he distributes his first ten thousand circulars and samples. Some men after earning fifty or sixty dollars in ten days or two weeks, feel like loafing awhile and are apt to get careless. Getting so much money so easily is a new experience to them.

Our success has induced many other concerns in this and other cities to pattern after our literature, and to flood the country with advertisements and other printed matter containing allurements that are outrageous misrepresentations, to say the least.

We have, at a great expense, compiled and published a Directory, giving the names and full addresses of the firms in the United States that would employ the services of our representatives. The Directory, of itself, is worth many times the first payment of membership fee either to those who are in the business or contemplate engaging in it.

TO BECOME A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION you must use our Directory, as this is the key to success. The price of the Directory and blanks is \$2.00, which includes a life's membership in the Association. But in order to convince you that the business is solid and profitable you can avail yourself of the following offer: send us \$1.00 and we will send you (charges prepaid) the Directory, Full Instructions, Membership Certificate, Etc., Etc., and everything to start you in business.

You now turn your attention to one of the other letters. The first that reaches your hand is that of the Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Company, Chicago. This concern lays the same kind of a proposition before you that the philanthropic association in Philadelphia has made.

We demand membership fee in advance for several reasons. It takes money to conduct our business properly and it would be quite unfair to expect us to advance all the money to start a distributor in the Out-Door Advertising business; the membership fee of \$2.00, paid in advance, does not begin to cover this expense.

Like the Commercial Advertising Association the Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Company has a few words to say about its esteemed rivals in the same line of doing good for the out-of-work. It must edify the others to read this:

Several firms claiming to be engaged in the Out-Door advertising business have copied a portion of our circulars, and have attempted to imitate our methods, but we want it understood that we are in

no way connected with any firm, association, or league.

The next appeal for money in the shape of a collection of printed matter is that of the Continental Distributing Service, Douglas Arcade, also Chicago. Its literature seems to have been written by the same hand with the exception that in one paragraph it is more candid than the others so far.

Our Charges for all this—for establishing you in a pleasant and profitable business of your own, a business that may pay you thousands annually—is One Dollar. Do not imagine, however, that we desire you to suppose that we are conducting our business on purely philanthropic principles. What, therefore, do you care if ninety-five cents of the dollar invested with us, in exchange for the above advantages, was a net profit to us? You would be rather pleased than otherwise, hence to discuss the matter further is folly.

Following in close wake is the Sun Advertising Bureau, Chicago, with the same literature and an offer to take only \$1 of your money. The advertising brings you the information that they have been doing business at the same old stand since 1895. The Oakland National Bank is given as reference.

Comes another, the National Advertising and Distributing Bureau, established in 1885, with offices in the Oakland National Bank Building, to which financial institution the Sun Advertising Bureau refers, as also does the National. The National wants \$1 for putting you on the road to fortune, and tells you to make haste before the fee is raised to \$2.

The motto of the National is "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." A second letter coming from them a day or two later has this significant statement from Mr. O. F. Griffin, the manager:

The moment I saw your letter I was impressed with the fact that we ought to have you with us. I can see an opportunity for you to build up a lucrative business. We want honest, hard-working men like you, and I feel absolute confidence in your success. We have had some difficulty in getting just the man we want in your town, and I wish to appeal to you to reconsider your decision if you have made up your mind not to join us.

All of this is laughable when you discover that this extremely flattering letter is printed in imitation of typewriting and that even Manager Griffin's signature is printed. The National also has a word to say about the others in the same business—in fact it shouts

a warning to "BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT BUREAUS."

Next to gain your attention is the Universal Advertising and Distributing Company, Drexel Bank Building, Chicago, which bank it gives as reference. Its printed matter is worded like that of the others except in the case of one leaflet, which, with the exception of a change of five or six words, is a duplicate of a similar leaflet put out by the National.

The Empire System, Chicago, now comes along with the same talk and the same proposition for \$1. It claims to be the oldest in the field.

It is refreshing to read the several ounces of circulars and leaflets sent by the American Distributors' Union, Chicago. The A. D. U. desires \$2 of your money, but it asks for the coin in a slightly different way. Namely, you do not join an association; you merely pay them to represent you. They seem almost original until you strike the "general information" circular which is simply a repetition of what the others have given you.

Now by this time you have discovered that all these concerns use "come-on" advertising; that is, they offer employment to you without mentioning that any of your money is wanted. Next you find they do not offer you employment—you are merely beseeched to join an association or hire them to represent you.

Next—no distinct promises of employment are given; only vague generalities, beating around the bush. They promise only to attempt to get you distributing, to send your name to some leading advertisers, and to send you a directory of advertisers to whom you can write. Therefore you are not given the immediate employment you seek which the little "want ads." would lead you to believe was offered.

Again you notice that all the printed stuff, with the exceptions of a few twists and changes, is identically alike, and all make similar propositions with similar objects in view. Then you have the word of the majority of them that the others have copied their literary efforts, have broken their promises, and are running fraudulent games.

Still to be absolutely convinced you may want more evidence. So you get a friend to write them and he receives the same choice assortment of the job printer's art. All of them say they need a representative or member, or want you to represent them in your particular county, locality, vicinity, or section. So

you sit down and write the Commercial Advertising Association of Philadelphia, inclosing a \$1 bill in the registered letter. You state carefully that as they want a representative in your county, you wish to be that representative, and that unless you are to have your county exclusively they can count you out and send you back the dollar.

Back comes a neat certificate of membership, dated and numbered, and setting forth your name; also a forty-eight-page booklet, containing a list of firms and companies that advertise largely, and several pages of old almanac stuff on hints to the injured, rates of postage, how to clean marble, and so on. When your friend, who has received a letter from the same association, writes to them for the same county exclusively, and sending \$1 receives a beautiful certificate like your own, you are finally convinced that another effort to earn some money in your spare time has gone astray.

FREE SETS OF SILVERWARE

Another enterprising business is the Rogers Silverware Company, of 608 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. A young lady in Wisconsin was the recipient of a letter from this concern that surprised and delighted her. The text of it is given here:

DEAR FRIEND:

The list has just been completed of the fortunate persons who are to get a present and you are one of them.

The present, which we hold subject to your order, is a beautiful four-piece set of silverware (full size for family use) which we will send prepaid in a 1m. Leatherette Case, silk finish lined, securely packed in a strong outside box, upon receipt of 97 cents, a charge which we make for packing, shipping and cost of prepaying charges to your door; and we guarantee safe delivery and against breakage.

We positively will not ship C. O. D. but will deliver the set unpacked, without charge, to anyone who calls at our office and presents this letter duly signed by you.

In sending charges of 97 cents, kindly do so in cash or 2 cent stamps, express order or registered letter; and this 97 cents covers all charges of every description, including prepayment to your door.

It is necessary that you reply within fifteen days or we will not hold present for you.

Yours very truly,

ROGERS SILVERWARE COMPANY.

Dict. G. M. R.

The letter head upon which this was printed in imitation of typewriting—despite the "Dict. G. M. R."—has a beautiful cut in red of a chased silver teapot, sugar bowl, cream

pitcher, and tray. Telephone and cable addresses are given and the name of the firm is printed in black with the information that they are "Wholesale & Retail Dealers, Distributors & Importers of Silverware Sets, Silver Services, etc."

It burst upon this "dear friend" as something of a surprise that a number of gentlemen associated as the Rogers Silverware Company—but totally unknown to her—had especially selected her among others as the fortunate recipient-to-be of the "beautiful four-piece set of silverware" shown in the letter head, no doubt. To be sure, admirable artistic self-restraint is evidenced in the text itself. No mention is made of the composition of this "beautiful set," but, surely, any seeing eye can count the four pieces in the engraving and read the "four" and "family size" in the letter. What need of further identification? And "silverware," too, is such a deliciously vague word; so full of undefined hopes—they might be solid!

This letter, of course, was sent to a distance from the office of the address. Probably the addressee would find it inconvenient to make a journey almost across the continent to inspect in person a "present" which, except for the ninety-seven cents shipping charges, would come free for the asking. In this instance, however, it aroused such avid curiosity that advantage was taken of a coincident visit to Philadelphia, to call in person for the gift. Telephone connection, "Walnut, 139," and cable address, "Silvo," looked very impressive on the letter head, but no Rogers Silverware Company appeared in the telephone book, the city directory, or in any financial rating list. In the building directory of 608 Chestnut Street, an office building, no Rogers Silverware Company either. The name of a Rogers appeared as having an office on the fourth floor, but apparently without connection with the silverware company, which inquiry of the elevator man developed had an office on the sixth floor.

Getting off at that floor, there indeed the visitor found "Rogers Silverware Company" showing black against the ground glass of a door. The "company" occupied several small offices filled with desks and typewriters and inhabited by a number of boys and girls.

Upon the caller's entrance, and before any word could be spoken, a somewhat noisy youngster called out loudly a name which brought a comely young girl from an adjoining room. She arranged a scattered wisp of hair deftly with her right hand, at the same time placing a lead pencil snugly into her Psyche knot as she came forward to greet the visitor. The letter of gift was presented to this amiable young woman, and she smiled sweetly and said: "We have had such a rush on the sets that we are all out, but we will have more in a few days, and if you leave seventy-five cents we will reserve one for you."

"What is the charge of seventy-five cents for?" she was asked.

"Why, sir, for the set," she said, smiling even more sweetly; "we charge twenty-two cents for packing and sending and seventy-five cents for the set. Er-r the letter—that must be a mistake. We don't give them away; no, sir."

Could the visitor see a sample set. "Oh, yes, here is one," she interrupted. A small box was handed over. The covering was not even leatherette but an imitation—or in other words, an imitation of an imitation of leather. Then the cover was removed, revealing, not the sumptuous silver service so seductively shown in the cut on the letter head, but a humble butter knife, a sugar spoon, a fork, and a gravy ladle. No stamp indicated the manufacturers, although the young woman said, "Yes, we make them."

"We guarantee them for three years," she called as the visitor opened the door to take leave.

Although the letter expressly stated that the "set" is a "present," and will be given "unpacked, without charge" to anyone presenting the firm's letter, duly signed by the recipient, at the home office, seventy-five cents was asked, the other twenty-two cents covering packing and shipping charges—the letter set down the whole ninety-seven cents as against the same charges.

One more mystery to be cleared away: the benevolent solicitude shown the interests of an unknown addressee. The young woman volunteered quite frankly that all names were bought from a name broker!

THE FIRST SQUADRON CRUISE OF THE NAVAL MILITIA

BY JOSEPH L. STICKNEY



THE largest squadron of men-of-war assembled upon the waters of the Great Lakes since Perry's victory on Lake Erie, cruised last summer under the American flag, in naval maneuvers, in the northern part of Lake Michigan. It was the strongest fleet ever seen upon our inland waters, for Perry's vessels had neither steam nor hulls of iron nor quick-firing guns in their armament.

The reader who has been accustomed to suppose that the presence of such a fleet of United States cruisers would cause a serious disagreement between Great Britain and the United States may be surprised to learn that not a line of complaint from either Great Britain or Canada reached our State Department, notwithstanding the fact that each of at least three of these ships was greatly superior in fighting strength to the one man-of-war that our treaty with Great Britain permits the United States to maintain in our northern inland waters.

The amicable feelings existing between this country and Great Britain, and the absence of jealous distrust on the part of Canada, account for the lack of diplomatic interest in this cruise, and, therefore, it is not the failure to affect the international situation that is worthy of chief notice. The importance of these squadron evolutions lies in the light they throw upon the future of our navy.

Familiar as we are in every state with the organization and functions of the National Guard, as the militia has come to be called, there is a general absence of knowledge of the work and even of the existence of a naval militia, which bears the same essential relation to the United States Navy that the cavalry, infantry, and artillery forces on shore bear

to the United States Army. Of course, in part, this is due to the fact that only such states as border upon navigable waters can maintain an organization in this branch of the service. For the present it is sufficient to say that in the states upon the seaboard, and upon the Great Lakes, this naval militia is organized, and of late years it has been generously encouraged by the Navy Department, even to the extent of assigning vessels of the United States Navy to these local organizations, in order that cruising and practical training might be experienced under the closest approach possible to actual service.

Heretofore the annual cruise of each local body of the naval militia has been undertaken independently, and without regard to what their fellows in neighboring cities might be doing at the same time. Last summer, however, for the first time, came these squadron maneuvers.

The student of naval history cannot fail to see that much more was involved in the cruise of the six vessels than a mere summer outing for a few hundred men belonging to the militia of four states. It is probable, indeed, that this rendezvous not only marks a new departure for the naval militia of the country, but it may even shift the moorings of some very ancient naval traditions.

Having had the pleasure of taking part in this cruise as a guest of the Illinois Naval Reserve, in the converted cruiser *Dorothea*, I was enabled to study the quality of the men and the character of their work at short range; and, since the old navy saying, "You never know a man until you have sailed with him," is regarded as good navy doctrine, it is reasonable to claim that you do know something about him after having sailed with him. What I saw ought to please the American people, who keep a close watch upon every-

thing that may have an effect upon the efficiency of our navy, and I hope it may be not without interest to my former associates in the regular service.

The naval branch of the militia of the states is of comparatively recent origin. Until the federal Government was willing to lend vessels to the states, it was impracticable for any state to organize a part of its national guard for naval duties, because the federal constitution forbids any State to maintain a navy. In the late '80's the Navy Department let the naval militia of the state of New York have the old wooden sailing line-of-battle ship *New Hampshire* for training purposes; and, following that precedent, the demands of other states for similar loans have been granted.

In consequence, the following-named vessels have been assigned to naval militia duty on the Great Lakes: the converted yacht *Dorothea* to the State of Illinois; the gunboat *Yantic* to the State of Michigan; the gunboat *Fern* (subsequently rechristened the *Gopher*) to the State of Minnesota, and the old-style sloop-of-war *Essex* and the converted yacht *Hawk* to the State of Ohio.

Only the *Yantic* and the *Essex* were originally built for naval vessels, the *Dorothea* and the *Hawk* having been yachts, purchased by the Government in the hasty rush to buy almost any steamer that was for sale, in the first days of the war with Spain. The *Fern*, which was used in the navy for several years as a supply ship and general handy freight carrier between navy yards on the Atlantic coast, when loaned to the State of Minnesota had her name changed out of compliment to the *Gopher* State, just as the old craft that had done duty on the lakes for more than sixty years as the *Michigan* was rechristened the *Wolverine* when it became necessary to take its former name for one of the new battle ships.

Rather a romantic story came along with the *Dorothea*. It seems that many years ago, when it was the custom for the insurance underwriters to put up at auction vessels that had been long overdue and not heard from, a young apprentice in Philadelphia happened to attend one of these auctions at which a large ship named the *Dorothea* was put up for sale. The vessel had taken aboard a very valuable cargo, which would go with the ship to the successful bidder; but the very fact that the property was so valuable had kept the underwriters from selling the craft until long after it had become generally believed that she was

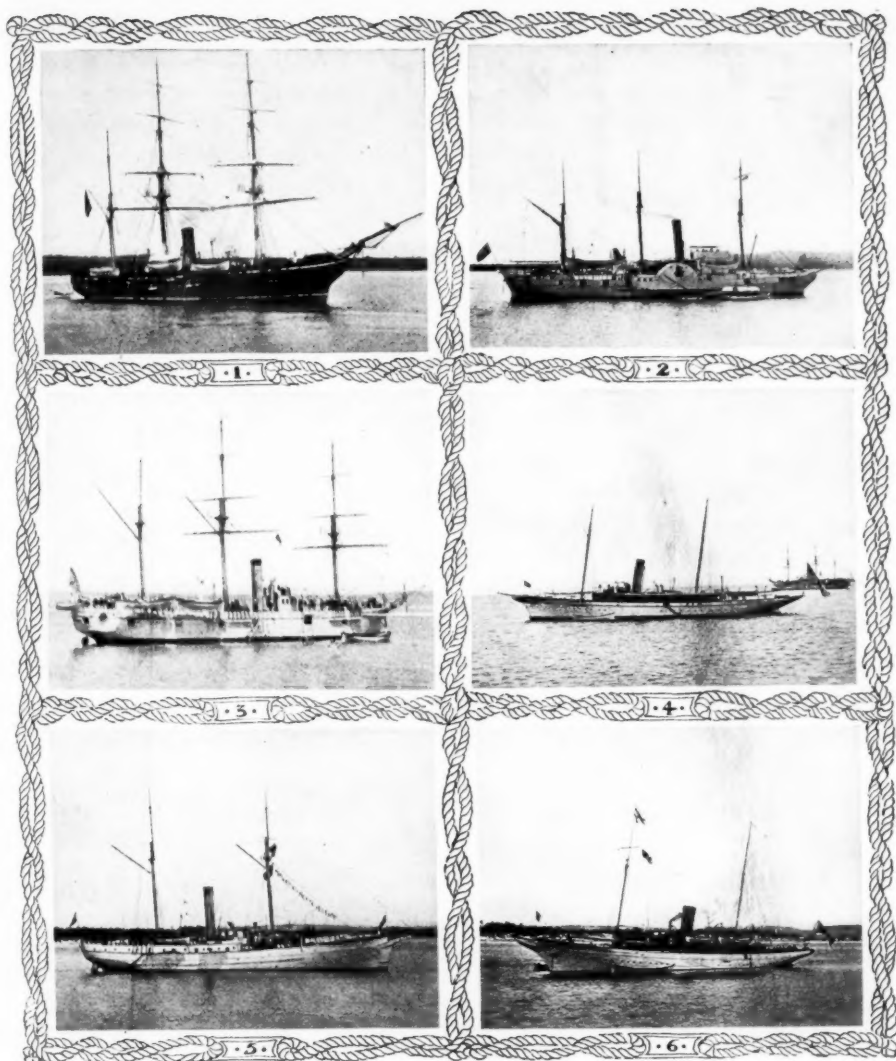
a total wreck. Consequently, the auctioneer cried the good ship *Dorothea* many times without getting a bid. Finally the young apprentice jokingly bid \$5, and, as nobody would bid higher, the vessel and her cargo were knocked down to him. Imagine the astonishment of the maritime world when the *Dorothea* was reported sailing into Delaware Bay. The apprentice sold his prize for enough to start him in business, and for years the house thus founded was one of the leaders in enterprise and resources in the Quaker City. But at all times the head of the firm and his family successors made a point of owning and operating a ship named the *Dorothea*—which name also was always given to the oldest daughter in each succeeding generation.

Shortly before the Spanish War, however, the then head of the house was in failing health, and the only hope of saving his life, he was advised, was to live at sea. Accordingly he gave an order to the Cramps for a large and luxuriously appointed yacht—to be called the *Dorothea*, of course—and no expense was spared in her construction and equipment. Unfortunately, death came to the owner before his yacht was quite finished, and the Government paid a fancy price for the *Dorothea* early in 1898.

With the close of the war there was no purely naval duty for which the *Dorothea* was fitted, and yet the Government did not wish to sell her, because there was no possibility of getting a price for her anything like what she had cost. She was accordingly laid up at the League Island Navy Yard until the Illinois Naval Reserves succeeded in convincing the Navy Department that they were entitled to a craft certainly as good as the *Dorothea*.

The *Hawk* was another war-bought yacht, somewhat smaller than the *Dorothea* and still more unsuited to navy needs. Neither of these vessels should have been loaned to the naval militia, because neither one has the space or conveniences for the proper accommodation and training of a man-of-war crew. Similar objections render the *Gopher* unsatisfactory for the duty to which she has been assigned. The *Yantic* and the *Essex*, however, are excellently adapted for use as naval militia training ships, and the Government ought to substitute similar vessels for the *Dorothea*, the *Hawk*, and the *Gopher*, as soon as possible.

The ships that met in South Manitou Island harbor on August 5th found there



VESELS OF THE SQUADRON

1, *Essex*. 2, *Wolverine*. 3, *Yantic*. 4, *Hawk*. 5, *Gopher*. 6, *Dorothea*.

awaiting them the only vessel on the Great Lakes officered and manned by the regular navy, the patriarch of all navy ships, the *Wolverine*, formerly known as the *Michigan*. This vessel, the first iron man-of-war ever built, was constructed at Pittsburg in 1843, and was transported, piece by piece, to Erie, where she was put together, launched, and

equipped. The honest old wrought iron composing her hull is as good to-day as it ever was, and the vessel has not changed in looks since I first saw her in 1859, except that she no longer carries the "Long-Tom" 64-pounder smooth-bore pivot gun that she mounted in those days, half a dozen rapid-fire 6-pounders having been installed as her battery.



THE SQUADRON LYING IN

Dorothea.

Essex.

Gopher.

Yantic.

The absurdity of an antiquated side-wheeler acting as flagship of a squadron composed of two swift yachts, an exaggerated tugboat, a bark-rigged gunboat, and a full-rigged sloop-of-war can be appreciated only by people who have seen the difficulty that even homogeneous vessels have in maintaining distances and bearings in fleet formation.

Also it must be remembered that not one of the commanding officers of the naval militia had ever handled his ship in squadron cruising. Whatever practical service any of the naval militiamen had seen, was confined to their experience as blue jackets in the regular navy during the Spanish War. It should be borne in mind further that the deck and engine-room forces of the state vessels were composed of young fellows who were taking the vacations that most men spend in summer-resort lounging, and that they were obliged to undergo many inconveniences and discomforts in their quarters and in their messing arrangements. I speak with full knowledge when I say that there is not a man-of-war crew in the regular navy whose discipline and performance of duty would not have been the worse for the disagreeable conditions imposed upon the volunteer militia. It is also important to remember that the duties required of these civilian seamen are such as are impressed upon regular man-o'-war's men by continuous routine performance until they become almost like second nature. Yet the militia crews were composed of men from offices, stores, and machine shops, who had

been able to spare only one week a year to acquaint themselves with their duties at sea.

In November, 1905, a rendezvous of the naval militia of the lake states was suggested to the Navy Department by Captain W. F. Purdy, commanding the Illinois Naval Reserve, after he had obtained the approval of the commanding officers of the naval militia of the other states interested. Commander Henry Morrell, U. S. N., commanding the U.S.S. *Wolverine*, heartily approved the scheme, and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Truman H. Newberry, also showed a cordial interest in the proposed maneuvers, Mr. Newberry's service as an officer of the naval militia of Michigan having given him an intimate knowledge of the benefits that such a squadron cruise would confer upon the forces participating. Finally the Navy Department detailed two lieutenants and an ensign to assist Commander Morrell and his other officers in the squadron work, and these officers spared no pains in giving information and advice to the officers of the state cruisers.

By Sunday night, August 5th, all of the vessels had arrived at the crescent-shaped harbor of South Manitou Island. The ships anchored in berths designated by Commander Morrell and marked by buoys in the following order:

U.S.S. *Dorothea*, Captain W. F. Purdy, from Chicago, Ill.

U.S.S. *Essex*, Lieutenant Commander A. T. Nicklett commanding, manned by officers and men from Toledo, Ohio.



SOUTH MANITOU ISLAND HARBOR

Hawk.

Wolverine.

U.S.S. *Gopher*, Commander G. A. Eaton, from Duluth, Minn.

U.S.S. *Yantic*, Commander F. D. Standish, from Detroit, Mich.

U.S.S. *Hawk*, Lieutenant Commander F. R. Seamon, from Cleveland, Ohio.

U.S.S. *Wolverine*, Commander Henry Morrell, U. S. N., flagship.

During the stay of the squadron at South Manitou Island the vessels returned to these moorings every night after their evolutions in fleet tactics in the open sea. The harbor was an ideal place for boat and torpedo drills, being landlocked; with deep water and no shoals or reefs. The island, about three miles long by two wide, rose gradually from the harbor to an altitude of about four hundred feet on the west side. It contained plenty of wooded land, broken by broad savannas, and a pretty little lake near the center. Having a mere handful of residents, no saloons and no bad characters, South Manitou makes an unusually desirable place for a rendezvous.

It is true, an enterprising barkeeper from the mainland came over in a schooner and tried to sell liquor aboard his floating rum shop; but, since shore leave was not granted to the men, it is highly probable that he found his venture such a losing speculation as will deter anybody else from making a similar attempt next year. The only man who was the worse for this piece of gin-selling impudence was one of the crew of the *Wolverine's* steam launch, who, having had a drink or two aboard the schooner while the launch was

getting a load of ice from the shore, became violently, almost insanely, drunk. While his coxswain was subduing his frenzy by holding his head in a bucket of water, one of the onlookers said:

"Why, the man's crazy!"

"Oh! that's nothing," said Captain Purdy; "he won't be lonesome. If all the rest of us weren't crazy do you suppose we'd be here?"

The genial captain's little joke will be appreciated when one remembers that all of the militiamen were giving up their summer vacations for hard work and serious discomfort.

The routine laid out for the squadron by Commander Morrell comprised boat drill under oars and under sails, first each vessel's boats alone and then all of the boats together receiving signals from the flagship and executing evolutions; signal drill with the navy code and with the international code; cruising evolutions in sections of two and three ships; fleet maneuvers with six ships; night signal exercises, using the Ardois system, the Very pistol, and the torch; landing drills, followed by a sham battle on shore, and torpedo attack at night. Drills at fire quarters, abandoning ship, and picking up a man overboard were part of the work done while the ships were under way at sea.

In all of these exercises the militiamen showed a very creditable understanding of their duties and a highly commendable desire to perform them satisfactorily. It cannot be said that all of the vessels were as proficient

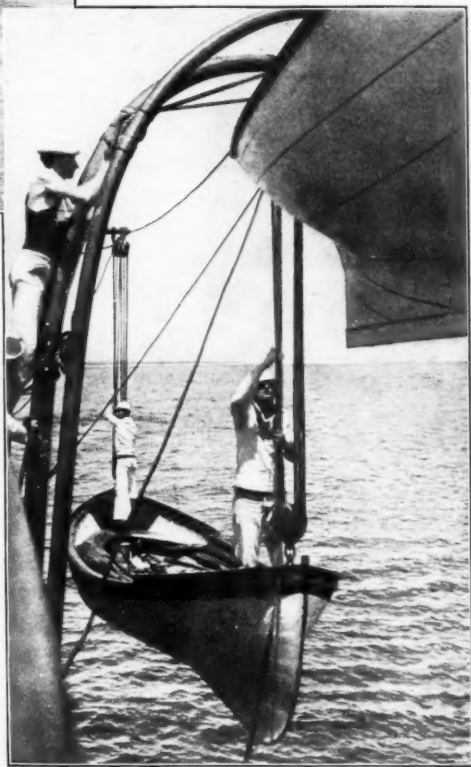


HEAVING THE LEAD

as would have been the case with similar ships manned by officers and men of the regular navy, but the *Dorothea*, the *Gopher*, and the *Yantic* were especially efficient. In the matter of signaling—in which, of course, the amount of practice had been less than in other ship's duties, because of the isolated service performed by each ship prior to the South Manitou rendezvous—the alertness of the *Gopher* and the *Dorothea* was worthy of the highest praise. I have seen many a ship in the regular service in which the signal work was not as good as that performed in these two vessels. The Ohio representatives were badly handicapped by the fact that their State had been somewhat niggardly in equipping their ships; by a lack of crews large enough to handle their vessels properly; and, in the case of the *Essex*, by the serious illness of her commanding officer.

The sham fight was one of the most interesting events of the week, though its practical value to the participants may be doubted. I have witnessed sham battles all over the world, and I have yet to see one that seemed worth the wear and tear upon the men's footwear—let alone the expenditure of ammunition. In this case, however, the sham fight afforded an outlet for a considerable amount of restless energy, that might have been productive of mischief if not otherwise worked off. And also it gave the men a run on shore that was greatly appreciated after the uncomfortable confinement on ship-board.

The torpedo attack in the evening of Wednesday, August 8th, was even more unreal than the sham battle, for the only craft available to simulate torpedo boats were three slow steam



BOAT PRACTICE



SHORE DUTY



THE COMMISSARY



NAVAL MILITIA MAKING A LANDING



CHARGING THE ENEMY'S GATLING GUNS

launches, and three of the ships had no search-lights.

An amusing incident of the torpedo attack occurred on board the *Yantic*, which was crowded with as many visitors from the other ships as could find room on the upper deck, where an illustrated lecture and moving-picture display had been provided for the entertainment of the ships' companies. Just as the lecturer was describing how Commodore Dewey's fleet entered Manila Bay, the torpedo boats were "picked up" by the *Yantic's* searchlight. Consequently, at the words, "Suddenly from the blackness where lay the rock, El Fraile, came the flash of a heavy gun, followed by the shrill scream of a shell passing between the *Olympia* and the *Baltimore*," there was heard the roar of a six-pounder in the *Yantic's* battery opening fire on the torpedo boats; and, for the next two or three minutes, the crash of guns was nearly as loud and fully as frequent as it had been in the battle of Manila Bay, which the lecturer was describing. It was a realistic accompaniment to the story of a naval battle, such as made the battle pictures seem unusually true to life.

On Thursday the squadron sailed for a full day of fleet evolutions at sea, coming to anchor in the beautiful bay off Harbor Springs, Michigan; and here on Friday the ships were inspected by Commander Morrell and his staff, and the boat races were pulled. That evening the naval militia vessels sailed for their respective home ports.

Concerning the technical result of this rendezvous, Commander Morrell reported to the Secretary of the Navy as follows:

"Every regular officer that had anything to do with these maneuvers was impressed with the earnest desire of every officer and man of the State forces to learn all he possibly could during the limited time allowed. The general smartness, zeal, and rapidity of movement were most noticeable. What the lake forces are most in need of, is proper equipment."

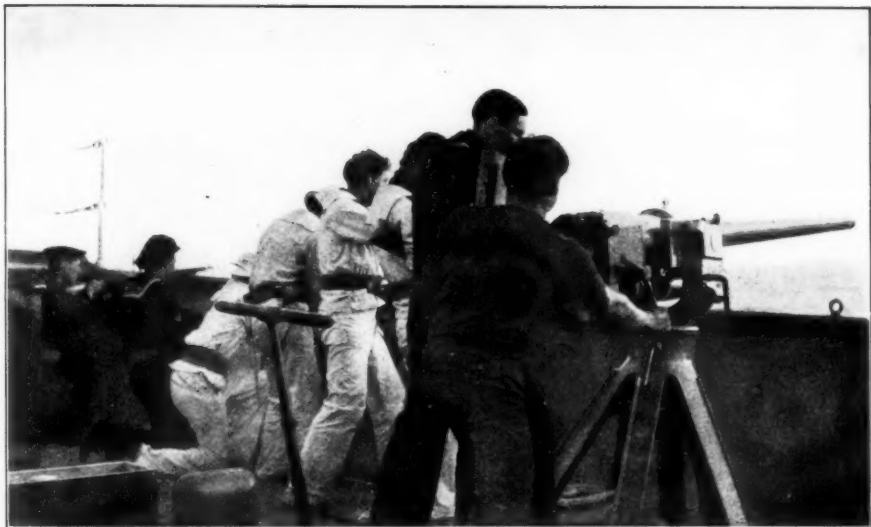
And this brings me to one of the serious obstacles encountered by the officers of the naval militia in their efforts to produce the same quality of work as that done by the officers and men of the regular navy. The former have such a brief opportunity for sea practice that they ought not to be handicapped by obsolete, inconvenient, and defective material. But each state has to provide the bulk of the supplies used aboard its own

militia training ship or ships, and the legislatures are not often disposed to show even as great liberality toward the naval militia as they show to their land force—although naval equipment is notoriously more expensive than that of the shore fighter. The legislator of the inland states is prone to compare the cost of things by the unit rule—taking each man in the ranks as the unit. He does not stop to figure out the reason for the difference in the cost of putting an infantry soldier on a fighting basis and the cost of preparing a blue jacket for service. Thence results a meager outfit for the latter, inadequate for his proper training.

The federal Government does something to help the naval militia, rightly recognizing the value of the work done by these men in the war with Spain, and the certainty that in any future war with a great power the navy will profit by having a great number of trained seamen scattered through all of the states; but the federal Government does not care to do too much for the state naval forces for the reason that the states would soon fall into the practice of letting Congress do everything. What Congress might wisely do is to appropriate a liberal sum to be apportioned among the states that maintain a naval militia, in proportion to the sums provided by the states themselves. Such incidents as these recent interstate naval evolutions in Lake Michigan will surely rouse a genuine and spontaneous rivalry in the ranks of each state's militia, to turn out a smarter and more efficient force than that of any other state. The result will be better equipment appropriations by the states, an increased allotment by the federal Government, and a great advance in the knowledge and training of the state naval forces.

And the national good will be thereby advanced. It is useless for us to go on building huge engines of sea warfare unless we simultaneously provide ourselves with the right kind of men to fight them, and give those men the right kind of training. And it is in the naval militia that this training may be given at less expense and with better results than can be attained in any other way.

The average regular navy officer may regard my estimate of the value of the naval militia as altogether too high. The trouble with the average navy officer is that he is too much a specialist in certain things to be able to take into consideration all of the forces that must be reckoned with. He is generally



RAPID-FIRE TARGET PRACTICE

unacquainted with or indifferent to the effect of public opinion. Ask him what he thinks of the influence of public sentiment and he will readily admit that it is of great consequence in the affairs of the nation; yet he will rarely try to learn what it is, even on matters affecting himself and his profession—and most probably he would refuse to yield to it as long as he could combat it if he found it running counter to his own hypotheses and practice.

This peculiarity of the navy officer is the more unfortunate when one observes the tendency of the average civilian to regard himself as entitled to some consideration in the direction of all the affairs of the nation, inasmuch as he pays the bills. The average navy officer actually resents the suggestion that anybody not holding a navy commission should express opinions and advocate ideas relating to the navy. It is unfortunate that such shortsightedness should prevail among men who are as capable and as loyal to their ideals of their duty as is the average navy officer; but that it does prevail and that it works to the detriment of the navy I feel sure. There is hardly an important newspaper office in the country in which there are not several writers strongly prejudiced against

navy officers. It is not my intention to explain why this is so, but I feel certain that the press of the country will readily admit the fact.

Now, the naval militia are in close touch with those who may be of great help to the regular navy. They may be made to act as a leaven that will bring the mass of the people up to a proper appreciation of the navy's work and of the navy's needs. They are—so far as my observation goes—free from any desire to be regarded as coördinate with the navy in importance in the scheme of national defense. They look to the regular service for progress, for instruction, and for example. Wherever the naval militia are well disciplined and efficient, a healthy public sentiment in favor of the navy will be found. With some few exceptions, naval militia officers do not imagine that the tide goes down the instant they step out of their boats.

It is greatly to the interest of the regular navy, therefore, to do all in its power to instruct and encourage the naval militia. The work so well done by Commander Morrell and his officers on Lake Michigan recently should commend itself to all other officers in the regular service.



Drawn by G. C. Wyndham.

"Did I say she was the girl?" asked Bouscaren."

A CAPTIVE OF THE WHEELS

By LEO CRANE

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST



THESE things happened when Bouscaren was painting in Naples. The boys all called Bouscaren familiarly by his family name—even strangers caught themselves doing this—for it is not a name to lend itself properly to a title. There is about the name of Bouscaren a solemnity, a dignity, a—well, you can see for yourself—J. Lattimer Bouscaren. The first of it had enough in all sense, and this when combined with the last of it, concentrated the whole as a most stupendous affair, wholly inconsistent with the nature of one of the best fellows in the world. J. Lattimer Bouscaren—he was rather sensitive about it.

Bouscaren was not half a bad artist. He had enough money to follow his bent without grumbling at the universe. It pleased him to paint things, and he saw to it diligently that he was always well pleased. So much for his being in Naples when these things happened. No, this has nothing to do with his painting. As for Bruno, he was a young countryman, and Bouscaren had met up with him one sunny afternoon in a side street where Bruno was peddling fruit. Always on the lookout for good material, the artist noted a fine head and shoulders, and they entered into negotiations whereby he was again pleased, and Bruno abandoned the fruit business to serve as a reflection of the arts. Sittings had gone on for some time, and Bruno was on more than one canvas. He was happy, in the light, smiling happiness of the pleased Italian, until that day when a portentous grumbling of the earth began and the first signs of awakening trembled from the bosom of the mountain. Bruno would stand at the window of the studio, moodily

staring off at the column of smoke, as though inviting questions from an oracle. Bouscaren noted this, and he could find nothing idealistic in the pose.

"What is wrong with you, Bruno?" he asked finally. "You look as a man who has lost a grandmother or something equally precious."

Bruno started nervously.

"It is Mariagrazia, signore," he replied, turning and speaking with hesitation.

"Mariagrazia—where is that?"

"She is a girl, signore."

"Ah! Bruno, your sweetheart," cried Bouscaren, smiling.

"Yes, signore."

"Why worry about her?"

"It is the mountain that worries me, signore. Do you think there will be much trouble with this mountain? Mariagrazia lives there with her people. Sometimes it is all gray with the ashes, and I want her to come into the city, but Mariagrazia loves her people. Now the whole mountain trembles, and——"

"The papers are rather despondent, Bruno. Why not go and ask the girl once more. I shouldn't care to live up there."

"You will not mind, signore, if—if I take one, two days, and go?"

"Be off," ordered Bouscaren lightly. "And when you are married I must dance at your wedding."

On looking at this Bouscaren, one might have thought he possessed little of the sentimental. As a matter of plain fact he was a man deeply desiring love, and he had been seeking patiently for the ideal of his mind and heart, a thing which he had erected and now thought he had built almost too preciously. The happiness of one who had found

the thing for which he sought in vain, interested the man and the artist, and this had caused him to throw down the brushes, naming a day for the renewal of the work.

When Bruno had departed, which he did quickly, Bouscaren roamed about the city until luncheon, after which he settled himself in the studio with a book. He had picked it idly from his case, scarcely noting its title, for his books were always in a hopeless jumble. When comfortably stretched on a couch, he opened the book and smiled, glancing immediately from the page to the window and out to where the faint bulk of Nature's prophet loomed as a sulky giant in the thin distance, throwing into the skies a ribbon-like vapor from its brazier. Bouscaren glanced again at the page.

"I wonder if a man will ever write such an epitaph for Naples," he muttered. Then he commenced reading, drifting away into the ancient streets and sunshine of that once gay Pompeian city. There was a peculiar fascination in this for him. Only a few days before he had walked through the ruined streets of this same city, noting all the evidences of its one-time grandeur. Now it was an easy thing to imagine oneself threading the same lanes fresh in their youth; not ruined and deserted, but alive with fashion and the multitude, feeling the springtime of its glory. Beneath his feet were the smooth surfaces of its tiling; he saw all the brilliancy of its coloring, the purity of its marbles, the majesty of its palaces. Bouscaren allowed himself to mingle with a Roman crowd, to hear them, to feel them, as he might hear and feel the life of a Neapolitan-thronged thoroughfare, brushing shoulders with a gentleman of the court, touching a street boy in tattered dress, noting the delicious wares of a fruiterer beneath a crimson awning, and the curious bronze ornamentation of a soldier's armor as the man went clanking past, staring now at the splendidly molded shoulders of a gladiator, a blond Northman, and at the heavy, oxlike stature of a hideous negro slave. Then he paused by the rim of a rose-tinted fountain to smile as a child dipped its little hands into the water. A black woman dipped another child close down to the surface, and Bouscaren heard the pleased ripple of childish laughter. A low rumble of wheels, and he halted to view the passing of a heavy chariot, iron-bound and riveted, drawn by sturdy horses, and driven by a captain of the guard whose shoulder plates were inlaid with

gold, giving back the tinsel of the sun. All these things passed in the gentle haze of imagination lured by the printed pages of a book. But Bouscaren's fingers had slipped from the leaves and the book had dropped away to the floor. Another, a fainter rumbling, came to him, and a more beautiful chariot—the spokes of its wheels plated with thin pieces of ivory and its cushions of the richest velvets—wheeled the corner of the street and drew near. The horses were pure white, clean-limbed beauties, the trappings were of the finest leathers embossed and traced with silver wiring. A handsome slave boy drove carefully, sitting at one side of a gilded seat. Bouscaren took all this in, momentarily, dreamily. Then the gauds of it were lost in the simple beauty of a young woman who lounged in the car. Her hair waved back beneath a fillet of gems, framing a face of perfection marked by glorious violet eyes which regarded him in an austere manner. There was wafted the perfume of sweet flowers. She passed. So enthralled had Bouscaren been by this vision that he had not noticed the gathering of a crowd. The people pressed close to him, and he heard a voice saying:

"It is the Princess Flavia."

Then there was a surge and a shout. Heavier noises, rude, rumbling, sounded. The captain's chariot, returning, hurled its iron-bound wheels through the tiled street, clattering, scattering the people, who cried out, and—

Bouscaren found himself rubbing his eyes. There was a perfect babel of noise. Bruno was at his side, and the room was in semi-darkness.

"Signore! Signore!" Bouscaren got to his feet, kicking the book across the room.

"By George! I must have been asleep," he said.

"Look, signore, look!" Bruno dragged him to the window. Gray twilight in the streets. The roofs were fading in their purple lines, touched here and there with the greens of evening. But away off where the mountain had usually inwrapped itself with the somber clouds of night, there lived a glow, more than the rose tint of a sunset, a dull lurid shade, almost evil in tone and quite intense. As Bouscaren looked, his eyes widened in surprise and fear, for there came a dull booming sound; a livid splotch showed momentarily in the even shade of color, as if a clot of blood had hotly jetted from

some old wound. The room was filled with a dim light now, as the soft reflection of a fire.

"What has happened, Bruno?" called Bouscaren.

"The mountain—it is burning, shaking. People are fleeing for their lives. O signore! now feel the trembling. Already one village has been destroyed. Houses buried in the ashes. O signore! The world is coming to an end! Sancta Maria dolorosa!"

Bruno was terribly excited. He clasped and twisted his hands in the manner of hysterical helplessness. Now Bouscaren could understand that there was an intense feeling of subdued excitement everywhere. In the streets sounded a low irregular humming, broken at intervals by the quick staccato shrilling of lamentation. A thin grayish dust was rapidly sifting down from the darkening sky, and this filtered in at the window to get at his throat.

"Signore, it is terrible," whispered Bruno, at his side. "What will become of Maria-grazia now?"

"But you—why are you here? Why did you not go to the village?" demanded Bouscaren.

"Signore, the people were coming in. They were wild, weeping. They told me that the village—it is gone, buried—" and Bruno began sobbing.

"Bosh!" muttered Bouscaren, the uselessness of tears making him angry. "And you took the word of a lot of bumpkins that your sweetheart was dead. You're a fine fat sort of Romeo!"

"There is no way I can go, signore. The trains—they are blocked. I came to you."

Bouscaren considered the situation.

"Where is this village?" he asked finally.

"Sant' Agata—near Torre Annunziata, signore."

"Well, shut off the waterworks, and we'll see what is doing," snorted Bouscaren, getting into his coat.

In the street, rumors proved the situation a remarkable one. The fall of ashes had threatened the burial of several villages. Streams of lava had issued from rifts in the mountain and were rapidly flowing away into the lower levels. Rocks had fallen at great distances. Some said the greater part of the cone had disappeared. Of course these things had been heralded, but Bouscaren, as everyone else, had thought little of grave danger. Naples had long rested in security at the mountain's footstool. The seeming

endless flow of days laughs at eternity, and only time itself shudders at its unregarded youth. Bulletins told of renewed terror in the hills. People were fleeing from the fiery dragon. It was quite possible that Torre Annunziata had been consumed.

"Bruno, this is serious," admitted Bouscaren.

"Signore!"

"But don't cry. Whatever you do, don't cry. You can't buck a mountain like that with tears. Get yourself together while I try to find some one."

Dejected, stifling his tears, Bruno followed his master. Bouscaren sought the lodgings of one Phillips, a chap notable principally for all that which he did not understand in art and for a monster motor car to which he sacrificed the precious hours necessary to study. After many vicissitudes they discovered Phillips on his stomach beneath this same machine. He explained that he would have the something or other fixed in a jiffy.

"I know where you're off to, Phillips," said Bouscaren; "and I want to go along; also this weeping Italian wants to go."

Phillips poked his grimy face into the light of a lantern.

"Well! I didn't know there was another man in Naples so foolish," he exclaimed with a grin of satisfaction. "Fact is, Bouscaren, I asked Martin and Thomas—requested it of 'em—but they said they'd see me damned first. Doubly damned, said Thomas, assuring me that he had no desire to investigate Hades prematurely. Said he was sure of it in good time, and that satisfied his longing. I'm going up there, if that's what you mean."

"Exactly! And we want to get somewhere near Annunziata."

Phillips regarded him silently for a moment.

"Well, you have your nerve sparking," he said. "That place is supposed to have been wiped out. I bet it's a girl you're after. Own up now, Bouscaren, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Bouscaren.

"Hooaonk! Hooaaaonk!"

The voice of the horn accompanied them as the car swung swiftly toward the upper levels. The road was good into the rising country. The light on the front of Phillips's machine threw a powerful beam ahead. Half an hour's speeding and they touched the advance guard of the fugitives. Occasionally the beam would glimmer over little groups of people, men and women, sometimes little

children dragging after them as they hurried. The light touched their white faces strangely. The car shot past them, seemingly urged by the hoarse utterance of its horn. This machine was as some newly born monster rushing to combat, rasping its peculiar cries.

"Hooaonk! Hooaaaonk!"

So quickly were these faces of the night overtaken, and so swiftly did they vanish, that they sometimes seemed to be without bodies, and floating in air. Phillips was a careful driver, and but for turning aside now and then to pass a cart overlaid with household goods, creaking its way all too slowly for the anxious peasant owner, the road was empty. The wheels whirled and the horn cried continually. Bouscaren felt a queer sensation of wonder as they passed each new group of peasants fleeing. Sometimes these people had paused by the roadside, seeming to crouch in the shadow, to view with an absolute awe this machine driven by heretics without the fear of that from which they had fled. Instant as were the passings—a woman's face painted one moment by the light and then smudged away into the intense blackness of the road—Bouscaren could catch in that instant a picture of intent feature, sometimes grave, sometimes sorrowing, never gay, always wide-eyed and wondering. Bruno occupied the tonneau, holding on to the sides, for Bruno was not happy in his confidence. And this was no pleasant ride for any of them. More than the fact of their approaching a great natural danger, more than the possibility of that happening which might at any time convulse the earth, were the nasty little distresses of the journey. Ashes were falling in a continual rain, griming the hands and the car, flying into eyes and noses and mouths until Bouscaren felt as if he had been eating a dry sort of glue. More than once the car stopped, Phillips imploring that they blow into his eyes that particles might be blown out of them. But always he proceeded, knowing his road as he knew the township at home. The glare in the sky was of a pale rose color, deepened to a dangerous hue of blood now and then at the detonations of the heaviest eruptions, which were as the discharge of artillery, reverberating over the country in an awesome manner, dull, like sinister imprecations.

"Something like that last might bowl us over," cried Bouscaren into Phillips's ear, as they rounded a curve of the road. The wheels of the car wheezed in their padded

way over the pebbles. "Hooaonk!" moaned the horn dimly. Phillips bent over the steering wheel, his hands gripping it as two clutches of steel. He answered by nods. "Hooaaaaonk!" warned the horn.

"Only the possibility of saving some one is taking me into this," cried Phillips once, as he slowed the car to thread a larger crowd of people. The peasants swarmed up to the car, one man calling out in an excited manner as the wheels whirled again: "It is the King!"

"Not so, my friend," softly replied Phillips mockingly, for Phillips was a socialist, and kings were to him objects of a hated derision.

The fall of ashes was now thick. Often a heavy smashing of things into the thickest spoke of heavier and more dangerous things. Bruno uttered a cry of fear when a piece of stone struck the right-hand lamp of the car, sounding it as a Chinese gong.

"Close, that," gritted Phillips. "We're getting somewhere though. There's a villa of some sort—deserted no doubt." He threw on the higher speed, saying:

"Where do you want to go—"

Bouscaren, who was watching the road, gave a short cry, not in answer to this question. He had seen something white. It seemed to rush on the car—under it. Almost instantly the car had crushed down this thing. The disappearance of that white object, shining in the glare of the lamps as it passed from sight beneath the dip of the auto's front, caused Bouscaren to grab wildly for the seat back. There came a crash, a sudden lifting of the car, a rending of steel as if a shell had exploded beneath them. Bouscaren in this instant of reflection, which seemed to him quite a minute in length, felt the violent crushing of the car against a firmer, dead, unliftable thing. He saw Phillips—with arms flung wide apart as if swimming—projected into the black. Somehow, Bouscaren realized that he, too, was no longer on the seat of the car, but was blindly groping about in the air, the lights of the car in his eyes like glowing yellow irons. A strange feeling as if he wanted to laugh at the predicament of Phillips came to him, followed immediately by a blank rush of things, like the swift soft whirl of giant wings, crushing him down to the hard earth. He was without pain, without feeling, bereft of everything save thought; and that thought that he had gone out of the car, that in another minute it would be on him—heavy, iron-bound,

driven by its powerful engine—and that he would be horribly injured. Bouscaren thought he was scrambling out of the path of it quickly. He seemed to fight aside those soft wings which sought to infold him. Now he was on his feet, staggering, his one hand numb and dangling. The lights of the car were again in his eyes, and mechanically he drew aside. The car did not move. He went up to it. The big auto had settled down on one side. Bouscaren saw that one wheel had struck a large piece of granite in the road, and that the steel frame of the car was crushed inward. He was only vaguely interested in this, though. He looked around for Bruno—Phillips. They were nowhere to be seen. Then he called huskily, "Phillips! Phillips!" and he was surprised at the peculiar tones of his own voice. He wondered if it really was his voice—that thick, unnatural, rasping thing. There was a violent pain now plunging through his head, and he saw the yellow lights waver curiously. Bouscaren put up his hand to his head, and his fingers came down all thick with something gummy. He was cut, hurt, bleeding, and he could not use the other hand at all. He felt very weak. Bouscaren thought he would seek some one immediately, and started up the road. He stumbled over something and bent down to see the white face of Phillips.

"My God! Phillips is dead," he muttered. He went staggering off to find some one who might lend them that aid they themselves had set out to extend. Then hazily came the thought of the villa. Phillips had remarked a few moments before the crash. Bouscaren stumbled in search of it. He came to a low wall. In a sort of way he supposed that this wall encircled a garden. With painful precision he clambered over it, hurting his arm not a little. Much to his joy he now found that this arm could be used slightly, and he began working it up and down to restore feeling. Something was dripping down and smudging his clothes, and being a neat sort of man he wondered if the smudge could ever be cleaned away, whatever it was. It went on dripping and exasperating him.

Now Bouscaren saw looming before him a ghostly arbor. He had gotten into an Italian garden. Next he encountered a marble seat, and saw immediately before him a small flight of stone steps ascending to a terrace. Catching the balustrade he went up this stairway. The terrace was pale rose in the splendor of the sky. Bouscaren saw

darkly a wide marble basin supporting a fountain, toward which he stumbled, his head feeling very whirly and foolish, wondering if he was ever to get anywhere and find people. Just as his hands touched the rim of the stone basin, he heard little, lightly falling footsteps from the other side.

"Hello!" he called in his thick voice, and he began a movement about the fountain, feeling his way with hands now filled with sharp pains. His head was throbbing terribly, and it was heavy. Noises on the road seemed to batter the walls of his poor head. He vaguely imagined these to be the sound of armed men, and he could certainly hear the wheels of heavy, iron-bound chariots, like that of the captain of the guard in the old Pompeian street. Then, close to him he heard footsteps on the terrace. A low, vast, roaring sound came to him, and a brilliant lighting of red gleamed in the sky, showing up a vague huddle of black far away, as if a huge mountain had been decapitated. He could feel the very earth trembling. Bouscaren, bewildered, misty-eyed, half insensible, called out:

"Who is there? What is it? Help me!"

And he came face to face with a woman. She was startled and drew back. Her gown was of white and he caught almost immediately the subtle scent of flowers, an old familiar and yet a strange perfume, as the jasmine flowers of a dream. A perfect whirl, almost maddening, possessed his brain. He gasped out: "*The Princess Flavia!*" He staggered back, seeing her plainly, behind her the fervid glowing of the mountain which had looked with its baleful eye on all things since the beginning. Something had gone wrong with the universe. What was he and what right had he to be here? He was—he was not J. Lattimer Bouscaren. He was some barbarian blundering about in a Pompeian garden. He uttered a low protest and fell backward. Again the fluttering wings of forgetfulness infolded him.

When Bouscaren came to himself he found that he was under shelter of the fountain's rim, the overhang of which was dark above him, cutting a sharp circle in the rose sky. He got to his feet again, moving as though made of rusty iron. His muscles ached and his head throbbed. No one was to be seen. The terrace was a small place. It was deserted. Had he been dreaming, he asked himself, trying to get his head in perfect

working order. A peculiar fancy, no doubt—that which had so startled him. Physical pain gripped all his tendons, making walking so many little agonies. A sensation as if old age had come over him made the groans arise to his lips. Then he saw the house, dark against a paling sky.

"If I can get into that villa until dawn, then to the road—no use attempting the road in the dark. Wonder if they have found Phillips? By gad! this is a fearsome adventure—" He crept his way toward the dark masses of the house.

Then he saw a light, gleaming through some sort of shutter. He had thought the place deserted, but here was a long narrow bar of dully shining hope. Help was at hand for himself and Phillips. Could it be possible—had he really encountered a woman on the terrace? A princess! But these were not the days of princesses who lived in old Roman villas and who went abroad in chariots drawn by white steeds. These were the days of autos and crashes and broken heads and smudges on one's clothes. Since he had approached the house from one side, he must go about it. Half blinded by the pains of his head he made this effort. Again a little terrace taxed his strength and he found himself under another arbor. Through this he passed to the front of the villa. A little cry escaped him as he came from under the vine-covered columns. There on the level lawn, dim, blurred in the ghostly light, was a chariot. A white chariot! Bouscaren stared, bewildered, helpless. He went closer to it. It was a fact, a reality, a chariot! The rude, heavily tired wheels, the metal-cased body of the car, roughly ornamented, the thick pole from the ends of which dropped chains just as if the horses had a moment before been loosed. Bouscaren quivered in his momentary excitement. He felt that he would see white horses next, led possibly by a handsome boy with garlands on his head. Feverishly he knocked at the house door. He heard the rattle of a chain. He thought he could distinguish a face, dimly white, as the door opened a trifle. What must he say.

"Does—does the Princess Flavia live here?" he asked, conscious that he was saying something absurd.

"Be off with you," came promptly.

The door was slammed shut.

"They think that I am crazy," he mumbled; "and who wouldn't?"

Then a particularly violent pain through his head caused him to act queerly. A feeling of terror came over him. Would he die out here, alone, unaided? He beat frantically at the panels with his fists, feeling the hard surface bruise him.

"Help! Help!" he called despairingly.

When the door was again opened, a limp heap was at the foot of it.

Some hours later, when the sun was vainly trying to pierce the yellow-gray veil of the volcano's new creation, Bouscaren found himself in a strange apartment, half ancient, half modern. The casement of the room looked as though it had been planned by some architect of a long-gone time. When he unlatched the panels of it, Bouscaren saw the dull glow of morning through thick settling dust. The light showed up the room and Bouscaren stared around him in some amazement. There were old tapestries on the walls, faded, discolored, threadbare. The floor was of some hard wood. The furniture consisted of several remarkable chairs of old Roman design and a bed such as Caesar might have sought for the ease of his limbs. As the counterpanes of this were tumbled, Bouscaren considered that he must have spent some little time there. Then he discovered that he was clean to a degree, that his head was neatly bandaged, and that he was wearing a garment which at first sight resembled a toga, but which afterwards resolved itself into an ordinary bath robe of lightish color. Bouscaren sat down in one of the chairs, wondering what new sensation he must now experience. Certainly the house was occupied. Then came a bewildering question—Occupied—yes—but by what sort of folk? Was he J. Lattimer Bouscaren, or was he the centurion Marcus Petronius? Had he been tossed from a mile-a-minute auto, or had he been kicked from a chariot? What year was this? Could there be a Princess Flavia? Heavens! he might be a captive for the arena. Was he a Christian? Of course he was a Christian—the son of an eminent Presbyterian divine preaching in New York City—Was there a New York City?

A knock at the door caused him to cease idle speculation to plunge into definite inquiry.

"Come!" he said.

The entrance of a negro added an immediate nothing to Bouscaren's mental excite-

ment. There had been negroes aplenty in old Rome. Speech! Speech would betray everything! Would he say "Ave—" or—

"How does yo' feel dis mawnin', sah!"

"Thank God! it is indeed the twentieth century!" and Bouscaren threw himself back in the chair with a sigh of relief.

"Where am I?" he asked immediately after.

"Dis am Mistah Kenniston's house, yaas, sah!"

"Mr. Kenniston—and—"

"Yaas, sah! we done found yo' at de doah last night, or rathah, sah, dis moahnin', yaas, sah! an' Missey Dora Kenniston wouldn't have nothin' but to fetch yo' in. I tole huh, sah—"

"Yes, yes, of course—but I don't remember Miss Dora Kenniston."

"Jus' 'zactly what I tole huh, myse'f, sah—"

"But I mean I have never heard of her—nor of Mr. Kenniston."

"She nevah hear of yo', sah! Seems like yo' was lookin' fo' a princess, or som'thin'—and—" A broad grin was slowly spreading over the servant's face.

Bouscaren grinned in turn, a sickly, peevish sort of grin.

"What an ass I've made of myself, to be sure," he said silently. If he could only get out of the window and away, he thought, how quickly he would make a disappearance act. His confusion only increased when the servant said his clothes had been cleansed and prepared for him, and that Miss Dora would serve breakfast as soon as he felt able to get down to the breakfast room. Bouscaren felt that he must do something like a man. He had been an ass long enough. He must go down to that breakfast room and face Miss Dora Kenniston, or feign illness and possibly have her come to him. Both unpleasant matters. He made another effort:

"Did—did Miss Dora Kenniston—was she frightened last night by some one on the terrace?"

"Deed she was, sah!"

Bouscaren felt his head swimming again. Then there was a Princess Flavia. She was awaiting him in the breakfast room. He tried to arise at the sound of a few hasty steps outside. Then a familiar voice called "Hello, old man!"

It was Phillips.

Bouscaren was speechless with amazement. He had quite forgotten poor Phillips in this whirl of coincidences. He weakly put out a hand without saying anything.

"Gad! you fell into good quarters, old fellow," said Phillips. "You must get yourself together and meet Miss Kenniston. Bully good sort of girl, you know. Met her in Rome last year. What luck, I say! Get a spill, and fall into the arms of friends."

Bouscaren gasped. "See here, Phillips, am I dreaming? Tell me, did I really see—is there—is there a chariot outside somewhere?"

Phillips stared at him for a moment. Then his face brightened.

"Oh, yes! Of course you mean a—just a chariot; out on the lawn. Yes, they grow flowers in it."

But the real romance of this story began when Bouscaren met Miss Dora Kenniston at breakfast that morning. She was perhaps not so mysteriously radiant as he had dreamed the Princess Flavia to be—but what of that? Her nose, too, tilted just a trifle, which made it charming, of course. And she was a bully good sort of girl, such a bully good sort that old Bouscaren fell in love with her immediately, and he would not listen to Phillips's attempted recital of his wonderful adventure with Bruno after the spill, when they tried to reach the village and found everyone, including their quest, Mariagrazia, had been saved.

"She was the girl you got me to go in search of, you know," said Phillips at length, a trifle sharply.

"Did I say *she* was the girl?" asked Bouscaren.

Bouscaren now paints pictures in a little studio just outside of New York, where there are no volcanic siftings. But they have an old chariot on the lawn filled with nasturtium and sweet fern. The chains drop down from the heavy pole of it, as if the horses have just been loosed. But Bouscaren has never seen the white horses. It is the one regret of his life.

"Who knows," he will say at times to a charming princess with a nose just a trifle *retroussé*, "a little longer on that terrace and I might have seen Cæsar himself."

"It was very nice of you to dream at least of me," she replies.

LADY CHILLINGBURGH'S LAST CARD PARTY*

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF VISCOUNT ROCKHURST, LORD CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER,
SOMETIME FRIEND OF CHARLES II, AND NICKNAMED BY HIS
MAJESTY "MERRY ROCKHURST"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



LIONEL RATCLIFFE closed behind him the gate of the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields where he had his lodging. He crossed the road, then paused to survey the desolate scene.

The day was drawing to a close, but sullen fires were still burning low under a leaden, cloudy sky. Beneath his feet the grass was parched, the ground everywhere leprous gray. Though it was only early July, the foliage of the trees hung limp and sick-hued; there was not a flicker of life among the branches—indeed, hardly a stir anywhere in the languid atmosphere. Sky seemed to brood over earth, earth to lie paralyzed awaiting some moment of catastrophe, and heavy vapors to be fusing them together. The heat was a palpable presence. An anguished expectation caught the throat as with an actual pressure—the plague held all London in its grip.

Men can walk with fortitude under the wings of the Angel of Destruction, when the death he brings is a clean one, honorable, seemly; but this horrible Demon of Corruption that now spread its shadow over the world made its victims loathsome in each other's eyes, and infected them with coward selfishness and panic fears.

The court had gone at last, though Charles was no poltroon. Half the population was in flight along country roads; blind terror

was upon most of those whom circumstances retained within the doomed circle. Among the well to do only three classes still lingered in the town: those whom a sense of duty kept at their post; those again who, with a strange but not unknown faculty of self-deception, chose to ignore the visitation rather than to face the appalling presence; and lastly those few strong natures who, for purposes of their own, found it worth while to set danger at defiance.

To these last belonged Lionel Ratcliffe. Fully aware of the peril, he challenged it deliberately. He knew that those yellow vapors were the very breath of the pestilence; that the smell everywhere meeting his nostrils was that of death; that among yonder prostrate figures reclining beneath the trees many were doubtless stricken, dying, or dead. He kept on, nevertheless, calm if wary, at a masterful gait, across the fields, westward toward Arch Row. And presently as he emerged from the shadow of the trees he sighted the mansion that was his goal, Chillingburgh House, with its coping balustrade and six urns rising in relief black against the orange of the sky.

A sedan chair had just deposited a woman, voluminously wrapped in a silk cloak, before the double flight of steps. He halted for a second to watch her begin the ascent on the right; she went slowly as one fatigued. Then he swiftly entered the flagged courtyard, took

the opposite side of the stairs, and reached the landing before her.

"Madame de Mantes, your servant! Punctual to the moment!" cried he, bowed, and clapped the feathered hat against his breast.

She halted on the last step and raised her handsome head slowly toward him, ignoring his hand. The light was growing dim, and the rosy folds of her hood looked gray; but even under its shadows and in spite of the rouge on her cheek he had an uncomfortable impression of her pallor.

"*Oui*," she said tonelessly, "*me voici*." Then, with sudden petulance, "Ouf! but one suffocates in this air!"

She caught at the strings of her cloak and tore them apart; the light silken thing slipped from her shoulders, and she entered the house as one unseeing. Ratcliffe picked up the garment alertly, and followed, just in time to offer his hand again at the foot of the great staircase. The touch of her fingers struck chill. His first misgivings deepened; but he quickly dismissed the rising thoughts. Bah! a woman in love (what was there about this Rockhurst, curse him! that all the fair should thus run mad upon him?)—a woman hopelessly in love, and a Frenchwoman at that! There would sure be scenes with the faithless lover, and she was even now rehearsing them in her heart. Well might her hands be cold.

"Are you ill at ease?" he whispered, with a perfunctory show of solicitude as they passed a couple of anxious-looking servants and drew closer together on the stairs.

"*Mon Dieu!* but not at all!" she mocked him irritably. "Neither ill in my ease, nor my heart, nor—oh, tranquilize yourself—nor in my head! Besides, who could be but well and happy in this merry London of yours?"

They had reached the gallery. She snapped her hand from his and dropped him a courtesy. He wondered to have thought her pale; now she seemed to him flushed. Her heavy eyes shot fire. Appraising her critically, he approved. There were jewels at her ears and throat; her gown had the impress of French taste and became her every beauty.

The gray-haired butler who flung open the doors of the drawing-room at her approach looked after the swaying, shimmering figure with melancholy approval.

"'Tis almost like old times, Master Lionel," he whispered as Ratcliffe passed in, "to see a court lady about the place again."

"Aye, from court she is," said Lady Chillingburgh's grandson, halting on the threshold

to let his gaze roam thankfully over the great white and gold room, which had a sense of coolness and repose about it even on such a night. "But she had her reasons for not hasting off with the rest of them this morning."

"Eh—and they must be weighty reasons," murmured the man with a sigh.

"No doubt the lady thinks them so," said Lionel Ratcliffe with his detached laugh. "We are full early here, 'twould seem," he added in louder tones, advancing toward the card table before which the Frenchwoman had taken seat.

But she disdained to cast toward him even the flutter of an eyelid. Her fingers were moving restlessly among the cards and dice.

The man stood over her a second or two in silence; then, in his turn, sat down and faced her. His voice rang out with a kind of empty cheeriness:

"What! To the dice already? Nay," here he leaned across the narrow space and whispered, "remember it was to play another game that I brought you here."

She turned petulantly from him; then her eye became fixed, staring out through the unshuttered window.

"What a strange red moon!" she cried. "Would to God you had never come to me this morning, tempting, tempting! My boxes were packed. I should be now far from this pit of pestil—"

"Hush, hush!" he warned, finger on lip. "Not here! Remember my instructions." Then in his low, mock-gallant accents, "How now? Is the game, then, no longer worth the hazard?"

She caught up the dicebox, feverishly.

"Yes, yes; but I have no luck to-night. Naught again!"

"Expect you luck at gambling games," quoth he, catching the dicebox from her hand, "when you are so lucky at the game of love?"

"I lucky?"

"Yes," proceeded he; "and have you not had Cupid's best cards in your hands since the very hour of your landing with Madame de France? First the king—king of trumps himself, and eke the queen—gad! she'd have loved you, were it but to spite the Castlemaine! Then——"

"Tush!" she interrupted angrily. "Cards?—but one must play them! I hold them all, in truth—" she put her hand to her throat with a choking sob. "But——"

"You threw them all down," he laughed.

"Ah, *ciel!* When the heart begins to take a part in this game of love, then all goes astray."

"Aye," repeated the man steadily, his hard eyes upon her, "you threw your cards away, and all for Rockhurst, the greatest knave in the pack."

She turned with sudden anger. "Knave, sir? Bah! King of you all!" Then, with equally sudden change of mood, "Oh, he is a villain!" she moaned, and her lip trembled upon tears.

"And so you have not seen him," said he, changing his tone to that of sympathy, "since he returned to town, escorting to his house my fair cousin Diana Harcourt? Not once, after all you have given up for him? 'Tis ungallant of him!"

Her elbows on the table, her chin sunk in her hands, she was now fiercely staring into his eyes.

"Your promise, sir, that I meet him here to-night?"

"Nay, I can only tell you, my fair Jeanne, that he journeys hither from the Tower or Whitehall twice a day—when 'tis not thrice."

"*Mon Dieu!*" she breathed between her clenched teeth.

Satisfied with the temper he had aroused in her, the man withdrew his eyes, turned sidewise on his chair, and crossed his legs.

"I fear you've been too cool with him," he remarked airily. "Our Merry Rockhurst, as his Majesty calls him, is used to a vast deal of warmth."

"I too cool?" She laughed hysterically. "Oh, yes, it was that, of course, with this heart and brain of mine on fire?"

"Then I fear," said Ratcliffe on the edge of a yawn, "you've been too hot. The lord constable of his Majesty's Tower is a man of niceties."

"Monsieur Ratcliffe," cried Jeanne de Mantes, beating the table with her palm and darting her head toward him like a pretty serpent, "you are the devil!"

"And your very good friend, madame." He smiled with a charming bow. "Come, come! Smooth that fair brow. Do you doubt but you can hold your own against this dull country widow?"

She fixed him with suspicious eyes.

"Aye, and now it comes to me," she cried resentfully. "What is your motive in all this? Something more than pity for me."

"Come. Be calm." There was authority

under his blandness. "Be calm," he repeated, "and let me whisper in your ear. I will even trust you with my innermost thought. Diana Harcourt shall not be for Rockhurst, but for your humble servant."

"Aye," she commented, a twist of scorn upon her lips, "the lady, I was told, is passing rich."

"Even so," returned he, unmoved. "Twould be impossible to conceal aught from your perspicacity. Now Mistress Harcourt, by an odd trick of fortune, has become affianced to Harry Rockhurst, the virtuous, most youthful, innocent country son of this most reprobate gentleman in the town; the which would be but a small matter (for she loves not the green lad, mark you, nor ever will) were it not the spur to other feelings."

"I fail to follow you, sir," said she wearily.

"Nay, a moment's patience, pretty huntress, then you will come full on the scent. My Lord Rockhurst has had the singular maggot of playing a game of parental virtue with his heir— But you are not listening—" She was pressing her temples with the tip of her fingers, as one who fights an atrocious lancing pain. At his words she looked up again and nodded. "He has pledged himself to guard the goddess for his lad in the maze of the town," Lionel went on. "Mistress Diana has seen naught of my lord constable but the high-souled knight, the Sir Galahad he would remain in her eyes, even as in those of his son; and he, whom the town has dubbed Rakehell Rockhurst, caught in his own springe, must go on playing this part, or else be dubbed prince of hypocrites. Aye, and the cream of the jest is that they have both fallen so mad in love with each other, aha! that each can scarce breathe in the other's presence for the weight of the secret."

He laughed, but she brooded darkly, nibbling at her little finger.

"And so," she said after a pause, "you count upon me to lure back my lord?"

"Aye," retorted he, with a great show of ease; "or else to pluck the mask of grave virtue from his face in Mistress Harcourt's presence. Was it not agreed? Why, I deemed you subtler, madame! Upon my lord constable's discomfiture, upon the opening of my fair prude's eyes, strikes my hour, I say, and zounds! I take it. Strikes your moment, also; do you not see that?"

She made no answer. A meaningless laugh was on her lips; it died in a sigh. A strange feeling as of soaring and undulation had come

upon her, and a splitting of her thoughts as though she were in two places at once. Her mind, just now, was wandering oddly, beyond her control, to the cool meadows of her childhood's home, to the days when she plucked daisies with her baby brother in the dew-wet grass. Lionel Ratcliffe was still speaking; she caught a word here and there. One phrase at last fixed her attention.

"'Twill go hard," he was saying, "if Lionel Ratcliffe comes not to his own to-night!"

"And Jeanne de Mantes to hers!" she cried in a kind of high-strained voice, rousing herself. Then, falling back into her abstraction, "What a wicked mist there rises from the garden. Aye, would I were far from here!"

"And let pious Mistress Harcourt convert my lord constable?"

"A plague on you!" she shrieked in a sudden frenzy.

"Hush, hush! That word—have you forgot?"

A shadow fell on them as they leaned together. She looked up in terror. It was only the old butler, with a whispered message from Lady Chillingburgh to her grandson.

He rose with ill humor.

"Some whimsy of my grandam about the tables, no doubt," he muttered as he sauntered from the room, pausing at the door to cast a last look of warning. And, truly—for Fate plays such tricks upon those who would guide her—scarce had his footsteps died away, when Lord Rockhurst himself entered unannounced upon the solitary woman, as the familiar of the house.

He reached the middle of the room before he caught sight of her. An angry frown suddenly overcast features which, in repose, were at once singularly dignified and melancholy.

"How now?" he said harshly. "How come you here?"

Whatever illusion Jeanne de Mantes might have cherished as to her power over the man she loved, that frown, the cutting tones, all too quickly dispelled. Quick upon the smart of pain, her fury rose. Squaring her elbows, she looked at him insolently.

"Why, in my sedan chair, milord."

"Who brought you, then?"

But she had not the strength for the fight. What had come to Jeanne de Mantes? She found herself faltering.

"Nay, say *what* brought me, Rockhurst,

and I will tell you. It was to see you." Her voice deepened, the tears she would not shed wept in it. "I was packing, if you would know, for country and safety even this morning. And when Mr. Ratcliffe told me—"

"Ha!" he interrupted, speaking half to himself, "I might have known who had baited this trap."

She went on with rising plaint:

"Oh! what have I done to thee, my friend—"

"This is no place for you, madame," he said, coming close to her and speaking very low. "A house you have no right to enter."

The color flamed up again to her face.

"Nay, if you are here, milord," she retorted, "why not I, then?"

He stood a few seconds, his dark eye upon her, deeply thinking; then, as though upon a sudden mood, a complete change came over him. The stateliness, the air of command, the something unapproachable as of one set apart, gave place to mockery, to languor. He let himself sink upon the chair that Ratcliffe had vacated; and, running his fingers through the black curls that lay on his shoulders, scrutinized her again insolently through half-closed lids.

"Lionel Ratcliffe," quoth he then, "is a gentleman of birth and parts. And if he hath not much of this world's goods, he hath wits, which is nigh as good. Mightest do worse, Jinny!"

"And is it for this," cried she, laughing loudly, "that I gave up a king?" But in the midst of her laughter tears welled and ran down her cheeks.

"By the Lord Harry!" he said, willfully hard, "but this becomes a wearisome refrain of thine! What now, old Rowley is forgiving. Finish that packing of thine, and hie thee to Salisbury. You might still—"

She caught her kerchief from her bosom and set her teeth in it.

"Might I indeed, my lord? Oh, you are gallant!" Then the tears came on that hysteric outburst: "You will break my heart!"

He glanced anxiously toward the door.

"Tush! Hearts?" he cried impatiently. "We are set with five senses in this world, and 'tis but common wisdom to take note of them. But hearts? What have you and I to do with hearts?"

"And, indeed," she sobbed—"and, indeed, I never knew I had one, till you had taken it from me!"

"Dry your eyes, Jinny," said he then, not unkindly. "When will ye women learn it?—tears are daggers with which ye slay your charms. I for one never could abide a salt cheek."

She thrust back the sob rising in her throat, and strove to smile upon him.

"Time was you thought me handsome," she murmured with catching breath.

"I think thee handsome still," he answered; stretched out a languid finger and touched her chin. Then a bitter laugh shook him. "A morsel fit for a king, as I said!"

With her snakelike movement she rose, and stood a second, glaring down at him. Then to her ears came a rustle along the oaken boards of the passage. Her rival! And she, *la belle* Jeanne de Mantes, tear-stained, a hideous thing to be mocked at! Like a hunted thing, she turned and dashed through the terrace down into the gloom of the garden.

No fresh air there to cool her fevered temples, to revive that heart so strangely laboring. But stronger than all physical discomfort was the galling interest of her jealousy. The mischief of it was that, with this hammering of her pulses, she could scarce catch a word of what passed within the room. But she could see! And the whole life power in her became concentrated in her burning eyes. Pshaw! it was but a pale thing when all was said and done. And the hair, positive red! Aye, and overlong in the limb—an English gawk! She would call herself slender no doubt—thin was the word for her. Not a jewel, not even a pearl, on the forehead! If Jeanne de Mantes knew milord—him so traveled, so fastidious, so *raffiné*—this dish of curds and whey would mighty soon pall upon his palate. Yet, through all this tale of her rival's disabilities, a relentless voice, far away in her soul, yet clear as judge's sentence, repeated that Diana was beautiful and held Rockhurst's love. In despair, something like a hectic gayety ran hot through her veins. Very well, at any rate, as Lionel Ratcliffe had it, her moment was at hand! A shuddering fit came over her that seemed to shake her ideas away, as an autumn wind the leaves.

In the yellow candlelight within, Lord Rockhurst had ceremoniously greeted his son's betrothed. In silence she courtesied. Then, as they drew closer to each other, the man saw traces of tears on the fair cheek.

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "You have been weeping!"

"Truly, my lord," said she, smiling, yet with a little catch in her breath, "I should be ashamed to show you this disfigured countenance."

"Disfigured?" he echoed. "Transfigured!"

He took a quick step toward her as she spoke; but she drew back.

"I have a letter from Harry," she said constrainedly; and Rockhurst drew himself up, darkening.

"Aye," said he, and then approached her again, his whole manner delicately, indescribably altered. "Good news, I trust?"

"Oh, vastly," she answered, with a small, flustered laugh, drawing a folded sheet from her bosom. There was a deep pause. "I am glad to have heard from Harry," she declared of a sudden, bravely.

"So glad," he said, low-voiced, "that you wept."

"My lord!" There was fear and warning in her cry.

"Ah, Diana, do not grudge me your tears, since 'tis all I may ever have from you!" He took a musing turn about the room, and, when he came back to her, iron composure was once more upon him. "I, too, heard from my son. Harry clamors to be allowed to join us. That may not be. Less than ever now!" A church bell rang mournfully into his last words. "Why, hark! the very bells ring out the words: Plague, plague!"

"Oh, my good lord!" she cried, her finger on her lip.

"Aye, and is my Lady Chillingburgh still so mad?"

"Mad? No, but all London is gone mad, is laboring under a monstrous illusion. We, in this house, alone are sane. There never was such an ailment as the—" she dropped and formed the evil word only with a movement of the lips. "And if, as you see, our friends grow scarcer each Wednesday night, there are a thousand indifferent good reasons to explain their absence."

Something in the sweet assumed archness of her tone stirred him as could no outcry of feminine terror.

"Diana, child, I cannot permit this! You must not remain exposed to such peril. I will no longer be withheld from speaking to Lady Chillingburgh."

"Believe me, my lord," she prayed him earnestly, "you would but anger her; you would but be banished this house, and nothing gained indeed. Oh, do not speak!"

He took both her hands as she involuntarily flung them out.

"Then will I speak to you only. Diana, think of yourself, of Harry. The whole town is in flight. The departure of the court has given the final signal for panic——"

She smiled as she slowly withdrew her hands.

"And you, my lord; when do you join the fugitives?"

"I?" He started. "Why surely, madam, you know I have a post to keep. 'Tis one I would not desert if I might. My men, poor devils, look to me——"

"Ah," she interrupted, "and have I no post to hold against the same enemy? How many servants would my grandmother retain if I set the example?"

"Diana!" The word escaped him under a passionate impulse of tenderness. But he checked himself again on the very leap of passion. "Ah," he murmured, "I shall have a brave daughter!"

She smiled, as a woman smiles at the hurt inflicted by the best beloved.

There came from without the sound of voices, uplifted in the pleasant, artificial accents that mark the social meeting, and Lionel Ratcliffe ushered a couple of elderly visitors into the room with his elaborate, if ironic, courtesy.

"You are not the first, gentlemen, you perceive. Indeed, my worthy ancestress is somewhat behindhand in her usual punctilio. But she has been engaged (with my assistance) in the dismissal of a saucy footman who has had the insolence to remark to her upon these red crosses with which it hath become the rage to adorn the doors of certain houses these days."

Both the men laughed uneasily.

"Tut, tut!" cried the elder and stouter, and sniffed surreptitiously at his pomander box.

"Quite so," assented Lionel suavely.

Whereupon the other guest broke out, as in passion:

"A monstrous nuisance, 'pon honor! Gad, sirs, I am here straight from a crony's house—my Lord Vernon's and no other. What think you greets me from the doorstep—a nobleman's door, mark you! The cross, sir, the cross! and by my soul, the text, 'Lord have mercy on us!' writ beneath in chalk!"

"Lord o' mercy!" exclaimed the stout man, starting back involuntarily. "You did not cross the threshold?"

"No, Mr. Foulkes," returned the younger

severely. Then he burst forth again, a man mightily offended by the indelicacy of events: "Gad, sir, I'm not fond of the country, but I'm for it to-morrow!"

Foulkes again sniffed his spice box, this time openly.

"Why, so am I, Sir John! Ah, Mistress Harcourt, your humble devoted!"

Ratcliffe, who had anxiously looked round the room for Madame de Mantes, while the guests exchanged greetings, now saw her emerge from the window recess, and threw her a keen, inquiring glance. Without meeting his eyes, she came forward with a great rustle of ballooning silk so that all turned.

"Pray, Mr. Ratcliffe," said she as one in a dream, "you have not yet presented me to your kinswoman."

Ratcliffe shot swift scrutiny from beneath his drawn brows at Diana's surprised face, at Lord Rockhurst's dark, impassive countenance, imperceptibly shrugged his shoulders, and complied:

"Cousin Diana—Madame de Mantes, who is kind enough to add her charming presence to our dwindling company."

The Frenchwoman sank into the center of her amber and blue draperies; emerged languorous, extended with queenly grace a hand to Foulkes and another to Sir John, and from the very sweep of her courtesies flung a condescending phrase at her rival:

"Monsieur, your handsome cousin, has been so eloquent about you, madam, that 'tis almost as if I knew you already."

"He is very kind," faltered Diana, ill at ease, she scarce knew why. Then, mindful of her duty as hostess, "You know my Lord Rockhurst?"

The Frenchwoman looked beyond them into the night of the garden.

"We *have* met," she said in suave tones, and sailed into a third obeisance.

The two gentlemen of the court instinctively drew together.

"What has come to that pretty piece from France? She has sadly lost her looks, think you not? And her manner is somewhat singular to-night. What makes she in this prim circle? She should be at Salisbury," whispered Foulkes.

Sir John Farrington jerked his thumb knowingly toward the lord constable; both looked, laughed, and wagged their heads. Rockhurst stepped forward and unostentatiously drew Diana away from Madame de Mantes. Lionel seized his moment:

"What did you, from the room?" he whispered hurriedly in his ally's ear. "You had your chance, and let it slip! I had not brought you here—" He stopped suddenly, staring at her askance. The great enamel clasp, that held the artfully careless draperies at her breast, rose and fell with her over-quick breathing, yet her mood was strangely cheerful; nay, incomprehensible, for he marked that her eyes were red. She had wept and robbed herself well-nigh of all her beauty. "You've lost the trick for both of us," he muttered bitterly.

"Don't be too sure," she bade him, drawing closer to him. "Look at them!" she cried, tossing her curls in the direction of Rockhurst and Diana. "Ha! you'd have me believe Rockhurst in love—in love with that white, bloodless, fireless, country stock! Oh, sir, I have seen Rockhurst in love!"

A smile twisted his lips; he looked at her oddly.

She proceeded with a mixture of exultation and bitterness:

"I watched them; they thought themselves alone. I tell you he made no attempt to do more than kiss her finger tips! Ah, *mon Dieu!*" Her laughter was like a flame running through her. "With me— Ah, you men! do I not know you?"

"Pshaw!" said Ratcliffe brutally. "Something you may know of us, and know well. But you know not what a virtuous woman can make of us."

She wheeled on him, clinching her hands as if she would strike him.

"Indeed!" she panted. "And have I not had as much virtue as any woman—once?" Then, finding his gaze abstractedly fixed upon his cousin, she halted upon precipitate speech, watched him keenly for a second, and broke into loud laughter.

"Hush!" he cried, starting at the wanton sound.

"Excellent Lionel," she said, catching him with her small burning hand, "if friends are to help each other, they should be frank. But now I know your secret, I know where I am. As Heaven is good to me," her laugh rang out again, "'tis not for the money; you're in love with the widow!"

He looked at her for an instant as if he could have struck her, but the next fell back into his cynic mood.

"Congratulate yourself, then," he retorted dryly, "since I have all the more reason to

have my will. But, pray you, here comes my grandam. She cares not for such loud mirth."

"Trust me," she tittered. "I await but the ripe moment. The unmasking shall yet be played to your liking, and—" She faltered; into her eyes came the vagueness, into her voice the singular change that once or twice already had aroused Ratcliffe's attention. In a kind of toneless whisper, rapid and jerky, she added: "Unmask? Oh, yes, milord. No doubt—after supper!"

Lionel fell back, frowning.

The folding doors were thrown apart: two footmen entered, bearing candelabra which they deposited upon the center card table. There was an abrupt cessation of talk among the guests, and all turned in formal expectation of the venerable hostess's entry. Into which stillness Lady Chillingburgh, seated very upright in her chair, was wheeled by a negro boy. An extraordinary personality!

Paralyzed to the waist though she was, a fierce vitality, an indomitable will, looked out of the sunken black eyes, spoke in the cavernous voice, imposed itself in the gesture of the shriveled hand. Here was one, in spite of age and infirmity, strong enough to bid defiance to universal calamity, to look Pestilence in the face, and choose to ignore it; who, in the midst of a terror akin to that of the scriptural last day could still give her weekly card party and find guests to obey the summons.

As her chair was brought to a stand in the middle of the room, Lady Chillingburgh drew her eyebrows together and swept a slow severe glance over the circle:

"I was informed the company had assembled. How now! Are these all my guests?"

There was a kind of apologetic stir, as if each person felt responsible for the paucity of his fellow guests. Then Rockhurst and the other men advanced and gravely paid their devoirs. Diana drew her grandmother's chair to a more suitable position by the big card table, and then stood behind her, in attendance. Ratcliffe instantly proceeded to the introduction of the new guest. He was once more suave, to glibness:

"The court has left this morning, dear madam; hence this unwonted emptiness of your rooms. Nevertheless, here is a lady of the royal circle. Madame de Mantes, of the house of Madame Henriette de France and honored by their Majesties' particular regard—she still prefers the advantages of the town."

The aged face became wreathed in smiles. "I trust their Majesties were in good health, madame, when last you saw them," said my Lady Chillingburgh in stately condescension.

Jeanne courtesied mechanically. She felt of a sudden childishly afraid of the figure in the chair—old, old and nearly dead, yet so alive!

The faint, hollow voice went on, as from the recesses of a tomb:

"You play cards, of course, Madame de Mantes?" There was a courtly gesture with the clawlike hand, and Lady Chillingburgh turned with an unerring precision of politeness to her other guests: "Sir John, I rejoice to see you; you had failed us of late. Ah, Mr. Foulkes, you indeed are ever faithful! But where is your good lady?"

"She deemed it wiser—hem," Foulkes coughed, a-sweat with embarrassment, "I mean, she had accepted an invitation to the country, and left this morning with our family."

"Indeed!" commented the venerable hostess regally. "My Lord Rockhurst, you prefer basset, I know. So does Sir John. Will you be seated yonder? Grandson, to my left. Madame, will you face me, if you please? Mr. Foulkes, sir, to my right. Diana, child, shuffle the cards."

They fell into their places as she willed them; and for a little while round the greater table there was naught but the business of the moment, the necessary words of the game, the rattle of the dice, the whisper of sliding cards. Diana, her fresh young beauty drawn close in startling contrast to her grandmother's awe-inspiring face, held the cards for the trembling fingers, flung the dice.

In the window recess, the two men, under cover of a languid contest, conversed gravely in undertones. But ever and again the lord constable's gaze, charged with anxiety, sought Diana's radiant head. Jeanne had flung herself feverishly into the game.

"I marvel extremely," quoth Lady Chillingburgh, "that my Lord Marsham should be so late. You are acquaint with my Lord Marsham, madame? He is much at Whitehall. We are indeed a small party to-night. Let us hope my Lord will presently appear."

Foulkes, who had shown increasing agitation during this speech, now dropped his cards with a muffled, "Mercy be good to us!"

Ratcliffe kicked him under the table, while he spoke blandly:

"Do not expect his Lordship to-night,

madam. I hear he has convened a party of his own."

Sir John Farringdon, straining startled ears and eyes from the other table, caught Ratcliffe's glance and mouthed at him with dumb lips, "Gone?" jerking heavenward with his thumb.

"Gone," asserted Ratcliffe's nod, while his thumb pointed grimly down.

Lady Chillingburgh turned her quick glance, her high pyramid of lace and white curls, in daunting inquiry in Sir John's direction. But her grandson, diabolically fluent, was once more ready with his irony:

"Sir John is offended at having received no invitation."

"'Tis very strange," said Lady Chillingburgh. "My Lord Marsham is not wont to be discourteous."

"'Twas such a sudden inspiration," soothed Lionel.

His grandmother fixed him with stern disapproval. Diana sometimes thought that, though it was the old woman's fancy to be humored, not a jot of their elaborate pretense escaped her; that she fiercely resented the mocking manner with which Lionel acted his rôle.

"And your cousin, sir? Where lurks he? Your brother Edward, I mean, Diana?" Diana had no answer but a look of dumb distress, and again the fiery eyes wandered, seeking. "And Mistress Hill? 'Tis the first time in seven years that Mistress Hill has failed me."

Sir John Farringdon, who had been unaccountably nettled by Ratcliffe's mocking remark, here lifted his voice somewhat overloudly:

"I can give tidings of Mistress Hill, madam. I happen to know that this evening she was driven out in state. No doubt, Mr. Ratcliffe, 'twas to join that gathering of my Lord Marsham's to which you were good enough to inform us I was not asked."

Rockhurst rose frowning; and laughing, not pleasantly, at his own wit, Sir John gathered the neglected stakes and slipped them into his own pocket. Madame de Mantes echoed the laugh, shrilly, hysterically.

A dark flush crept to the old hostess's bleached cheek. Desultory talk or grim jest failed alike to relieve the tension. The game languished; scarce passed a card or rang a die; the ever-shadowing Horror hung, nightmare dark, ever closer, ever more palpable, over all.

"The game, madame! The game, gentlemen!"

But it was idle, even for the bravest spirit among her guests, to deny the invisible Presence in their midst. And when, following upon a confused rumor on the stairs, a great cry of anguish and terror was raised at the very door of the room; when, staggering and wringing his hands, a distraught youth rushed in, it was almost as if his voice was that of the unacknowledged Fear; his livid face its very countenance.

"For the Lord's sake, a cup of the plague water!"

"Brother!" cried Diana. She sprang toward him. But hastily, even roughly, Rockhurst thrust her on one side, and the boy collapsed into the nearest chair.

Whereupon Lionel, coming forward with his usual coolness, ran his fingers, with a movement the sinister significance of which most people had learned to interpret these days, under the fair curls of the bent head.

"Sheer poltroonery," cried he, and laughed loudly, and struck his cousin's hunched shoulders with no gentle hand.

"Curse it!" moaned the lad. "I have just knocked against two women carrying a coffin! They howled like sick cats." Sinking his head on his hands once more, he rocked himself backward and forward. "Oh, this wicked London! Oh, the judgment of God!"

"Edward!" cried Lady Chillingburgh imperiously. Her voice dominated the horrified whispers of Sir John and Foulkes, Madame de Mantes's hysterical cries, young Edward's obtrusive groans. But there was a force stronger than her in her house that night. Sir John Farrington unceremoniously poured himself a bumper of wine, drank it hastily, his eye on the door toward which Foulkes was uneasily edging. Madame de Mantes, who had been sobbing out inarticulate words in her own tongue, broke into foolish laughter.

Edward sprang to his feet, thrusting aside his cousin's restraining hand.

"I will speak! Grandam shall hear the truth at last! 'Tis everywhere! Everyone is getting it! Lord Marsham, ill at noon, dead at four! Mistress Hill, well yesterday, buried to-night!"

"I command you to silence, Edward!"

The quivering voice rose high, catching painfully at lost authority; the palsied hand aimed a feeble blow at the table.

"Why must we stay, because of the old woman's whimsy?" continued the boy in

fury. "Zounds! I go to-night, and sister with me. D'y'e hear, grandam! I'm here to get the travel money, and I'll have it. I'll go, and sister with me!"

But the aged queen was not yet dethroned. Her spirit asserted itself in a supreme effort. Life seemed to come back to her paralyzed limbs; she flung out one hand in a gesture of authority; it scarce trembled.

"Diana, your brother is drunk. I order him to be expelled. Mr. Foulkes, the game is not concluded; resume your seat!"

She broke off. Sir John Farrington had made an unmannerly dash for the door. Foulkes stood at command with a sickly smile; but his friend's example, the open passage, were too much for him; stealthily the door closed upon his retreat.

Only by a rigid aversion of her head did Lady Chillingburgh betray her knowledge of this double defection.

"Grandson Lionel, your cousin Edward is drunk. Conduct him, I say, from this apartment and let him be physicked. Madame, I am surprised you find amusement in such an indecorous scene. Pshaw! It seems truly that we shall have no cards to-night. Diana, child, take your guitar and sing for us. Sing that old sweet song of Master Herick's. My Lord Rockhurst, have you yet heard this new instrument?"

But the lord constable had followed Diana as she moved across the room to seek the guitar. They stood together a second; he saw her hand tremble over the olive-wood case. "Nay, child, you can never sing to-night!"

"My lord, I must—anything to soothe her. Oh, the physicians have ever warned us of the danger of agitation for her!"

"Diana!" Lady Chillingburgh's voice was weak and strained; her face seemed to have suddenly shrunk; extinct was the fire in the eyes. Yet the will still struggled. "Sing!"

Lionel Ratcliffe had taken no pains to fulfill his grandmother's behest; and already she seemed to have forgotten it; but he had soothed Edward Hare after his own fashion—by a bumper of wine and a whispered promise to provide the travel money himself. Now in the lull he took a seat behind Madame de Mantes and, his eyes on Rockhurst and Diana, began in a fierce undertone:

"Do you not see how it is with them? Why, in this evening's folly everything conspires to give them to each other. You wait the ripe moment, say you? Gad! Look



Drawn by Arthur Recher.

"Lady Chillingburgh, rising upon those feet that had been dead to motion so long, stood erect."

there, I say; there is that other woman with the man you love—claim him now! 'Tis your last chance!"

Madame de Mantes, who since Lady Chillingburgh's rebuke had been sitting, her chin propped up on her hands, her curls concealing her face, turned slowly toward him. He started. For all his fortitude a shudder ran through him. Through her mad eyes the Pestilence was looking upon him!

Diana's voice rose—faint but sweet:

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet infant of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose thus bepearled with dew?

Lady Chillingburgh, with closed lids, beat time vaguely on the arm of her chair; Edward Hare pondered over his last mouthful of wine; the Frenchwoman was muttering to herself and drawing, under the shadow of the curls, restless patterns on the table with her forefinger. Lionel sat beside her, his starting eyes upon her face.

I will whisper to your ears:
The sweets of Love are mixed with tears!

sang Diana in a voice that had grown firmer and clearer.

And now, so faintly at first as to be almost imperceptible, something began to mingle itself with the music. The clang of a bell struck at intervals, followed by a long monotonous call. The sounds drew ever nearer. Diana faltered, took up her song again bravely, failed once more, struck a broken note; then hand and voice fell mute. Stillness held them all within the great room, which seemed to wait doom the more inevitably for its bright lights, for its futile air of indifference and gayety. Through the open window, out of the darkness, gathered a heavy rumble of wheels; then again uprose the call of the bell, the cry of the hoarse voice:

"Bring out your dead!"

Into the breathless pause, Lady Chillingburgh, rising upon those feet that had been dead to motion so long, stood erect, and flung out her arm with an angry cry; and then it seemed there was naught in the big chair but a huddled heap of drapery. The Terror, petrified on young Hare's lip, broke out roaring:

"She's dead! Grandam's dead! The plague! She's dead of the plague!" He made one leap for the door, his screams awaking confusion in the house.

Within Lady Chillingburgh's drawing-room the drama was quickly played.

Diana bent in anguish over her grandmother, crying:

"She has swooned! For Heaven's sake, madame, as you are a woman, give me your assistance!"

But Lionel had sprung to her side:

"Back, Diana! Away out of this room. Our grandmother is dead."

"The—sickness?" she faltered with white lips.

"The plague? Not here—" he answered her. "But there!" He flung his pointing finger toward the Frenchwoman, who turned her face with a crazy laugh toward them.

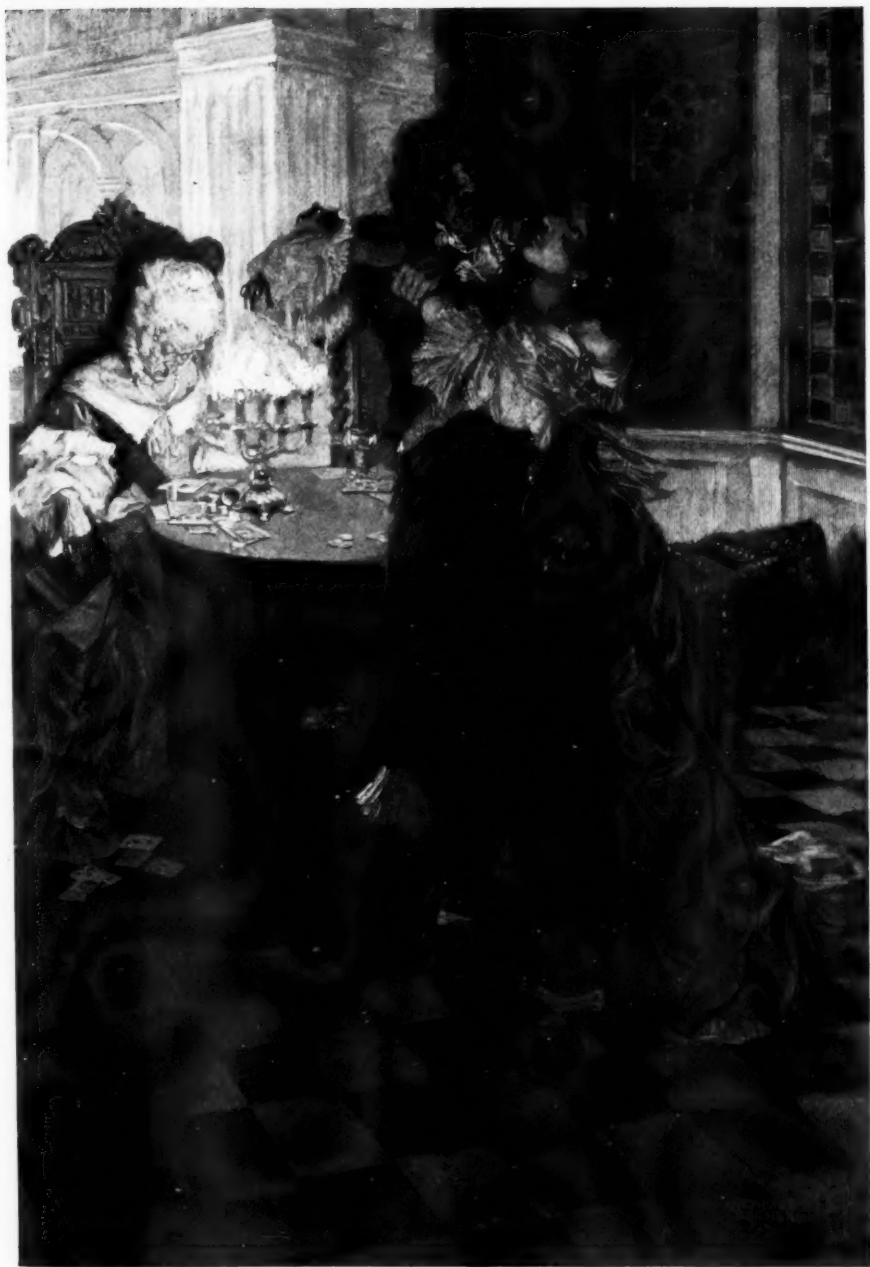
Diana recoiled a pace, threw out her hands as if seeking support, and Rockhurst, ever close to her, caught her in his arms. A sudden, blind, all encompassing fury fell upon Ratcliffe.

"Stay, my lord constable!" he cried fiercely, and made a spring to wrest the unconscious burden from the hated man's embrace. "Ah, Rakehell Rockhurst, not so fast!"

The table was between them. He was wrenching at his sword as he dashed round it, pushing Jeanne de Mantes aside; when, with her soft, bare arms, she clutched his throat from behind.

It was perhaps his horror of the embrace that robbed him of the power of resistance; perhaps the strength lent by the delirium rendered her burning clasp irresistible. He struggled, yet was powerless. His starting eyes beheld the lord constable pass out of the room to the garden, bearing Diana into the night. He gathered his energy for a last shout in the hope of raising the household to his help; but the hot arms were writhing closer about him, the scented curls beat softly against his cheek. The creature was laughing, pressing upward her disfigured face, devouring him with her mad, unseeing eyes, striving to reach his lips for the kiss of death, raving, "At last, O Rockhurst!"

He never knew how he loosed himself—that moment was blank, stamped with too deep a horror to be ever recalled. He found himself rushing blindly through the blackness of the fields, feeling as if he could never escape from that lingering touch of contamination, that no waters could ever lave him from the taint. The scourge had conquered his close set plans; aye, and conquered him. Lionel Ratcliffe was at last afraid of the plague!



Drawn by Arthur Reher.

"With her soft, bare arms, she clutched his throat from behind."





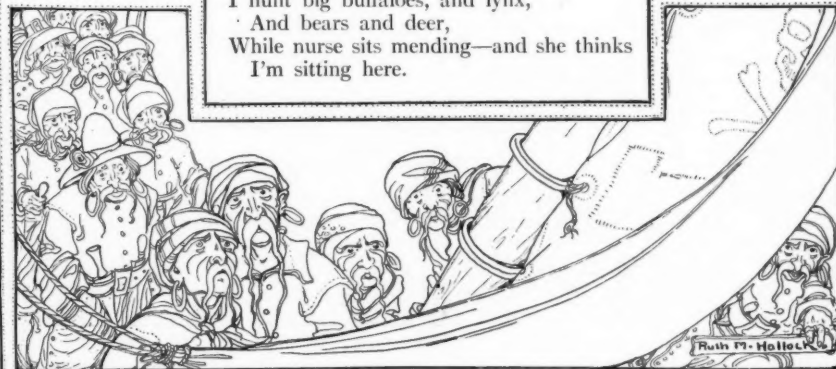
DREAMS

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

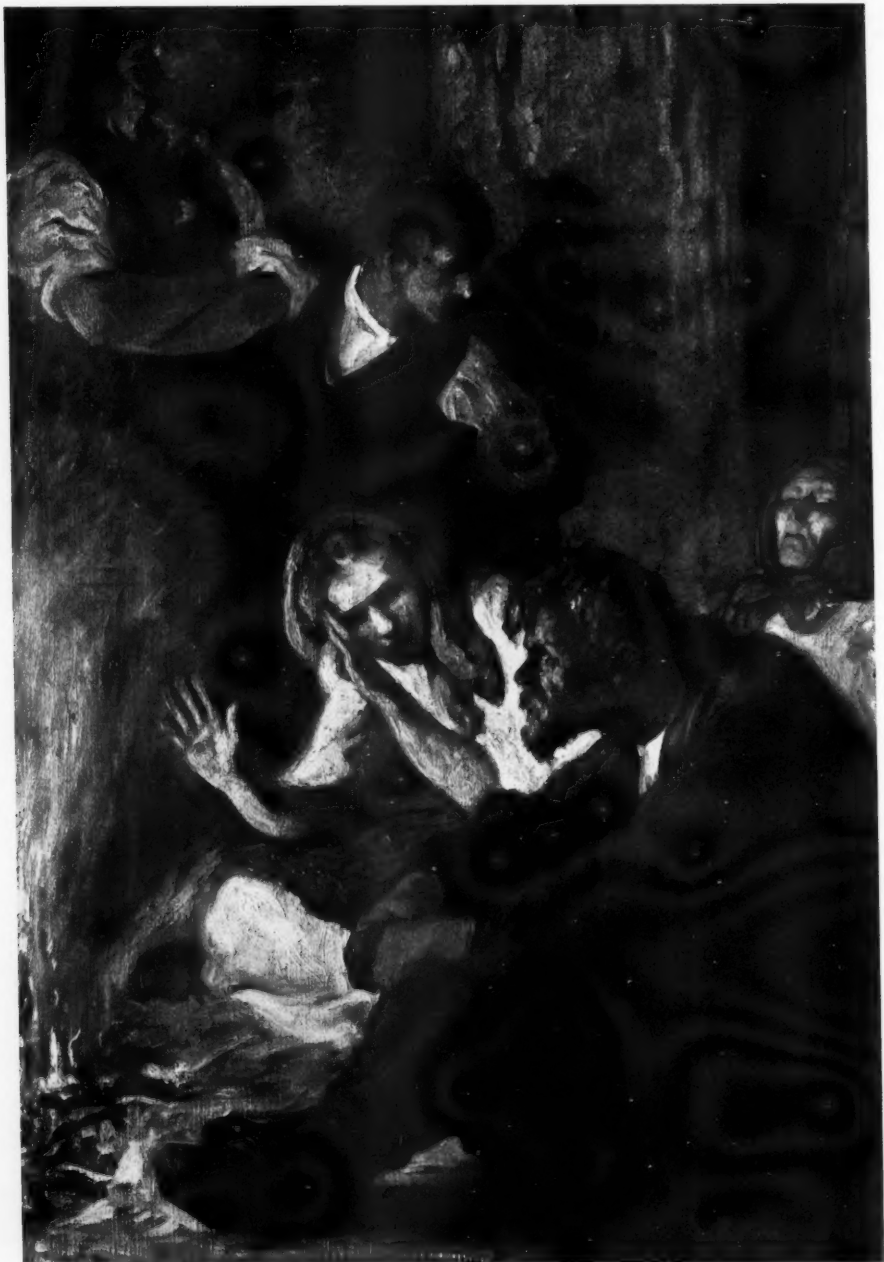
At last I know where they are kept,
My own, own dreams;
At night I found them when I slept,
But now it seems
As if I only have to go
A little way,
And I can find them all, I know,
By night or day.

I do not even shut my eyes.
I sit and wait,
And pretty soon, wide open flies
A little gate;
All things I want come through to me,
And I can go
A-sailing, sailing on the sea—
Heave ho! Heave ho!

With pirates and with Indian braves
And robber bands
I hunt, and ride, and live in caves,
In foreign lands;
I hunt big buffaloes, and lynx,
And bears and deer,
While nurse sits mending—and she thinks
I'm sitting here.



Ruth M. Hollock



Drawn by S. de Ivanovskii.

"The men listened in silence fearing to cut the bright thread that bound them to the world."

MOTHER*

A NOVEL

By MAXIM GORKY

ILLUSTRATED BY S. DE IVANOWSKI

CHAPTER XXI

THE MEN IN THE RANKS



“ON’T you get tired?” the mother asked.

“Do you think I haven’t done much walking? All this is an old story to me.”

With a merry smile, as if speaking of some glorious childhood frolics, Sofya began to tell the mother of her revolutionary work. She had had to live under a changed name, use counterfeit documents, disguise herself in various costumes in order to hide from spies, carry hundreds and hundreds of pounds of illegal books through various cities, arrange escapes for comrades in exile, and escort them abroad. She had had a printing press fixed up in her quarters, and when on learning of it the gendarmes appeared to make a search, she succeeded in a minute’s time before their arrival in dressing as a servant, and walking out of the house just as her guests were entering at the gate. She met them there. Without an outer wrap, a light kerchief on her head, a tin kerosene can in her hand, she traversed the city from one end to the other in the biting cold of a winter’s day. Another time she had just arrived in a strange city to pay a visit to friends. When she was already on the stairs leading to their quarters, she noticed that a search was being conducted in their apartments. To turn back was too late. Without a second’s hesitation she boldly rang the bell at the door of a lower floor, and walked in with her traveling bag to unknown people. She frankly explained the position she was in.

“You can hand me over to the gendarmes if you want to; but I don’t think you will,” she said confidently.

The people were greatly frightened, and did not sleep the whole night. Every minute they expected the sound of the gendarmes knocking at the door. Nevertheless, they could not make up their minds to deliver her over to them, and the next morning they had a hearty laugh with her over the gendarmes.

And once, dressed as a nun, she traveled in the same railroad coach, in fact, sat on the very same seat, with a spy, then in search of her. He boasted of his skill, and told her how he was conducting his search. He was certain she was riding on the same train as himself, in a second-class coach; but at every stop, after walking out, he came back saying, “Not to be seen. She must have gone to bed. They, too, get tired. Their life is a hard one, just like ours.”

The mother, listening to her stories, laughed, and regarded her affectionately. Tall and dry, Sofya strode along the road lightly and firmly, at an even gait. In her walk, her words, and the very sound of her voice—although a bit dull, it was yet bold—in all her straight and stolid figure, there was much of robust strength, jovial daring, and thirst for space and freedom. Her eyes looked at everything with a youthful glance. She constantly spied something that gladdened her heart with childlike joy.

“See, what a splendid pine!” she exclaimed, pointing out a tree to the mother.

The mother looked and stopped. It was a pine neither higher nor thicker than others.

“Ye-es, ye-es, a good tree,” she said, smiling.

“Do you hear? A lark!” Sofya raised

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her head, and looked into the blue expanse of the sky for the merry songster. Her gray eyes flashed with a fond glance, and her body seemed to rise from the ground to meet the music ringing from an unseen source in the far distant height. At times bending over, she plucked a field flower, and with light touches of her slender, agile fingers she fondly stroked the quivering petals and hummed quietly and prettily.

Over them burned the kindly spring sun. The blue depths flashed softly. At the sides of the road stretched a dark pine forest. The fields were verdant, birds sang, and the thick, resinous atmosphere stroked the face warmly and tenderly.

All this moved the mother's heart nearer to the woman with the bright eyes and the bright soul; and trying to keep even pace with her she involuntarily pressed close to Sofya, as if desiring to draw into herself her hearty boldness and freshness.

Filling their lungs with the aromatic air, they paced along, not swiftly, but at a good, round gait. The mother felt she was on a pilgrimage. She recollected her childhood—the fine joy with which she used to leave the village on holidays to go to a distant monastery, where there was a wonder-working ikon.

Sometimes Sofya would hum some new unfamiliar songs about the sky and about love, or suddenly she would begin to recite poems about the fields and forests and the Volga. The mother listened, a smile on her face, swinging her head to the measure of the tune or rhyme, involuntarily yielding to the music. Her breast was pervaded by a soft, melancholy warmth, like the atmosphere in a little old garden on a summer night.

On the third day they arrived at the village, and the mother inquired of a peasant, at work in the field, where the tar works were. Soon they were descending a steep woody path, on which the exposed roots of the trees formed steps through a small, round glade, which was choked up with coal and chips of wood caked with tar.

Outside a shack built of poles and branches, at a table formed simply of three unplanned boards laid on a trestle stuck firmly into the ground, sat Rybin, all blackened, his shirt open at his breast, Yefim, and two other young men. They were just dining. Rybin was the first to notice the women. Shading his eyes with his hand, he waited in silence.

"How do you do, brother Mikhail?" shouted the mother from afar.

He arose and leisurely walked to meet them. When he recognized the mother, he stopped and smiled and stroked his beard with his black hand.

"We are on a pilgrimage," said the mother, approaching him. "And so I thought I would stop in and see my brother. This is my friend Anna."

Proud of her resourcefulness, she looked askance at Sofya's serious, stern face.

"How are you?" said Rybin, smiling grimly. He shook her hand, bowed to Sofya, and continued: "Don't lie. This isn't the city. No need of lies. These are all our own people, good people."

Yefim, sitting at the table, looked sharply at the pilgrims, and whispered something to his comrades. When the women walked up to the table, he arose and silently bowed to them. His comrades didn't stir, seeming to take no notice of the guests.

"We live here like monks," said Rybin, tapping the mother lightly on the shoulder. "No one comes to us; our master is not in the village; the mistress was taken to the hospital. And now I'm a sort of superintendent. Sit down at the table. Maybe you're hungry. Yefim, bring some milk."

The pungent odor of the fresh tar blended with the stifling smell of decaying leaves dizzied the newcomers.

"This fellow is Yakob," said Rybin, pointing to the tall man, "and that one Ignaty. Well, how's your son?"

"He's in prison," the mother sighed.

"In prison again? He likes it, I suppose."

Ignaty stopped humming; Yakob took the staff from the mother's hand, and said: "Sit down, little mother."

"Yes, why don't you sit down?" Rybin extended the invitation to Sofya.

She sat down on the stump of a tree, scrutinizing Rybin seriously and attentively.

"When did they take him?" asked Rybin, sitting down opposite the mother, and shaking his head. "You've bad luck, Nilovna."

"I'm not used to it, but I see it's not to be helped."

"That's right. Well, tell us the story."

Yefim brought a pitcher of milk, took a cup from the table, rinsed it with water, and after filling it shoved it across the table to Sofya. He moved about noiselessly, listening to the mother's narrative. When the mother had concluded her short account, all were silent for a moment, looking at one another. Ignaty, sitting at the table, drew a pattern with

his nails on the boards. Yefim stood behind Rybin, resting his elbows on his shoulders. Yakob leaned against the trunk of a tree, his hands folded over his chest, his head inclined. Sofya observed the peasants from the corner of her eye.

"Yes," Rybin drawled sullenly. "That's the course of action they've decided on—to go out openly."

"If we were to arrange such a parade here," said Yefim, with a surly smile, "they'd hack the peasants to death."

"They certainly would," Ignaty assented, nodding his head. "No, I'll go to the factory. It's better there."

"You say Pavel's going to be tried?" asked Rybin.

"Yes. They've decided on a trial."

"Well, what'll he get? Have you heard?"

"Hard labor, or exile to Siberia for life," answered the mother softly. The three young men simultaneously turned their look on her, and Rybin, lowering his head, asked slowly: "And when he got this affair up, did he know what was in store for him?"

"I don't know. I suppose he did."

"He did," said Sofya aloud.

All were silent, motionless, as if congealed by one cold thought.

"So," continued Rybin slowly and gravely. "I, too, think he knew. A serious man looks before he leaps. There, boys, you see, the man knew that he might be struck with a bayonet, or exiled to hard labor; but he went. He felt it was necessary for him to go, and he went. If his mother had lain across his path, he would have stepped over her body and gone his way. Wouldn't he have stepped over you, Nilovna?"

"He would," said the mother shuddering and looking around. She heaved a heavy sigh. Sofya silently stroked her hand.

"There's a man for you!" said Rybin in a subdued voice, his dark eyes roving about the company. They all became silent again.

Suddenly Yakob moved forward from the tree, stepped to one side, stopped, and, shaking his head, observed dryly: "So, when we're in the army with Yefim, it's on such men as Pavel Mikhaylovich that they'll set us."

"Against whom did you think they'd make you go?" retorted Rybin glumly. "They choke us with our own hands."

"I'll join the army all the same," announced Yefim obstinately.

"Who's trying to dissuade you?" exclaimed Ignaty. "Go!" He looked Yefim straight

in the face, and said with a smile: "If you're going to shoot at me, aim at the head. Don't just wound me; kill me at once."

"Listen, boys," said Rybin, letting his glance stray about the little assembly with a deliberate, grave gesture of his raised hand. "Here's a woman"—pointing to the mother—"whose son is surely done for now."

"Why are you saying this?" the mother asked in a low, sorrowful voice.

"It's necessary," he answered sullenly.

"It's necessary that your hair shouldn't turn gray in vain, that your heart shouldn't ache for nothing. Behold, boys. She's lost her son, but what of it? Has it killed her? Nilovna, did you bring books?"

The mother looked at him, and after a pause said: "I did."

"That's it," said Rybin, striking the table with the palm of his hand. "I knew it at once when I saw you. Why need you have come here, if not for that?" He again measured the young men with his eyes, and continued solemnly, knitting his eyebrows: "Do you see? They thrust the son out of the ranks, and the mother drops into his place."

He suddenly struck the table with both hands, and straightening himself said with an air that seemed to augur ill: "Those —" here he flung out a terrible oath—"those people don't know what their blind hands are sowing. They *will* know when our power is complete and we begin to mow down their cursed grass. They'll know it then!

"The other day," continued Rybin, "a government official called me up, and, says he: 'You blackguard, what did you say to the priest?' 'Why am I a blackguard?' I say. 'I earn my bread in the sweat of my brow, and I don't do anything bad to people.' That's what I said. He bawled out at me, and hit me in the face. For three days and three nights I sat in the lockup. 'That's the way you speak to the people, is it?' I cried. 'Don't expect pardon, you devils. My wrong will be avenged, if not by me, then by another; if not on you, then on your children. Remember! You have sowed malice; don't expect mercy!'

"And what had I said to the priest?" he continued in a lighter tone. "After the village assembly he sits with the peasants in the street, and tells them something. 'The people are a flock,' says he, 'and they always need a shepherd.' And I joke. 'If, I say, 'they make the fox the chief in the forest, there'll be lots of feathers but no birds.' He

looks at me sidewise and speaks about how the people ought to be patient and pray more to God to give them the power to be patient. And I say that the people pray, but evidently God has no time, because He doesn't listen to them. The priest begins to cavil with me as to what prayers I pray. I tell him I use one prayer, like all the people. 'O Lord, teach the masters to carry bricks, eat stones, and split wood.' He wouldn't even let me finish my sentence. —Are you a lady?" Rybin asked Sofya, suddenly breaking off his story.

"Why do you think I'm a lady?" she asked quickly, startled by the unexpectedness of his question.

"Why?" laughed Rybin. "That's the star under which you were born. That's why. You think that a chintz kerchief can conceal the blot of the nobleman from the eyes of the people? We'll recognize a priest even if he's wrapped in sackcloth. Here, for instance, you put your elbows on a wet table, and you started and frowned. Besides, your back is too straight for a working woman."

Fearing that he would insult Sofya with his heavy voice and his raillery, the mother said quickly and sternly: "She's my friend, Mikhail. She's a good woman. Working in this movement has turned her hair gray. You're not very——"

Rybin fetched a deep breath.

"Why, was what I said insulting?"

Sofya looked at him dryly and queried: "You wanted to say something to me?"

"I? Not long ago a new man came here, a cousin of Yakob. He's sick with consumption; but he's learned a thing or two. Shall we call him?"

"Call him! Why not?" answered Sofya.

Rybin looked at her, screwing up his eyes.

"Yefim," he said in a lowered voice, "you go over to him, and tell him to come here in the evening."

CHAPTER XXII

A NIGHT IN CAMP

YEFIM went into the shack to get his cap; then silently, without looking at anybody, he walked off at a leisurely pace and disappeared in the woods. Rybin nodded his head in the direction he was going, saying dully: "He's suffering torments. He's stubborn. He has to go into the army, he and Yakob, here. Yakob simply says: 'I can't.' And that fel-

low can't either; but he wants to; he has an object in view. He thinks he can stir the soldiers. My opinion is, you can't break through a wall with your forehead. Bayonets in their hands, off they go—where? They don't see—they're going against themselves. Yes, he's suffering. And Ignaty worries him uselessly."

"No, not at all!" said Ignaty. He knit his eyebrows, and kept his eyes turned away from Rybin. "They'll change him, and he'll become just like all the other soldiers."

"No, hardly," Rybin answered meditatively. "But, of course, it's better to run away from the army. Russia is large. Where will you find the fellow? He gets himself a passport, and goes from village to village."

"That's what I'm going to do, too," remarked Yakob, tapping his foot with a chip of wood. "Once you've made up your mind to go against the government, then go straight."

The conversation dropped off. The bees and wasps circled busily around humming in the stifling atmosphere. The birds chirped, and somewhere at a distance a song was heard straying through the fields. After a pause Rybin said: "Well, we've got to get to work. Do you want to rest? There are boards inside the shanty. Pick up some dry leaves for them, Yakob. And you, mother, give us the books. Where are they?"

The mother and Sofya began to untie their sacks. Rybin bent down over them, and said with satisfaction: "That's it! Well, well—not a few, I see. Have you been in this business a long time? What's your name?" He turned toward Sofya.

"Anna Ivanovna. Twelve years. Why?"

"Nothing."

"Have you been in prison?"

"I have."

He was silent, taking a pile of books in his hand, and said to her, showing his teeth: "Don't take offense at the way I speak. A peasant and a nobleman are like tar and water. It's hard for them to mix. They jump away from each other."

"I'm not a lady. I'm a human being," Sofya retorted with a quiet laugh.

"That may be. It's hard for me to believe it; but they say it happens. They say that a dog was once a wolf. Now I'll hide these books."

Ignaty and Yakob walked up to him, and both stretched out their hands.

"Give us some."

"Are they all the same?" Rybin asked of Sofya.

"No, they're different. There's a newspaper here, too."

"Oh!"

The three men quickly walked into the shack.

"The peasant is on fire," said the mother in a low voice, looking after Rybin thoughtfully.

"Yes," answered Sofya. "I've never seen such a face as his—such a martyrlike face. Let's go inside, too. I want to look at them."

When the women reached the door they found the men already engrossed in the newspapers. Ignaty was sitting on the board, the newspaper spread on his knees, and his fingers run through his hair. He raised his head, gave the women a rapid glance, and bent over his paper again. Rybin was standing to let the ray of sun that penetrated a chink in the roof fall on his paper. He moved his lips as he read. Yakob read kneeling, with his breast against the edge of the board.

Sofya felt the eagerness of the men for the word of truth. Her face brightened with a joyful smile. Walking carefully over to a corner, she sat down next to the mother, her arm on the mother's shoulder, and gazed about silently.

"Uncle Mikhail, they're rough on us peasants," muttered Yakob without turning.

Rybin looked around at him, and answered with a smile: "For love of us. He who loves does not insult, no matter what he says."

Ignaty drew a deep breath, raised his head, smiled satirically, and closing his eyes, said with a scowl: "Here it says, 'The peasant has ceased to be a human being.' Of course he has." Over his simple open face glided a shadow of offense. "Well, try to wear my skin for a day or so, and turn around in it, and then we'll see what you'll be like, you wiseacre, you!"

"I'm going to lie down," said the mother quietly. "I got tired, after all."

She stretched herself on the board and soon fell asleep. Sofya sat over her looking at the people reading. When the bees buzzed about the mother's face, she solicitously drove them away.

Rybin came up and asked: "Is she asleep?"

"Yes."

He was silent for a moment, looked fixedly at the calm sleeping face, and said softly: "She is probably the first mother who has

followed in the footsteps of her son—the first."

"Let's not disturb her; let's go away," suggested Sofya.

"Well, we have to work. I'd like to have a chat with you; but we'll put it off until the evening. Come, boys."

The three men walked away, leaving Sofya in the cabin. Then from a distance came the sound of the ax blows, the echo straying through the foliage. In a half-dreamy condition of repose, intoxicated with the spicy odor of the forest, Sofya sat just outside the door humming a song, and watching the approach of evening, which gradually enfolded the forest. Her gray eyes smiled softly at some one. The reddening rays of the sun fell more and more aslant. The busy chirping of the birds died away. The forest darkened and seemed to grow denser. The trees moved in more closely about the choked-up glade, and gave it a more friendly embrace, covering it with shadows. Cows were lowing in the distance. The tar men came, all four together, content that the work was ended.

Awakened by their voices the mother walked out from the cabin, yawning and smiling. Rybin was calmer and less gloomy.

"Ignaty," he said, "let's have our tea. We do housekeeping here by turns. To-day Ignaty provides us with food and drink."

"To-day I'd be glad to yield my turn," remarked Ignaty, gathering up pieces of wood and branches for an open-air fire.

"We're all interested in our guests," said Yefim, sitting down by Sofya's side.

"I'll help you," said Yakob softly.

He brought out a big loaf of bread baked in hot ashes, and began to cut it and place the pieces on the table.

"Listen!" exclaimed Yefim. "Do you hear that cough?"

Rybin listened, and nodded.

"Yes, he's coming," he said to Sofya.

"The witness is coming. I would lead him through cities, put him in public squares, for the people to hear him. He always says the same thing. But everybody ought to hear it."

A tall, stooping man came out of the woods into the glade, and walked slowly, firmly supporting himself on a cane. His heavy, raucous breathing was audible.

"There is Savely!" exclaimed Yakob.

"Here I am," said the man hoarsely. He stopped, and began to cough.

A shabby coat hung over him down to his

very heels. From under his round, crumpled hat straggled thin, limp tufts of dry, straight, yellowish hair. His light, sparse beard grew unevenly upon his yellow, bony face; his mouth stood half-open; his eyes were sunk deep beneath his forehead, and glittered feverishly in their dark hollows.

When Rybin introduced him to Sofya he said to her, "I heard you brought books for the people."

"I did."

"Thank you in the name of the people. They themselves cannot yet understand the book of truth. They cannot yet thank; so I, who have learned to understand it, render you thanks in their behalf." He breathed quickly, with short, eager breaths, strangely drawing in the air through his dry lips. His voice broke. The bony fingers of his feeble hands crept along his breast trying to button his coat.

"It's bad for you to be in the woods so late; it's damp and close here," remarked Sofya.

"Nothing is good for me any more," he answered, out of breath. "Only death!"

It was painful to listen to him. His entire figure inspired a futile pity that recognized its own powerlessness, and gave way to a sullen feeling of discomfort.

The wood pile blazed up; everything round about trembled and shook; the scorched shadows flung themselves into the woods in fright. The round face of Ignaty, with its inflated cheeks, shone over the fire. The flames died down, and the air began to smell of smoke. Again the trees seemed to draw close and unite with the mist on the glade, listening in strained attention to the hoarse words of the sick man.

"But as a witness of the crime, I can still bring good to the people. Look at me! I'm twenty-eight years old, but I'm dying. About ten years ago I could lift five hundred pounds on my shoulders without an effort. With such strength I thought I could go on for seventy years without dropping into the grave, and I've lived for only ten years, and can't go on any more. The masters have robbed me; they've torn forty years of my life from me; they've stolen forty years from me."

"There, that's his song," said Rybin dully.

At the table the sick man began to speak again:

"They destroy lives with work. What for? They rob men of their lives. What for, I say? My master—I lost my life in the textile mill of Nefidov—my master presented one prima

donna with a golden wash basin. Every one of her toilet articles was gold. That basin holds my life-blood, my very life. That's for what my life went! A man killed me with work in order to comfort his mistress with my blood. He bought her a gold wash basin with my blood.

"It's cold," said the sick man. Yakob helped him to rise, and led him to the fire.

The wood pile burned evenly and glaringly, and the faceless shadows quivered around it. Savely sat down on a stump, and stretched his dry, transparent hands toward the fire, coughing. The mother listened, looked, and once again, before her in the darkness, stretched the bright streak of the road that Pavel was going, and all those with whom he walked.

Sofya began to tell about the universal struggle of the people for the right to life, about the conflicts of the German peasants in the olden times, about the misfortunes of the Irish, about the great exploits of the working men of France in their frequent battling for freedom.

In the forest clothed in the velvet of night, in the little glade bounded by the dumb trees, before the sportive face of the fire, the events that shook the world rose to life again; one nation of the earth after the other passed in review, drained of its blood, exhausted by combats; the names of the great soldiers for freedom and truth were recalled.

The voice of the woman seemed to echo softly from the remoteness of the past. It aroused hope, it carried conviction; and the company listened in silence to its music, to the great story of their brethren in spirit. They looked into her face, lean and pale, and smiled in response to the smile of her gray eyes. Before them the cause of all the people of the world—the endless war for freedom and equality—became more vivid and assumed a greater holiness. They saw their desires and thoughts in the distance, overhung with the dark, bloody curtain of the past, amid strangers unknown to them; and inwardly, both in mind and heart, they became united with the world, seeing in it friends even in olden times—friends who had resolved to obtain right upon the earth, and had consecrated their resolve with measureless suffering, shed rivers of their own blood.

The men listened in silence, fearing to cut the bright thread that bound them to the world. Only occasionally some one would carefully put a piece of wood in the fire, and when a stream of sparks and smoke rose from

the pile he would drive them away from the woman with a wave of his hand.

Once Yakob rose and said: "Wait a moment, please." He ran into the shack and brought out wraps. With Ignaty's help he folded them about the shoulders and feet of the women. And again Sofya spoke, picturing the day of victory.

At break of dawn, exhausted, she grew silent, and smiling she looked around at the thoughtful, illumined faces.

"It's time for us to go," said the mother.

"Yes, it's time," said Sofya wearily.

"I am sorry you're going," said Rybin.

"You offer goodness, and get the stake in return," said Yefim. "But they ought to go, Uncle Mikhaïl, before anybody sees them. We'll distribute the books among the people; the authorities will begin to hunt for where they came from; then some one will remember having seen the pilgrims here."

"Well, thank you, mother, for your trouble," said Rybin, interrupting Yefim. "I always think of Pavel when I look at you, and you've gone the right way."

He stood before the mother, softened, with a broad, good-natured smile on his face. The atmosphere was raw, but he wore only one shirt, his collar was unbuttoned, and his breast was bared low. The mother looked at his large figure, and smiling also, advised: "You'd better put on something; it's cold."

"There's a fire inside of me."

The three young men standing at the burning pile conversed in a low voice. At their feet the sick man lay as if dead, covered with the short fur coats. The sky paled, the shadows dissolved, the leaves shivered softly, awaiting the sun.

"Well, then, we must say good-by," said Rybin, pressing Sofya's hand. "How are you to be found in the city?"

"You must look for me," said the mother.

The young men in a close group walked up to Sofya, and silently pressed her hand with awkward kindness. The dull cough of the sick man was heard. The embers of the burning wood pile died out.

"Good-by," the peasants said in subdued tones; and the sad word rang in the women's ears a long time.

They walked without haste, in the twilight of the dawn, along the wood path. The mother striding behind Sofya said, "All this is good—just as in a dream—so good. People want to know the truth, my dear; yes, they want to know the truth. It's like in a

church on the morning of a great holiday, when the priest has not yet arrived, and it's dark and quiet; then it's raw, and the people are already gathering. Here the candles are lighted before the images, and there the lamps are lighted; and little by little, they drive away the darkness, illumining the house of God."

"True," answered Sofya. "Only here the house of God is the whole earth."

"The whole earth," the mother repeated, shaking her head thoughtfully. "It's so good that it's hard to believe."

They walked and talked about Rybin, about the sick man, about the young peasants who were so attentively silent, and who so awkwardly but eloquently expressed a feeling of grateful friendship by little attentions to the women. They came out into the open field; the sun rose to meet them. As yet invisible, he spread out over the sky a transparent fan of rosy rays, and the dewdrops in the grass glittered with the many-colored gems of brave spring joy. The birds awoke afresh from their slumber. Sofya began to hum a song bold as the morning.

CHAPTER XXIII

COMRADES AT WORK

THE life of Nilovna flowed on with strange placidity. Sofya soon went off somewhere, and reappeared in about five days, merry and vivacious. Then, in a few hours, she vanished again, and returned within a couple of weeks. Nikolay, always occupied, lived a monotonous, methodical existence. At eight o'clock in the morning he drank tea, read the newspapers, and recounted the news to the mother. At nine o'clock he went off to the office.

She tidied the rooms, prepared dinner, washed herself, put on a clean dress, and then sat in her room to examine the pictures and the books. She had already learned to read, but the effort of reading quickly exhausted her; and she ceased to understand the meaning of the words. But the pictures were a constant astonishment to her, as to a child. They opened up before her a clear, almost tangible world of new and marvelous things. Huge cities arose before her, beautiful structures, machines, ships, monuments, and infinite wealth, created by the people, overwhelming the mind by the variety of nature's products. Life widened endlessly; each day brought some new huge wonders. The awak-

ened hungry soul of the woman was more and more strongly aroused to the multitude of riches in the world, its countless beauties. She especially loved to look through the great folios of the zoological atlas, and although the text was written in a foreign language, it gave her the clearest conception of the beauty, wealth, and vastness of the earth.

"It's an immense world," she said to Nikolay at dinner.

"Yes, and yet the people are crowded for space."

The insects, particularly the butterflies, astonished her most.

"What beauty, Nikolay Ivanovich," she observed. "And how much of this fascinating beauty there is everywhere, but all covered up from us; it all flies by without our seeing it. People toss about, they know nothing, they are unable to take delight in anything. They have no inclination for it. How many could take happiness to themselves if they knew how rich the earth is, how many wonderful things live in it."

Nikolay listened to her raptures, smiled, and brought her new illustrated books.

In the evening visitors often gathered in his house. Sometimes other people were present who had come from various distant cities. The long conversations always turned on one and the same thing, on the working people of the world. She poured out tea for them, and wondered at the warmth with which they discussed life and the working people, the means whereby to sow truth among them the sooner and the better, and how to elevate their spirit. These problems were always agitating the comrades; their lives revolved about them.

The mother felt that she knew the life of the workingmen better than these people, and saw more clearly than they the enormity of the task they assumed. She could look upon them with the somewhat melancholy indulgence of a grown-up person toward children who play man and wife without understanding the drama of the relation.

Sometimes Sashenka came. She never stayed long, and always spoke in a businesslike way without smiling. She did not once fail to ask on leaving: "How is Pavel Mikhaylovich? Is he well?"

Sometimes the mother complained to Sashenka because Pavel was detained so long and no date was yet set for his trial. Sashenka looked gloomy, and maintained silence, her fingers twitching. Nilovna was tempted to say to her: "My dear girl, why, I know you

love him, I know." But Sashenka's austere face, her compressed lips, and her dry, businesslike manner, which seemed to betoken a desire for silence as soon as possible, forbade any demonstration of sentiment.

Once Natasha came. She showed great delight at seeing the mother, kissed her, and among other things, announced to her quietly, as if she had just thought of the thing: "My mother died. Poor woman, she's dead!" Shaking her hand she wiped her eyes with a rapid gesture of her hands, and continued: "I'm sorry for her. She was not yet fifty. She had a long life before her still. But when you look at it from the other side, you can't help thinking that death is easier than such a life—always alone, a stranger to everybody, needed by no one—can you call that living?"

Natasha was now a teacher in a little town where there was a textile mill, and Nilovna occasionally procured illegal books, proclamations, and newspapers for her. The distribution of literature, in fact, became the mother's occupation. Several times a month, dressed as a nun or as a peddler of laces or small linen articles, as a rich merchant's wife or a religious pilgrim, she rode or walked about through the government with a sack on her back, or a valise in her hand.

She liked to speak to people, liked to listen to their stories of life, their complaints, their perplexities, and lamentations. Before her the picture of human life unrolled itself ever wider and more vari-colored—that restless, anxious life passed in the struggle to fill the stomach. She realized that there was plenty of everything upon earth, but that the people were in want, and lived half starved, surrounded by inexhaustible wealth. In the cities stood churches filled with gold and silver, not needed by God, and at the entrance to the churches shivered the beggars vainly awaiting a little copper coin to be thrust into their hands.

From the pictures and stories of Christ, she knew also that He was a friend of the poor, that He dressed simply. But in the churches, where poverty came to Him for consolation, she saw Him nailed to the cross with insolent gold, she saw silks and satins flaunting in the face of want. Without being herself aware of it, she prayed less; yet, at the same time, she meditated more and more upon Christ and the people who, without mentioning His name, as if ignorant of Him, lived, it seemed to her, according to His will, and like Him regarded the earth as the kingdom of the poor, and

wanted to divide all the wealth of the earth among the poor.

The mother always returned to Nikolay from her travels delightfully exhilarated by what she had seen and heard on the road, bold and satisfied with the work she had accomplished.

"It's good to go everywhere, and to see much," she said to Nikolay in the evening. "You understand how life is arranged."

And in her leisure hours she sat down to the books, and again looked over the pictures, each time finding something new, ever widening the panorama of life before her eyes, unfolding the beauties of nature and the vigorous creative capacity of man. Nikolay often found her poring over the pictures. He would smile and always tell her something wonderful. Struck by man's daring, she would ask him incredulously: "Is it possible?"

Quietly, with unshakable confidence in the truth of his prophecies, Nikolay peered with his kind eyes through his glasses into the mother's face, and told her stories of the future.

"There is no measure to the desires of man, and his power is inexhaustible," he said. "But the world, after all, is still very slow in acquiring spiritual wealth. Because nowadays everyone desiring to free himself from dependence is compelled to hoard, not knowledge, but money. However, when the people will have exterminated greed and will have freed themselves from the bondage of enslaving labor——"

She listened to him with strained attention. Though she but rarely understood the meaning of his words, yet the calm faith animating them penetrated her more and more deeply.

Once Nikolay, usually so punctual, came from his work much later than was his wont, and said, excitedly rubbing his hands: "Do you know, Nilovna, to-day at the visiting hour one of our comrades disappeared from prison? But we have not succeeded in finding out who."

The mother's body swayed, overpowered by excitement. She sat down on a chair, and asked with forced quiet: "Maybe it's Pasha?"

"Possibly. But the question is how to find him, how to help him keep in concealment. I'm going out again."

"I'll go, too," said the mother, rising.

"You go to Yegor, and see if he doesn't know anything about it," Nikolay suggested, and quickly walked away.

She threw a kerchief on her head, and,

seized with hope, swiftly sped along the streets. Her eyes dimmed, and her heart beat faster. The mother lost breath, and when she reached the stairway leading to Yegor's quarters, she stopped, too faint to proceed farther. She turned around, and uttered an amazed, low cry, closing her eyes for a second. Nikolay Vyesovshchikov was standing at the gate, his hands thrust into his pockets, regarding her with a smile.

"Nikolay, Nikolay," she whispered, and ran down to meet him. Her heart, stung by disappointment, ached for her son.

Then she quickly ran up the stairs, walked into Yegor's room, and found him lying on the sofa. She gasped in a whisper:

"Nikolay is out of prison."

"Which Nikolay?" asked Yegor, raising his head from the pillow. "There are two there."

"Vyesovshchikov. He's coming here!"

"Fine! But I can't rise to meet him."

Vyesovshchikov had already come into the room. He locked the door after him, and taking off his hat laughed quietly, stroking his hair. Yegor raised himself on his elbows.

"Make yourself at home," he said with a nod.

Nikolay walked up to the mother and grasped her hand.

"If I had not seen you, I might as well have returned to prison. I know nobody in the city. If I had gone to the suburbs, they would have seized me at once. So I walked about, and thought what a fool I was—why did I escape? Suddenly I see Nilovna running; off I am, after you."

"How did you make your escape?"

Vyesovshchikov sat down awkwardly on the edge of the sofa, and pressed Yegor's hand.

"I don't know how," he said in an embarrassed manner. "Simply a chance. I was taking my airing, and the prisoners began to beat the overseer of the jail. There's one overseer there who was expelled from the gendarmerie for stealing. He's a spy, an informer, and tortures the life out of everybody. Well, they gave him a drubbing, there was a hubbub, the overseers got frightened, and blew their whistles. I noticed the gates open. I walked up, and saw an open square and the city. It drew me forward, and I went away without haste, as if in sleep. I walked a little, and bethought myself: 'Where am I to go?' I looked around, and the gates of the prison were already closed. I began to feel awk-

ward. I was sorry for the comrades in general. It was stupid somehow. I hadn't thought of going away."

"Hm!" said Yegor. "Why, sir, you should have turned back, respectfully knocked at the prison door, and begged for admission. 'Excuse me,' you should have said, 'I was tempted; but here I am.'"

"Yes," continued Nikolay, smiling. "That would have been stupid, too, I understand. But for all that, it's not nice to the other comrades—I walk away without saying anything to anybody. Well, I kept on going, and I came across a child's funeral. I followed the hearse with my head bent down, looking at nobody. I sat down in the cemetery, and enjoyed the fresh air."

"Then I went to a public museum. I walked about there, looked around, and kept thinking all the time: 'Where am I to go next?' I even began to get angry with myself. Besides, I got dreadfully hungry. I walked into the street, and kept on trotting. I felt very down in the mouth. And then I saw police officers looking at everybody closely. 'Well,' thinks I to myself, 'with my phiz I'll arrive at God's judgment seat pretty soon.' Suddenly Nilovna came running opposite me. I turn about and off I go after her. That's all."

"Aren't you sorry for the officials? I guess they're uneasy, too," teased Yegor. He moved heavily on the sofa and said seriously and solicitously: "However, jokes aside, we must hide you—by no means as easy as pleasant. If I could get up—" His breath gave out. He clapped his hand to his breast, and with a weak movement began to rub it.

"You're very sick, Yegor Ivanovich," said Nikolay gloomily, drooping his head. The mother sighed, and cast an anxious glance about the little, crowded room.

"That's my own affair. Granny, you ask about Pavel. No reason to feign indifference," said Yegor.

Vyesovshchikov smiled broadly. "Pavel's all right. He's strong. He's like an elder among us. He converses with the officials, and gives commands. He's respected. There's good reason for it."

Vlasova nodded her head.

"I wish you'd give me something to eat. I'm frightfully hungry," Nikolay cried out unexpectedly, and smiled sheepishly.

"Granny, there's bread on the shelf. Give it to him. Then go out in the corridor, to the second door on the left, and knock. A

woman will open it, and you'll tell her to snatch up everything she has to eat, and come here."

The mother went out and rapped at the door. She strained her ears for an answering sound, while thinking of Yegor with dread and grief: "He's dying."

"Who is it?" somebody asked on the other side of the door.

"It's from Yegor Ivanovich," the mother whispered. "He asked you to come to him."

"I'll come at once," the woman answered without opening the door. The mother waited a moment, and knocked again. This time the door opened quickly, and a tall woman wearing glasses stepped out into the hall, rapidly tidying her ruffled sleeves.

When they walked into Yegor's room, they were met by the words: "I'm preparing to join my forefathers, my friend. Liudmila Vasilyevna, this man walked away from prison without the permission of the authorities—a bit of shameless audacity. Before all, feed him, then hide him for a day or two."

The woman nodded her head, and looked carefully at the sick man's face.

"Stop your chattering, Yegor," she said sternly. "You know it's bad for you. You ought to have sent for me at once, as soon as they came. And I see you didn't take your medicine. What do you mean by such negligence? You yourself say it's easier for you to breathe after a dose. Comrade, come to my place. They'll soon call for Yegor from the hospital."

"So, I'm to go to the hospital, after all?" asked Yegor, puckering up his face.

"We are going away," she continued. "I'll return soon. Give Yegor a tablespoon of this medicine. And don't let him speak." She walked away, taking Nikolay with her.

"Admirable woman," said Yegor with a sigh. "Magnificent woman! It's she that does all the printing we need."

Liudmila entered, and carefully closing the door after her, said, turning to Vlasova: "Your friend ought to change his clothes without fail, and leave here as soon as possible. So go at once, get him some clothes, and bring them here. I'm sorry Sofya's not here. Hiding people is her specialty."

"Look out for the spies," whispered the woman.

"I know," the mother answered with some pride.

She stopped for a minute outside the gate to look around sharply under the pretext of

adjusting her kerchief. She was already able to distinguish spies in a street crowd almost immediately.

This time she did not notice any familiar faces, and walked along the street without hastening. She took a cab, and gave orders to be driven to the market place. When buying the clothes for Nikolay, she bargained vigorously with the salespeople, and in between scolded at her drunken husband, whom she had to dress anew every month. With such naïve precautions she returned to Yegor's quarters; then she had to escort Nikolay to the outskirts of the city. In one of the deserted streets Sashenka met them, and the mother, taking leave of Vyesovshchikov with a nod of her head, turned toward home with a sigh of relief.

CHAPTER XXIV

EVEN IN DEATH

BEFORE midnight Yegor died at the hospital, and the whole of the following day the mother was busy with preparations for the funeral. In the evening when she, Nikolay, and Sofya were drinking tea, quietly talking about Yegor, Sashenka appeared.

"I had a whole night's talk with Vyesovshchikov," she said. "I didn't use to like him. He seemed rude and dull. Undoubtedly that's what he was. A dark, immovable irritation at everybody lived in him. Now he says 'Comrades'—and you ought to hear how he says it, with what a stirring, tender love—I can't tell you. He has grown marvelously simple and open-hearted, and all possessed with a desire to work."

"He's entirely absorbed in thoughts of the comrades," continued Sasha. "And do you know of what he assures me? Of the necessity of arranging an escape for them. He says it's a very simple, easy matter."

"There can't be two opinions as to the escape, if it's possible to arrange it," said Nikolay, "but before everything we must know whether the comrades want it."

Sasha drooped her head.

"How is it possible they should not want it?" asked the mother with a sigh. Sofya nodded to her smiling, and walked over to the window. The mother could not understand the failure of the others to respond, and looked at them in perplexity. She wanted so much to hear more about the possibility of an escape.

Nikolay walked up to the mother, who was washing cups, and said to her: "You'll see Pasha day after to-morrow. Hand him a note when you're there. Do you understand? We must know."

"I understand. I understand," the mother answered quickly. "I'll deliver it to him all right. That's my business."

"I'm going," Sasha announced, and silently shook hands with everybody. She strode away straight and dry-eyed, with a peculiarly heavy tread.

"Poor girl!" said Sofya softly.

"Ye-es," Nikolay drawled. Sofya put her hand on the mother's shoulder, and gave her a gentle little shake, as she sat in the chair.

"Would you love such a daughter?" and Sofya looked into the mother's face.

"Oh! If I could see them together, if only for one day!" exclaimed Nilovna, ready to weep.

The next morning a number of men and women stood at the gate of the hospital waiting for the coffin of their comrade to be carried out to the street. Spies watchfully circled about, their ears alert to catch each sound, noting faces, manners, and words. From the other side of the street a group of policemen with revolvers at their belts looked on.

The gate opened, and the coffin, decorated with wreaths tied with red ribbons, was carried out. The people silently raised their hats. A tall officer of police jostled his way through the crowd, followed by the soldiers. They made a cordon around the coffin, and the officer said in a hoarse, commanding voice: "Remove the ribbons, please!"

The men and women pressed closely about him. They called to him, waving their hands excitedly and trying to push past one another. The mother caught the flash of pale, agitated countenances with quivering lips, and on one face she saw heavy tears rolling down.

The hubbub increased. The coffin rocked over the heads of the people. The mother was seized with a shuddering dread of the possible collision, and she quickly spoke in an undertone to her neighbors on the right and the left: "Why not let them have their way, if they're like that? The comrades ought to yield and remove the ribbons. What else can the comrades do?"

A loud, sharp voice subdued all the other noises:

"We demand not to be disturbed in accom-

panying on his last journey one whom you tortured to death."

"Remove the ribbons, please, Yakovlev! Cut them off!"

The people growled like wolves at bay; then silently drooping their heads, crushed by the consciousness of impotence, they moved forward, filling the street with the noise of their tramping.

Before them swayed the stripped cover of the coffin with the crumpled wreaths. Back of the crowd rose the gray figures of the mounted police; at their sides holding their hands on their sabers marched policemen on foot, and everywhere were the spies.

At the cemetery the police assumed an attitude of guard, their eyes on their captain. A tall, long-haired, black-browed, pale young man without a hat stood over the fresh grave. At the same time the hoarse voice of the captain was heard:

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

"Comrades!" began the black-browed man sonorously.

"Permit me!" shouted the police captain. "In pursuance of the order of the chief of police I announce to you that I cannot permit a speech!"

"I will say only a few words," the young man said calmly. "Comrades, over the grave of our teacher and friend, let us vow in silence never to forget his will; let each one of us continue without cease to dig the grave for the source of our country's misfortune, the evil power that crushes it, the autocracy."

"Arrest him!" shouted the police captain. But his voice was drowned in the confused outburst of shouts:

"Down with the autocracy!"

The police rushed through the crowd toward the orator, who, closely surrounded on all sides, shouted, waving his hand:

"Long live liberty! We will live and die for it!"

The mother shut her eyes in momentary fear. The boisterous tempest of confused sounds deafened her. The startling whistles of the policemen pierced the air; the women cried hysterically. The wooden fences cracked, and the heavy tread of many feet sounded dully on the dry ground. Not far from her on a narrow path between the graves the policemen were surrounding the long-haired man and repelling the crowd that fell upon them from all sides. The unsheathed bayonets flashed white and cold in

the air. Broken bits of the fence were brandished; the baleful shouts of the struggling people rose wildly.

The young man lifted his pale face, and his firm, calm voice sounded above the storm of irritated outcries:

"Comrades! Why do you spend your strength? Our task is to arm the heads."

He conquered. Throwing away their sticks, the people dropped out of the throng one after the other; and the mother pushed forward. She saw how Nikolay, with his hat fallen back on his neck, thrust aside the people, intoxicated with the commotion, and heard his reproachful voice:

"Have you lost your senses? Calm yourselves!"

She stopped. Seizing her by the shoulder, Sofya stood at her side, hatless, her jacket open, her other hand grasping a young, light-haired man, almost a boy. He held his hands to his bruised face, and he muttered with tremulous lips: "Let me go! It's nothing."

"Take care of him! Take him home to us! Here's a handkerchief. Bandage his face!" Sofya gave the rapid orders, and putting his hand into the mother's, ran away saying: "Get out of this place quickly, else they'll arrest you!"

The people scattered all over the cemetery. After them strode the policemen cursing, and brandishing their bayonets.

"Let's hurry!" said the mother, wiping the boy's face with the handkerchief. "What's your name?"

"Ivan." Blood spurted from his mouth. "Don't be worried; I don't feel hurt. He hit me over the head with the handle of his saber."

"Let me bandage your face."

"Never mind. I'm not ashamed to be seen with it as it is. The fight was honorable—he hit me—I hit him——"

Sofya was already at home when they reached the house. She was somewhat ruffled, but as usual bold and assured of manner. Putting the wounded man on the sofa, she deftly unbound his head.

"Ivan Danilovich!" she called out. "He's been brought here. You are tired, Nilovna. You've had enough fright, haven't you? Well, rest now."

From the next room entered Nikolay with a bandaged hand, and the doctor, Ivan Danilovich, all disheveled, his hair standing on end like the spines of a hedgehog. He

quickly attended to Ivan. The mother met Nikolay's fixed, sympathetic glance, and pressing his hand exclaimed with a groan she could not restrain:

"Oh, how fearful it was! They mowed the comrades down! They mowed them down!"

"I saw it!" said Nikolay, giving her a glass of wine, and nodding his head. "Both sides grew a little heated. But don't be uneasy. They used the flats of their swords, and it seems only one was seriously wounded."

That night the mother sank late into a heavy sleep, but rose early, her bones stiff, her head aching. At midday she was sitting in the prison office opposite Pavel, and looked through a mist in her eyes at his bearded, swarthy face. She was watching for a chance to deliver to him the note she held tightly.

"I am well, and all are well," said Pavel in a moderated voice. "And how are you?"

"So, so. Yegor Ivanovich died," she said mechanically.

"Yes?" exclaimed Pavel, and dropped his head.

"At the funeral the police got up a fight, and arrested one man," the mother continued in her simple-hearted way.

The thin-lipped assistant overseer of the prison jumped from his chair, and mumbled quickly:

"Cut that out! It's forbidden. Why don't you understand? You know politics are prohibited."

"I wasn't discussing politics. I was telling about a fight, and they did fight. That's true. They even broke one fellow's head."

"All the same! Please keep quiet—that is to say, keep quiet about everything that doesn't concern you personally, your family, in general your home."

The mother looked around and quickly thrust the note into Pavel's hand. She breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"I don't know what to speak about."

Pavel smiled.

"I don't know either."

"Then why pay visits?" said the overseer excitedly. "They have nothing to say, but they come here anyhow and bother me."

"Will the trial take place soon?" asked the mother after a pause.

"The procurator was here the other day, and he said it will come off soon."

"You've been in prison half a year."

The mother experienced a strong desire to do something pleasant for him, tell him about Vyesovshchikov, for instance. So

without changing her tone she continued, and in the same voice in which she spoke of the needless and uninteresting things:

"I saw your godchild." Pavel fixed a silent, questioning look on her eyes. She tapped her fingers on her cheeks to picture to him the pockmarked face of Vyesovshchikov.

"He's all right! The boy is alive and well. He'll soon get his position. You remember how he asked for hard work?"

Pavel understood and nodded his head.

At home she found Sasha. The girl usually came to Nilovna on the days Pavel had been visited.

"Well, how is he?"

"He's well."

"Did you hand him the note?"

"Of course! I stuck it into his hands very cleverly."

"Did he read it?"

"On the spot? How could he?"

"Oh, yes. I forgot. Let us wait another week, one week longer. Do you think he'll agree to it?"

"I don't know. I think he will," the mother deliberated. "Why shouldn't he if he can do so without danger?"

Sasha shook her head.

Her face paled, her eyes opened sadly, and her quivering lips whispered hotly with an effort:

"I want to beg you—I know he will not agree—try to persuade him. He's needed. Tell him he's essential, absolutely necessary for the cause—tell him I fear he'll get sick. You see the date of the trial hasn't been set yet, and six months have already passed—I beg of you!"

It was apparent that she spoke with difficulty.

"My dear, he will never listen to anybody except himself, never!"

For a short while they were both silent, in a close embrace. Then Sasha carefully removed the mother's hands from her shoulder.

"Yes, you're right," she said in a tremble. "It's all stupidity and nerves. One gets so tired."

In the evening at tea Sofya said to the mother:

"Nilovna, you have to go to the village again."

"Well, what of it? When?"

"It would be good if you could go tomorrow. Can you?"

"Yes."

"Ride there," advised Nikolay. "Hire post horses and please take a different road from before—across the district of Nikolsk. You see, I'm against this expedition in general. It's already begun to be unquiet there. Some arrests have been made, a teacher was taken. Rybin escaped, that's certain. But we must be more careful."

"It's important for us to keep spreading literature all the time. You're not afraid to go, are you, Nilovna?" inquired Sofya.

The mother felt offended. "When have I ever been afraid? I was without fear even the first time. And now all of a sudden—" She drooped her head. Each time she was asked whether she was afraid, whether the thing was convenient for her, whether she could do this or that, she detected an appeal which placed her apart from the comrades.

"There's no use for you to ask me whether or not I'm afraid and various other things," she sighed. "I've nothing to be afraid of. Those people are afraid who have something. What have I? Only a son. I used to be afraid for him, and I used to fear torture for his sake. And if there is no torture—well, then?"

"Are you offended?" exclaimed Sofya.

"No. Only you don't ask each other whether you're afraid."

"Forgive me! I won't do it any more."

The mother had to laugh, and in a few minutes all three were speaking busily and amicably about the trip to the village.

CHAPTER XXV

POLICE AND PEASANT

THE next day, early in the morning, the mother was seated in the post chaise jolting along the road washed by the autumn rain.

In the afternoon, shaken up by the ride and chilled, she reached the large village of Nikolsk. She went to a tavern and asked for tea. After placing her heavy valise under the bench she sat at a window, and looked out onto an open square, covered with yellow, trampled grass, and onto the townhall, a long old building with an overhanging roof. Swine were straggling about in the square, and on the steps of the townhall sat a bald, thin-bearded peasant smoking a pipe.

A girl came into the room. A short, yellow braid lay on her neck, her face was round, and her eyes kind. Putting plates and

dishes on the table, she announced with animation:

"They've just caught a thief. They're bringing him here."

"Indeed? What sort of a thief?"

"I don't know. I only heard that they caught him. The watchman of the townhall ran off for the police commissioner, and shouted: 'They've caught him. They're bringing him here.'"

The mother looked through the window. She pushed her valise farther under the bench, and throwing her shawl over her head, hurried to the door. There in the middle of the square walked Rybin. His hands were bound behind his back, and on each side of him a policeman. At the steps stood a crowd waiting in silence.

"Oh, thief! How horrible you look!" shouted a woman's voice.

The policemen stepped in front of the crowd, which increased in size. Rybin's voice sounded thick:

"Peasants, I'm not a thief; I don't steal; I don't set things on fire. I only fight against falsehood. That's why they seized me. Have you heard of the true books in which the truth is written about our peasant life? Well, it's because of these writings that I suffer. It's I who distributed them among the people."

The crowd surrounded Rybin more closely. His voice steadied the mother.

"Did you hear?" said a peasant in a low voice, nudging a blue-eyed neighbor, who did not answer.

"They're afraid," the mother involuntarily noted. Her attention grew keener. From the elevation of the stoop she clearly saw the dark face of Rybin, distinguished the hot gleam of his eyes. She wanted that he, too, should see her, and raised herself on tiptoe, and craned her neck.

The people looked at him sullenly, distrustfully, and were silent. Only in the rear of the crowd subdued conversation was heard.

"Peasants!" said Rybin aloud in a peculiar full voice. "Believe these papers! I shall now perhaps get death on account of them. The authorities beat me, they tortured me, they wanted to find out from where I got them, and they're going to beat me more. For in these writings is the truth."

The sergeant suddenly appeared on the steps of the townhall, roaring in a drunken voice:

"What is this crowd? Who's the fellow speaking?"

Suddenly precipitating himself down the steps, he seized Rybin by the hair, and pulled his head backward and forward. "Is it you speaking, you scoundrel? Is it you?"

The crowd giving way still maintained silence. The mother in impotent grief bowed her head. One of the peasants sighed. Rybin spoke again: "There, look, good people!"

"Silence!" and the sergeant struck his face.

Rybin reeled.

"Don't beat him!" some one shouted.

"Don't!" a strong voice resounded in the crowd. "Boys! Don't permit it! They'll take him in there and beat him to death, and they'll say we killed him. Don't permit it."

"Peasants!" the powerful voice of Rybin roared, drowning the shouts of the sergeant. "Don't you understand your life? Don't you understand how they rob you, how they cheat you, how they drink your blood? You keep everything up, everything rests on you; you are the power that is at the bottom of everything on earth, its whole power. And what rights have you? You have the right to starve—it's your only right."

The noise increased as the crowd seethed like black foam about Rybin, and he rocked to and fro in their midst. Raising his hands over his head and shaking them, he called into the crowd, which responded now by loud shouts, now by silent, greedy attention to the unfamiliar, daring words.

"Thank you, good people! Thank you! I stood up for you, for your lives." He wiped his beard and again raised his blood-covered hand. "There's my blood. It flows for the sake of truth."

"Look out, boys!" a somewhat subdued cry was heard in warning:

The commissioner of police walked into the crowd, a tall, compact man, with a round, red face. The crowd gave way before him.

"What's the trouble?" asked the police commissioner, stopping in front of Rybin and measuring him with his eyes. "Why are his hands not bound? Officers, why? Bind them." His voice was high and resonant, but colorless.

"They were tied, but the people unbound them," answered one of the policemen.

"The people? What people?" The police commissioner looked at the crowd standing in a half circle before him. In the same monotonous, blank voice, neither elevating

nor lowering it, he continued: "Who are the people?"

With a back stroke he thrust the handle of his saber against the breast of the blue-eyed peasant.

"Are you the people, Chumakov? Well, who else? You, Mishin?" And he pulled somebody's beard with his right hand.

"Disperse, you curs!"

Neither his voice nor face displayed the least agitation or threat. He spoke mechanically, with a dead calm, and with even movements of his strong, long hands, pushed the people back. The semicircle before him widened. Heads drooped, faces were turned aside.

"Well," he addressed the policeman, "what's the matter with you? Bind him!" He uttered a cynical oath, and again looked at Rybin, and said nonchalantly: "Your hands behind your back, you!"

"I don't want my hands to be bound," said Rybin. "I'm not going to run away, and I'm not fighting. Why should my hands be bound?"

"What?" exclaimed the police commissioner, striding up to him.

"It's enough that you torture the people, you beasts!" continued Rybin in an elevated voice. "The red day will soon come for you, too. You'll be paid for everything."

The police commissioner suddenly dealt Rybin a quick, sharp blow in the face.

"You won't kill the truth with your fist," shouted Rybin. "And you have no right to beat me."

"Nikita!" the police commissioner called out, looking around. "Nikita, hey!" A squat peasant in a short fur overcoat emerged from the crowd.

"Nikita," the police commissioner said deliberately, twirling his mustache, "give him a box on the ear, a good one."

The peasant stepped in front of Rybin. Staring him straight in the face, Rybin hammered out heavily:

"Now, look, people, how the beasts choke you with your own hands. Look! Think! Why does he want to beat me?—why? I ask."

The peasant raised his hand and lazily struck Mikhail's face.

"Strike, I say!" shouted the police commissioner, pushing the peasant on the back of his neck.

The peasant stepped aside, and inclining his head said sullenly: "I won't do it again."

"What?" The face of the police com-

missioner quivered. He stamped his feet, and cursing, suddenly flung himself upon Rybin. The blow whizzed through the air. Rybin staggered and waved his arms; with the second blow the police commissioner felled him to the ground, and jumping around with a growl, he began to kick him on his breast, his side, and his head.

The crowd set up a hostile hum, rocked, and advanced upon the police commissioner. He noticed it and jumped away, snatching his saber from the scabbard.

"So that's what you're up to? You're rioting, are you?"

His voice trembled and broke. It had grown husky. He lost his composure along with his voice. He drew his shoulders up about his head, bent over, and turning his blank, bright eyes on all sides, he fell back, carefully feeling the ground behind him with his feet. As he withdrew he shouted hoarsely in great excitement:

"All right! Take him! I'm leaving! But, now, do you know, you cursed dogs, that he is a political criminal, that he is going against our Czar, that he stirs up riots—do you know it? Against the Emperor the Czar? And you protect him; you, too, are rebels. Aha—a——"

Without budging, without moving her eyes, the strength of reason gone from her, the mother stood as if in a heavy sleep, overwhelmed by fear and pity. The outraged, sullen, wrathful shouts of the people buzzed like bees in her head.

"If he has done something wrong, lead him to court."

"And don't beat him!"

"Forgive him, your Honor."

The people fell into two groups: the one surrounding the police commissioner shouted and exhorted him; the other, less numerous, remained about the beaten man. Several men lifted him from the ground. Rybin wiped the blood from his face and beard, and looked about in silence. His gaze glided by the face of the mother. She started, stretched herself out to him, and instinctively waved her hand. He turned away; but in a few minutes his eyes again rested on her face. It seemed to her that he strengthened himself and raised his head, that his blood-covered cheeks quivered.

"Did he recognize me? I wonder if he did?"

She nodded her head to him, and started with a sorrowful, painful joy. But the next

moment she saw that the blue-eyed peasant was standing near him and also looking at her. His gaze awakened her to the consciousness of the risk she was running.

"What am I doing? They'll take me, too."

The peasant said something to Rybin, who shook his head.

"Never mind!" he exclaimed, his voice tremulous, but clear and bold. "I'm not alone in the world! They'll not capture all the truth. In the place where I was the memory of me will remain. That's it. Even though they destroy the rest, aren't there more friends and comrades there?"

"He's saying this for me," the mother decided quickly.

The policemen led Rybin up the steps of the townhall and disappeared with him behind the doors. In a few moments, after the crowd had begun to disperse, Rybin appeared again on the steps of the townhall. His hands were bound. His head and face were wrapped up in a gray cloth, and he was pushed into a waiting wagon.

"Farewell, good people," his voice rang out in the cold, evening twilight. "Search for the truth. Guard it! Believe the man who will bring you the clean word; cherish him. Don't spare yourselves in the cause of truth."

"Silence, you dog!" shouted the voice of the police commissioner as the wagon clattered away.

At home Nikolay opened the door for the mother. He was disheveled and held a book in his hands.

"Already?" he exclaimed joyfully. "You've returned very quickly. Well, I'm glad. Very glad."

His eyes blinked kindly and briskly behind his glasses. He quickly helped her off with her wraps and said with an affectionate smile:

"And here in my place, as you see, there was a search last night. And I wondered what the reason for it could possibly be—whether something hadn't happened to you. But you were not arrested. If they had arrested you, they wouldn't have let me go, either."

He led her into the dining room and continued with animation: "However, they suggested that I should be discharged from my position. That doesn't distress me. I was sick, anyway, of counting the number of horseless peasants; and ashamed to receive money for it, too; for the money actually comes from

them. It would have been awkward for me to leave the position of my own accord. I am under obligations to the comrades in regard to work. And now the matter has found its own solution, and I'm satisfied."

The mother sat down and looked around. One would have supposed that some powerful man in a stupid fit of insolence had knocked the walls of the house from the outside until everything inside had been jolted down. The portraits were scattered on the floor, the wall paper was torn away and stuck out in tufts. A board was pulled out of the flooring, a window sill was ripped away. The floor by the oven was strewn with ashes. The mother shook her head at the sight of this familiar picture.

"They wanted to show that they don't get money for nothing," remarked Nikolay.

On the table stood a cold samovar, unwashed dishes, sausages, and cheese on paper, along with plates, crumbs of bread, books, and coals from the samovar. The mother smiled. Nikolay also laughed in embarrassment following the look of her eyes.

"It was I who didn't waste time in completing the picture of the upset. But never mind, Nilovna, never mind. I think they're going to come again. That's the reason I didn't pick it all up. How was your trip?"

The mother started at the question. Rybin arose before her; she felt guilty at not having told of him immediately. Bending over a chair, she moved up to Nikolay and began her narrative. She tried to preserve her calm, in order not to omit something as a result of excitement. Nikolay threw himself back on his chair, grew pale, and listened, biting his lips. The mother had never seen him wear so austere an expression.

When she concluded he arose and for a minute paced the room in silence, his fists thrust deep into his pockets. Conquering his agitation, he looked almost calmly with a hard gleam in his eyes into the face of the mother, which was covered with silent tears.

"But, Nilovna, we mustn't waste time. Let us try, dear comrade, to take ourselves in hand." Smiling sadly, he walked up to her and bending over her asked, pressing her hand: "Where is your valise?"

"In the kitchen."

"A spy is standing at our gate—we must be able to get such a big mass of papers out of the way unnoticed. There's no place to hide them in and I think they'll come again to-night. I don't want you to be arrested. So, however sorry we may be for the lost labor, let's burn the papers."

"What?"

"Everything in the valise."

She finally understood, and, though sad, pride brought a complacent smile to her face.

"There's nothing in it—no leaflets." With gradually increasing animation she told how she had placed them in the hands of sympathetic peasants after Rybin's departure.

Nikolay listened, at first with an uneasy frown, then in surprise, and finally exclaimed, interrupting her story:

"Say, that's capital! Oh, Nilovna! Do you know—" He stammered, embarrassed, and pressing her hand exclaimed quietly: "You touch me so by your faith in people, by your faith in the cause of their emancipation. You have such a good soul. It's evident that the peasants, too, are beginning to stir. After all, it's natural. We ought to get special people for the villages. People! We haven't enough—nowhere. Life demands hundreds of hands."

"Now, if Pasha would be free, and Andriusha!" said the mother softly. Nikolay looked at her and drooped his head.

"You see, Nilovna, it'll be hard for you to hear, but I'll say it, anyway—I know Pavel well; he won't leave prison. He wants to be tried. He wants to rise in all his height. He won't give up a trial. And he needn't, either. He will escape from Siberia."

The mother sighed, and answered softly: "Well, he knows what's best for the cause."

(To be continued.)



THE HARD WINTER OF 10 B.C.

*"Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte. . ."*—HORACE: ODE 9, BOOK I.

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

WHITE with the snows of the winter, Soracte stands in isolation.
Gaze on the laboring trees deep in the heart of the woods,
See how the ice and the snow conspire to stop navigation—
Some of that four-year-old booze, Thaliarchus, old chap—that's the goods!

Turn on the steam, O friend! My, but the weather is coolish!
Press thou the button divine, letting the gods do the rest.
Don't give a thought to to-morrow. Worry is terribly foolish
Where there is love to be made and where there are lips to be pressed.

The Campus of Mars resounds with words that are lovingly spoken,
Main Street is crowded with girls; hurry, before they are gone;
Now from the lips of a maid a ravishing youth steals a token—
Come, Thaliarchus, old chap. It sounds pretty good. Are you on?



ALEXANDER IRVINE

Author of "My Life in Peonage," beginning in
this number.



Drawn by G. C. Wilkinshurst.

"Two pillows," said Drina sweetly."

—"The Younger Set," page 678.